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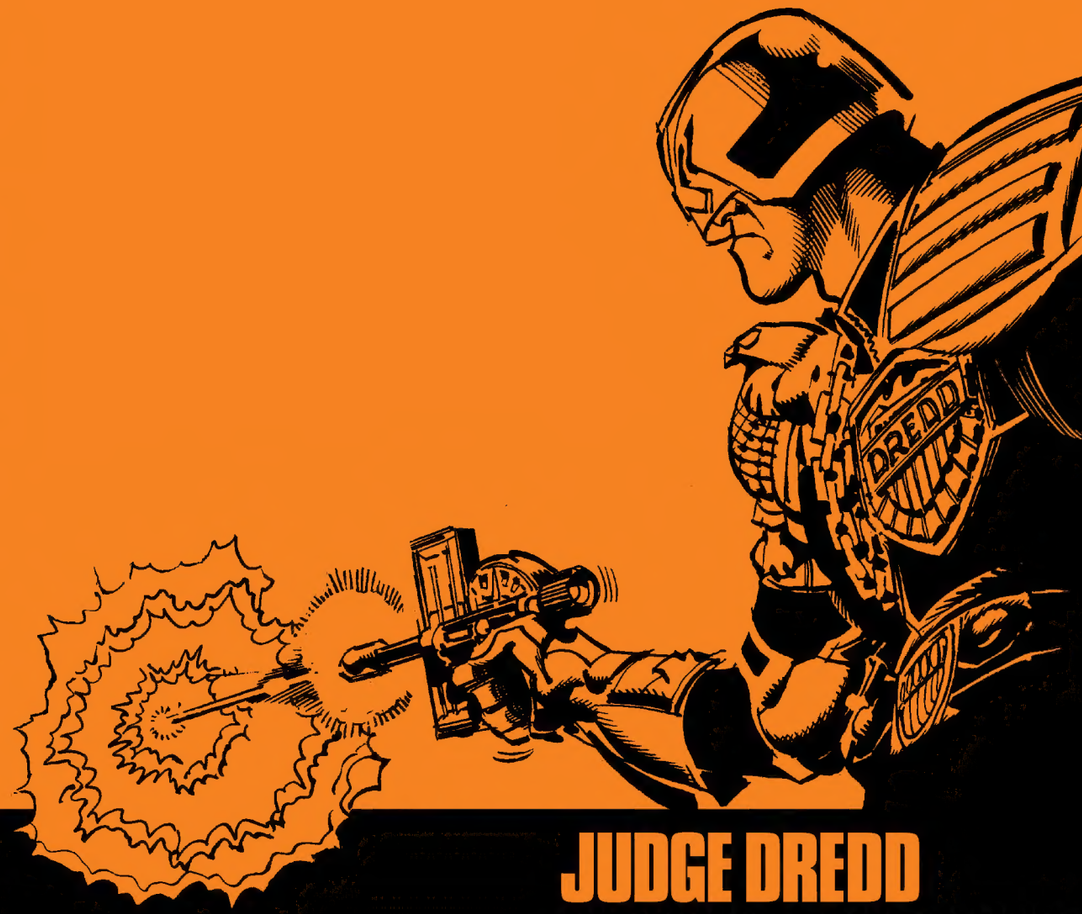
JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES

06

2000AD PROGS 271 - 321
YEAR: 2104 - 2105



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Written by
John Wagner
Alan Grant
Art by
Jose Casanovas
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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 06

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 06

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JUDGE DREDD

MEKA-CITY

PART 1

WHILE THE **APOCALYPSE WAR** RAGED IN **MEGA-CITY ONE**, THE APPALLING TOLL ON HUMAN LIFE LEFT MANY THOUSANDS OF **ROBOTS** OWNERLESS. AIMLESSLY, THEY WANDERED THE SHATTERED STREETS, SEARCHING FOR A PURPOSE – A REASON FOR EXISTING –

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
C EZQUERRA

LETTERING
T FRAME

WHAT WE NEED'S A **LEADER**! SOMEONE TO **TELL** US WHAT TO DO!

THEN, FROM AMIDST THE THRONG, ONE ROBOT STEPPED BOLDY FORWARD – HIS **CASING** ENCRUSTED WITH GLITTERING **JEWELS**, HIS **HEART** AS BLACK AS THE DEEPEST **RAD-PIT**!

HELLO, YOU LUCKY ROBOTS! FORTUNE SMILES ON YOU TODAY!

IT'S **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK** – THE ALL-IN ROBOT WRESTLING CHAMP!

YA PENCIL-NECK GEEK! DON'T INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M TALKIN'! YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT THE **GREATEST DROID** WHO EVER STEPPED INTO THE **SQUARED RING**! THE FINEST EXPONENT OF **ORGANISED MAYHEM** EVER BUILT! THAT'S RIGHT! WHEN **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK** SPEAKS, **THE WORLD LISTENS**!

E-EXCUSE ME, MR LEGLOCK –

THERE HE GOES AGAIN! I COME HERE TO **LEAD** YOU DINGALINGS – AN' ALL I GET'S THIS GEEK **INTERRUPTIN'**! HE'S GETTIN' ME SO ALL-FIRED UP I AIN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT I'M GONNA DO!

I WANNA TELL ALL YOU DINGALINGS JUST ONE THING – THERE'S PLENTY OF ROBOTS BUT JUST ONE **KING**! I'M THE **BIGGEST** – THE **BADDEST** – THE ONE **TO AVOID**! MY NAME IS **LEGLOCK** – **KING OF DROIDS**!

YOU PENCIL-NECK GEEKS BETTER WATCH OUT! DON'T STEP IN THAT RING WHEN LEGLOCK'S ABOUT! I'LL **BASH** YA! I'LL **SMASH** YA! I'LL **CRUSH** YA LIKE **TOYS**!

MY NAME IS **LEGLOCK** –

CRAASH!

WHAT A SHOWDROID!

KING OF DROIDS!

MEGA-CITY ONE, THREE DAYS LATER. THE APOCALYPSE WAR IS OVER, AND THE CITY IS COUNTING THE HORRIFIC COST OF VICTORY.

OVER **HALF** THE POPULATION OF **800 MILLION** HAS PERISHED. 65% OF THE CITY IS LITTLE MORE THAN RUBBLE, POCKMARKED BY FOUL **CHEMICAL SWAMPS** AND LETHAL **RADIATION PITS**.

HOUSING IS IN SHORT SUPPLY, FOOD EVEN SHORTER. RATS AND PESTILENCE ABOUND.

McGRUDER, THE CITY'S NEW **CHIEF JUDGE**, BROADCASTS TO THE SURVIVING CITIZENS —

EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WILL BE CONSCRIPTED INTO ONE OF MY NEW **COMPULSORY LABOUR UNITS**.

FEW OF YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF **WORK**. YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEARN.

WE HAVE A CITY TO REBUILD. **GET TO IT !**

ONE OF THE FIRST TASKS OF THE NEW LABOUR UNITS IS THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF THE WAR . . . **THE APOCALYPSE MONUMENT**.

IF WE'VE LEARNED NOTHING ELSE FROM THE APOCALYPSE, WE'VE LEARNED **ONE** VALUABLE LESSON.

WHAT'S THAT, DREDD ?

NEXT TIME, WE GET OUR RETALIATION IN **FIRST**.

LATER, DREDD CALLS AT TEMPORARY **JUSTICE DEPT H.Q.**, SET UP IN THE RUINS OF THE **ACADEMY OF LAW** –

THIS IS WHERE THE **CADETS** MADE THEIR LAST STAND. ALMOST A THOUSAND PERISHED – SOME OF THEM ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD, DREDD.

STILL, WE CAN'T SPEND TIME LAMENTING THE PAST. THERE'S TOO MUCH TO BE DONE **NOW**.

LAWLESSNESS AND LOOTING IN EVERY SECTOR. OUTBREAKS OF TYPHOID, CHOLERA – DISEASES WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT NAMES FOR YET! AN INFLUX OF MUTANTS THROUGH GAPS IN THE WEST WALL –

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO HANDLE IT ALL WITH A JUDGE FORCE AT **HALF-STRENGTH!**

NO REST FOR THE WICKED, CHIEF JUDGE.

TO CAP IT ALL, WE HAVE A SERIOUS **ROBOT REBELLION** IN SOUTH SECTOR 555. I SENT IN AN H-WAGON TO QUELL THE REVOLT – HASN'T BEEN HEARD OF SINCE.

555

I'VE DECIDED IT'S TIME TO GET **TOUGH** WITH THEM, DREDD...

...I'M SENDING **YOU!**

HOURS LATER, DREDD LOOKS OUT OVER THE PULVERISED SOUTH SECTORS –

BETTER TAKE A HANDFUL OF **ANTI-RAD** TABLETS.

WEATHER'S WORSENING. GIVE ME THE LATEST FORECAST, COMPUTER.

SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF **WEATHER CONTROL**, CLIMATIC CONDITIONS IN THE CITY HAVE GONE HAYWIRE –

EXPECT SEVERE GALES FOLLOWED BY FLASH FLOODS. POSSIBILITY MAGNETIC STORM MOVING IN FROM THE EAST.

NICE.

THREE DAYS EARLIER, **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK** HAD LED HIS SWARM OF ROBOTS SOUTHWARDS, UNTIL —

STOP! YOU'LL BUILD MY **RING** HERE!

WHAT RING, SIR?

WHY HERE, SIR?

DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS, YA GEEKS!

YA DONE IT NOW! **YA GOT ME RILED UP!** NO DINGALING ASKS **ME** QUESTIONS 'LESS I **ASK** 'EM TO ASK ME QUESTIONS! WHEN YOU WANNA ASK **ME** A **QUESTION**, YOU COME ON YOUR KNEES AND YOU **ASK ME** IF YOU CAN ASK ME A QUESTION!

Pop!

POP!

GOT THAT?

Ping!

KRAANG!

I THINK WE MAY HAVE MADE A MISTAKE IN OUR CHOICE OF LEADER.

I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT.

'BUILD!' ROARED PRECIOUS LEGLOCK. AND BUILD THEY DID. IF THERE WAS ONE THING ROBOTS WERE GOOD AT, IT WAS BUILDING.

THEY BUILT A **RING**. THEN THEY BUILT A **CITY** TO GO ROUND IT. A CITY DEDICATED TO THE JOYS OF GRAPPLE AND THE GLORY OF **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK**.

AND ALL IN TWO DAYS.

LISTEN, YA PENCIL-NECK GEEKS!

THIS IS **MY** CITY! AN' I AM ITS **KING**! ANY O' YOU PENCIL-NECKS WANNA SAY DIFFERENT, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO **WRESTLE ME!**

AN' DON'T THINK **AGREEIN'** WITH ME'S GONNA SAVE YOU! NOTHIN' I **HATE WORSE** THAN DINGALINGS WHO **AGREE** WITH ME JUST SO'S THEY WON'T HAVE TO **WRESTLE!**

CHIP CHIP CHIP

IS THE **WAR** OVER YET ?

WE'VE BEEN DOWN IN OUR SHELTER AN' WE'VE BEEN WONDERIN' —

HEY — WHAT ARE ALL THESE ROBOTS DOING HERE ?

WH-WHERE ARE WE ?

YOU GEEKS EVER WRESTLED **TAG-TEAM ?**

A DAY LATER, DREDD'S SOUTHWARD JOURNEY BRINGS HIM TO THE GLEAMING SPLENDOUR OF **MEKA-CITY !**

SOMEBODY'S BEEN BUSY !

MEKA-CITY FIGHTS TONIGHT ALL WELCOME

I'LL SAY THERE'S GONNA BE A FIGHT !

BETTER TELL PRECIOUS LEGLOCK ! **ANOTHER OPPONENT'S ARRIVED !**

NEXT PROG : **THE STEP-OVER DREDD-LOCK !**

MEKA-CITY

PART 2

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

IN THE RED CORNER — THE GREATEST DROID WHO EVER GRACED THE SQUARED CIRCLE ! THE WORLD ALL-IN WRESTLING CHAMPION ! THE ONE — THE ONLY — PRECIOUS LEGLOCK !

AND IN THE BLUE CORNER — A PENCIL-NECKED GEEK !

HERE'S THE **RULES**, PENCIL-NECK ! NO FALLS — NO SUBMISSIONS — NO ROUNDS !

AN' WHEN I'M FINISHED — NO YOU !

JUDGE DREDD

PRECIOUS LEGLOCK HAD ASSUMED LEADERSHIP OF THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS DISPLACED BY THE APOCALYPSE WAR, AND FORCED THEM TO BUILD HIM MEKA-CITY... A GLEAMING METAL METROPOLIS DEDICATED TO THE ART OF WRESTLING !

NOW, LAW AND ORDER HAS ARRIVED IN THE FORM OF JUDGE DREDD—

THIS CITY IS ILLEGAL. I WANT IT DISMANTLED— NOW !

FAT CHANCE ! PRECIOUS LEGLOCK GIVES THE ORDERS HERE !

OH YEAH ?

ZZZAKTHH!

PLEASE, JUDGE, A LOT OF US ROBOTS WOULD LIKE TO GO ALONG WITH YOU— BUT NONE OF US DARE GO AGAINST PRECIOUS LEGLOCK !

THE ROBOT WRESTLER ?

THAT'S HIM ! HE'S CRAZY ! HE'S ELECTED HIMSELF KING ! NOW ANY DROID THAT GETS ON HIS NERVES GETS RIPPED TO PIECES !

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER JUDGES WHO CAME HERE ?

THEY GOT... WRESTLED.

I BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH THIS PRECIOUS LEGLOCK. LEAD THE WAY !

PRECIOUS LEGLOCK HAD DECREED THAT ALL MEKA-CITY BUSINESS HAD TO BE SETTLED IN THE SQUARED CIRCLE – THE WRESTLING RING !

SO YOU WANNA MAKE A **REQUEST** ? LISTEN, DINGALING – **NO** DROID MAKES A REQUEST 'LESS **I REQUEST** 'EM TO MAKE A REQUEST ! GOT THAT?

WHO'S **NEXT** ?

IT'S **OLIVER ELEVEN**. HE'S REQUESTING PERMISSION **NOT** TO MAKE A REQUEST !

OKAY, PENCIL-NECK ! **UP HERE !**

ULP !

BUT THEN –

PRECIOUS LEGLOCK ! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST ! SURRENDER TO ME OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES !

IT'S JUDGE DREDD !

YA PENCIL-NECK GEEK JUDGE ! PRECIOUS LEGLOCK DON'T TAKE CONSEQUENCES FROM **NOBODY** !

YOU GOT ME **RILED UP** NOW ! I'M GONNA **SKIN** YA ! I'M GONNA **SQUASH** YA ! I'M GONNA COMMIT THE ACT OF **MAYHEM** ON YOUR BODY IN **SEVENTEEN HORRIBLE WAYS !**

GET UP HERE AN' WRESTLE !

I'M NOT PLAYING SILLY GAMES, ROBOT ! **HIGH EXPLOSIVE !**

BLAM !

BUT EVEN HIGH EXPLOSIVE HAS NO EFFECT ON THE ARMOUR-PLATED WRESTLING DROID –

NOW YA GOT ME **REAL** RILED UP! **GET UP HERE, PENCIL-NECK!**

LOOKS LIKE I **AM** PLAYING SILLY GAMES!

IT'S A SILLY GAME I'VE **GOT** TO WIN. NO ROBOT CAN BE ALLOWED TO BUCK THE LAW AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

BATTLE COMMENCES, AND FOR THE MEGA-CITY LAWMAN THE ODDS DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD –

I'M GONNA TAKE MY TIME ON YA, DINGALING –

ONE BONE AT A TIME!

WHAPP!

THERE GOES MY JAW!

BOOT KNIFE!

TCHNNK!

MY RIB –!

WHIPPP!

THUK!

DID YA SEE HIM CRUMBLE, YA DINGALINGS? THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! PRECIOUS LEGLOCK IS THE **PRETTIEST!** THE **FASTEST! THE MOST BRUTAL DROID THAT EVER GRAPPLED A GEEK!**

THAT'S BECAUSE I **HATE** A **LOSER!** THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS BEEN **A WINNER!**

HERE'S MY CHANCE! MAYBE MY LAST —

BUT I'M GOING DOWN FIGHTING!

THUNK!

SPIN!

YA GOT ME ALL TANGLED UP! THAT'S YOUR LAST MISTAKE, PENCIL-NECK!

RRIPPPP!

SPROINGGG!

PRECIOUS IS RIPPIN' OUT THE CORNER POST!

NOBODY TANGLES UP THE KING O' DROIDS !

WHHHHSSSSH!

STEEL CABLES COIL THEMSELVES ROUND THE JEWEL-ENCRUSTED ROBOT —

—AND DREDD SEES A FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

THAT ENERGY SOCKET !

GAUNTLETS WILL INSULATE ME FROM THE CURRENT!

FAILED, GEEK! YOU CANNOT HARM THE GREAT PRECIOUS LEGLOCK! I'M **DOUBLE** INSULATED — DOUBLE **EVERYTHIN'** !

BUT THE CURRENT SURGING THROUGH THE COILS HAS A STRANGER EFFECT —

BXZZZZ!

KRAAANG!

WE'RE BEING PULLED TOWARDS PRECIOUS!

CAN'T HOLD ON! THE FORCE IS TOO POWERFUL —

THE ENERGISED COILS HAVE TURNED HIM INTO A **SUPER MAGNET!**

BONGGG!

*BY THE TIME DREDD CUTS THE CURRENT, **218** DROIDS HAVE SMASHED INTO THE KING OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE —*

PRECIOUS LEGLOCK HAS BEEN COUNTED OUT!

MNGMN MNN GNN! MMMMNNG!

WHAT'S HE SAYING?

I THINK HE WANTS US TO DISMANTLE THE CITY AND COME QUIETLY!

SOON DREDD IS RIDING OUT OF THE DISMANTLED RUINS OF MEKA-CITY —

*BEHIND HIM, AN ARMY OF WORKERS — ALL FIRED UP AND EAGER TO BEGIN WRESTLING WITH THE **REBUILDING OF MEGA-CITY ONE!***

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE LEAGUE OF FATTIES!

BELIWHEELS RUMBLING, TEETH CHOMPING, THEY LUMBERED INTO ACTION - AND WROTE THEMSELVES A PAGE IN MEGA-CITY HISTORY!

THEY WERE THE **REAL** HEAVY MOB - THE OBESE ORGANISATION KNOWN AS

REMEMBER OUR CODE: STRIKE HARD! STRIKE FAST! EAT UP!

CLEAR THE WAY, SKINNY!

FORWARD THE FAT!

CHOMP!

Bruuup!

TRUNDLE!

WOBBLE!

SCRIPT T. B. GROVER
ART R. SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

FOOD SHORTAGES CAUSED BY THE APOCALYPSE WAR HAVE THROWN UP SERIOUS PROBLEMS FOR ONE SECTION OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S COMMUNITY – **THE EXCESSIVELY FAT...**

GET THAT BIG TUB OF LARD!

CHEW A **KNUCKLE** SANDWICH FOR A CHANGE, PORKY!

BREAK IT UP THERE! YOU'RE ALL **UNDER ARREST!**

IT AIN'T RIGHT, JUDGE DREDD! US ALL ON SHORT RATIONS AND HIM WALKIN' ROUND WITH A BELLY LIKE THAT!

IT'S **INDECENT!**

EVERY CITIZEN IS ENTITLED TO THE FULL PROTECTION OF THE LAW – NO MATTER WHAT HIS WEIGHT. **MOVE.**

THE LAWBREAKERS ARE TAKEN AWAY –

YOU SAVED MY FAT, JUDGE DREDD! THANKS!

WELL, UH, AN EAST-MEG BOMB BLEW OPEN MY ISO-CUBE. DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY'D MIND IF I JUST KINDA WADDLED OFF.

I MIND. YOU CAN JUST WADDLE BACK AGAIN!

WAIT A MINUTE – I RECOGNISE YOU... **BUB "JELLYBELLY" JONES.** I SENTENCED YOU TO NINE MONTHS NOT LONG AGO – WHAT'RE YOU DOING **OUT?**

*OVER THE YEARS THOUSANDS OF BORED CITIZENS HAD TURNED TO **GLUTTONY** TO OCCUPY THEIR TIME. NOW THEY ARE LEFT WITH **ENORMOUS APPETITES** TO **SATISFY** IN A CITY DESPERATELY SHORT OF FOOD.*

SUPPLY POINT
QUEUE FOR FOOD.

SOME BEG –

SPARE A BITE FOR A HUNGRY MAN, SIR!

JUST A COUPLE OF LOAVES, SIR!

SHOW PITY! I'VE ONLY HAD EIGHT SQUARE MEALS TODAY!

OTHERS SCAVENGE –

LEAVE SOME FOR ME!

MUNCH!

GLOP!

OTHERS RESORT TO OUTRIGHT FRAUD –

HUSBAND AND FORTY-SEVEN KIDS TO FEED! NO WONDER YOU NEED SO MUCH GRUB!

A QUIET QUEUE IS A HAPPY QUEUE

WAIT – THESE RATION COUPONS ARE **FORGED** COME BACK HERE, FATSO!

TRUNDLE

ONE ENTERPRISING CITIZEN COMES UP WITH AN INGENIOUS SOLUTION TO **BOTH** THE FOOD SHORTAGE **AND** THE FATTY PROBLEM –

THIS HERE'S A **KNIFE**! THIS HERE'S A **FORK**!

FATTIES : A BUTCHER'S GUIDE

JOWL BLUBBER

MEAT

AND THIS HERE'S A **CHART** THAT SHOWS YA ALL THE **BEST CUTS**!

SHOULDER BLUBBER

BELLY BLUBBER

RUMP BLUBBER

LEG BLUBBER

THIS GRUESOME TENDENCY IS STAMPED ON IMMEDIATELY!

THIS HERE'S A **GUN**. MOVE!

THE SITUATION ESCALATES WHEN A GROUP OF HEAVYWEIGHT CITIZENS MARCH ON TEMPORARY **JUSTICE HQ** –

MORE FOOD!

BIG PEOPLE NEED BIG MEALS

FULLER PLATES FOR FULLER FIGURES

MORE!

GIVE US GRUB OR GIVE US DEATH

FATTIES UNITE!

THE FACT THAT THE ROUTE IS TWENTY KILOMETRES LONG CAN ONLY BE PUT DOWN TO **BAD PLANNING** –

SICKEST LOOKING PROTEST MARCH I'VE EVER SEEN!

MORE FOOD FOR FATTIES

FOOD!

PUFF!

MORE FOOD!

HUFF!

DREDD

BUT AT LAST —

FOOD SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED BY **WEIGHT** — FATTER YOU ARE, THE MORE YOU GET!

RATIONS STAY THE SAME.

I WARN YOU — WE'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO **OTHER** METHODS!

MAKE SURE THEY'RE **LEGAL** METHODS, CITIZEN.

DREDD'S WARNING GOES UNHEEDED. THAT NIGHT, A FATEFUL MEETING OF THE **CITY'S FATTEST** TAKES PLACE —

FELLOW FATTIES! BEFORE THE WAR I WAS A FINE FULSOME **PIG** OF A MAN! I'D ALMOST REACHED THE MAGIC **TON**!

NOW LOOK AT ME! SKIN HANGING IN FOLDS! BELLY SHRINKING AWAY TO NOTHING! **A WALKING SKELETON!**

RIPPPP!

OOO!

FOR SHAME! FOR SHAME!

CHAIRFATTY **DICK PORKER** SPEAKS FOR ALL —

WE NEED FOOD! LOTS OF IT! THE CITY WON'T COUGH UP! SO WE HAVE A CHOICE —

WE **SURRENDER** OURSELVES TO THE **NIGHTMARE HORRORS** OF **SKINNINESS** — OR WE **FIGHT! FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO BE FAT!**

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

FOR FAT WE FIGHT!

SO THE LEAGUE OF FATTIES IS BORN!

TO WAR!

TO WAR!

WE GO TO WAR!

THE FAT CATS IS ROCKIN' TONIGHT!

THE FIRST FOOD RAID TAKES PLACE NEXT DAY –

SUPPLY POINT .... QUEUE QUIETLY

CHAAARGE!!

YIKES! MASSED FATTIES!

MOVE OVER, BONES!

GIVE 'EM BELLY, BOYS!

BOOF!

FLUB!

GRAB THE GRUB!

I-I AIN'T ARGUING WITH THAT TONNAGE!

WE'VE PULLED OFF OUR FIRST RAID! THE FIRST OF MANY!

SOME OF US WILL FALL BY THE WAYSIDE! SOME OF US WILL BE ARRESTED! BUT LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE –

CRASH!!

IN THE END – GLUTTONY WILL PREVAIL!

NEXT PROG: THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE LAW!

JUDGE DREDD

THROUGH THE **CURSED EARTH** A **TEXAS CITY CONVOY** ROARS. ON BOARD, TONS OF PRECIOUS **FOOD** FOR THE HUNGRY POPULACE OF WAR-TORN **MEGA-CITY ONE!**

KEEP ROLLIN', BOYS! TWO HUNDRED **KAYS** TO **NUCLEAR CITY!**

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

BUT UP AHEAD, **GREEDY EYES** WATCH!

WAIT FOR IT! WAIT FOR IT –

LOOK OUT! IT'S THE GUT-STUFFIN', BELLY-BLOATIN', JOWL-JUDDERIN', NORM-CRUSHIN', SCALE-BUSTIN', GRUB-GUZZLIN', FLAB-FLOPPIN', CONVOY-STOPPIN'

LEAGUE OF FATTIES!

PART 2

FATTIES AWAY!

MERCY SAKES! KING-SIZE KAMIKAZES!

CRUMP!

GARGANTUAN FIGURES RISE ALL AROUND THE HALTED CONVOY –

YOUR GRUB OR YOUR LIVES !

YOU CAN'T DO THIS ! THE FOOD'S NEEDED **DESPERATELY** IN MEGA-CITY ONE !

NOBODY NEEDS IT MORE THAN **US**, SLIM !

WHUBB!

THE KAMIKAZE SQUAD ARE DONE FOR.

THE GREATEST SACRIFICE ! THEY **DIED** SO THAT OTHERS MIGHT **EAT**!

GET CHOMPING !

YAROO!

CHOMP!

SLURP!

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THE VITAL CONVOY'S ABSENCE IS NOTED. **JUDGE DREDD** LEADS OUT A SEARCH PARTY –

JUDGES COMIN' ! RUN !

BUT BY THAT TIME, IT IS TOO LATE !

Praarp!

WHADDDYA MEAN, RUN ? I CAN'T EVEN **STAND UP** !

Burrrp!

BRUUUP!

THEY'VE PRACTICALLY SCOFFED THE LOT, DREDD!

PETERS

YOUR GLUTTONY HAS DEPRIVED **THOUSANDS** OF CITIZENS OF **VITAL SUPPLIES**. I'M PUTTING YOU ALL AWAY FOR A **LONG** TIME.

YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE THE **LEAGUE OF FATTIES**, DREDD! THERE ARE THOUSANDS MORE LIKE US – READY AND WILLING TO TAKE ANY ACTION TO SATISFY THEIR APPETITES!

GLUTTONY WILL PREVAIL!

*OVER THE FOLLOWING DAYS, **FLABBY FELONY** REACHES GIGANTIC PROPORTIONS –*

THAT'S THE GETAWAY CAR?

SORRY, FELLAS, A **HOVER-MINI** IS ALL I COULD STEAL!

CAN'T GET ANY **HEIGHT!**

YAR

JUDGE DREDD ATTENDS –

CONTROL TO DREDD! WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED THERE, ANOTHER **LEAGUE OF FATTIES'** BREAK-IN AT THE **OTTO SUMP FLABBON DEPOSITORY.**

NO HURRY THOUGH! PERPS HAVE EATEN SO MUCH THEY CAN'T GET OUT AGAIN!
THUMP!
AAAAAAAAAA
BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD!
BUT IF THERE IS ONE COMMON FACTOR ABOUT LEAGUE OF FATTIES CRIME, IT IS ITS SINGULAR LACK OF SUCCESS –
ALL I GOTTA DO IS LEAP DOWN ON THE SEE-SAW, PROPELLING YOU UP THROUGH THE GARBAGE DEPOT WINDOW!
READY WHEN YOU ARE, CHUBBY!
FATTIES ARE JUST NOT BUILT FOR CRIME –
CRAKK!
OH OH!
A MORE SERIOUS RESULT OF THE LEAGUE OF FATTIES CRIME EPIDEMIC DEVELOPS. OUTRAGED, SLIMMER MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY BAND TOGETHER INTO VIGILANTE GROUPS!
FLUSH OUT THE FATTIES!
FIGHT THE FLAB!
KILL THE CORPULEN
INNOCENCE IS NO DEFENCE –
I'M NOT IN THE LEAGUE OF FATTIES! I'M ON A DIET – HONEST!
AND WE'RE GONNA HELP YA LOSE A LITTLE WEIGHT! LET'S TRIM OFF THAT BLUBBER!

HOLD IT, LAWBREAKER!

EEAAAAH!

YOU CREEPS CAN WORK OFF YOUR AGGRESSION IN THE **ISO-CUBES!** WHATEVER THE PROVOCATION, WE WILL **NOT TOLERATE MOB LAW!**

DREDD

THE DETERIORATING SITUATION PROMPTS DREDD TO CALL FOR EMERGENCY ACTION —

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS **WEIGHT WAR**, NOW. I WANT AUTHORITY TO SET UP **SEGREGATION BLOCKS!**

YOU'VE GOT IT!

UNDER MEGA-CITY ONE'S EMERGENCY ***FAT CONTROL LAW,*** *FOUR ENTIRE CITYBLOCKS ARE ALLOCATED FOR THE REHOUSING OF THE* ***OVERWEIGHT*** *—*

TOBIAS BELCH

FRANK CANNON

Wm. BUNTER

ORSON WELLES

I DON'T WANT TO LIVE HERE! IT'S NOT FAIR!

IT'S THE LAW!

FOR THE **MAINTENANCE** OF **PUBLIC ORDER** — AND FOR **YOUR OWN PROTECTION** — YOU WILL REMAIN UNDER **BLOCK ARREST** UNTIL YOUR WEIGHT FALLS BELOW THE **300 KILO MARK!**

WEIGHT-SP

WEIGHT-SPEA

UGH! GET OFF!

B-BUT SOME OF US WILL BE IN HERE FOR YEARS, JUDGE DREDD!

SOMETIMES THE LAW MAY SEEM HARSH, CITIZEN. BUT REMEMBER — THE **GOOD** OF THE **COMMUNITY** MUST COME BEFORE THE **APPETITE** OF THE **INDIVIDUAL!**

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

Fungoids

PART 1

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T. FRAME

A PARTY OF FORAGING TRAMPS PICKS ITS WAY THROUGH THE DESOLATION THAT WAS ONCE THE CITY'S **SECTOR *1** —

HEY! I FOUND SOME **MUSHROOMS!**

MAYBE WE COULD **EAT** 'EM!

DON'T BE STOOPID, FLAKO! COULD BE **POISON** — SPECIALLY GROWIN' BY THAT **SLUDGE PIT**. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, PROF?

QUITE SO.

STICK TO WHAT WE KNOW — OUR OLD FAVOURITE — **RAT STEW!**

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PROF. LET'S GO GET THESE BEAUTIES **COOKIN'!**

COME ON, **GRUBBY!**

AW, LEAVE HIM. HE'S HAPPY!

THE TRAMP CALLED **GRUBBY** STARES AT THE FUNGUS, FASCINATED –

JUST LIKE... THE **BIG** MUSHROOM!

THE APOCALYPSE WAR HAS HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON GRUBBY. ONCE HE WAS **SOMEONE** – SOMEONE IMPORTANT. WHO OR WHAT, HE COULD NO LONGER REMEMBER.

NOW HE IS JUST GRUBBY THE TRAMP – A WRECK OF A MAN HAUNTED BY A **VISION**... THE BLINDING FLASH AND THE GREAT MUSHROOM BILLOWING UP INTO THE HEAVENS!

POP!

JUST LIKE THE REAL THING!

IT IS THREE HOURS LATER BEFORE GRUBBY REJOINS HIS COMPANIONS –

THERE YOU ARE, GRUBBY – SAVED YA A HATFUL O' STEW!

NOT HUNGRY, CLARTY. NOT FEELING TOO WELL.

NOT FEELING WELL AT ALL!

LOOK AT HIM! HE'S COVERED IN LUMPS AND BUMPS!

IT'S SOME KIND OF **DISEASE!** GET HIM AWAY FROM HERE OR WE'LL **ALL** CATCH IT!

CLEAR OFF, GRUBBY!

AND DON'T COME BACK!

AAAH!

THE CHEEK OF HIM – BRINGIN' THAT KIND OF **CONTAMINATION** BACK TO HIS PALS!

AN' ME SAVIN' HIM A HAT O' STEW, TOO!

HE'S LEFT HIS BUNDLE! LET'S SPLIT IT UP!

SERVE HIM RIGHT IF WE DO!

HEY! IT'S FULL O' THEM MUSHROOM THINGS!

YAAGH!

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

FRIENDLESS, ALONE, GRUBBY STUMBLES TOWARDS THE DISTANT OUTLINE OF CITY-BLOCKS –

IT – IT'S GETTING **WORSE**! GOT... TO GET... HELP!

AT LAST, HE REACHES CIVILISATION —

HELP ME! HELP... ME!

LOOK, MA! A MONSTER!

DON'T BE SILLY, BILLY! THERE'S NO SUCH THING —

AAAGH!

P-PLEASE! I BEG YOU...

RUN!

DON'T TOUCH ME!

JUDGE DREDD IS ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION —

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CITIZEN — OR WHATEVER YOU ARE!

DREDD TO CONTROL! I WANT A MED-SQUAD AT CASTENADA SQUARE — PRIORITY ONE!

AND SO —

WHAT DO YOU RECKON IT IS, DREDD?

I DON'T KNOW — BUT I'M NOT TOUCHING HIM!

GRUBBY IS RUSHED TO A JUSTICE DEPT EMERGENCY ISOLATION UNIT —

SAY "AAAAHH"

AAAAH!

GOT AN I.D. ON HIM YET?

WE RAN A VOICE-PRINT ON HIM. HOLD ONTO YOUR HELMET, DREDD —

HIS NAME IS GRUBB. MAYOR JAMES GRUBB!

MAYOR GRUBB — THE CITY'S GENIAL CIVIC LEADER — HAD BEEN MISSING SINCE THE FIRST DAY OF THE APOCALYPSE WAR —

DOESN'T LOOK SO GENIAL NOW!

DON'T GIVE MUCH FOR HIS CHANCES OF RE-ELECTION EITHER, DREDD. WE'VE DONE A BODY-SCAN!

HE'S PICKED UP SOME FORM OF MUTATED FUNGAL PARASITE. IT'S EATING AWAY AT HIM — TAKING HIM OVER!

MAYOR JIM GRUBB IS TURNING INTO A FUNGUS!

NEXT PROG: JUDGE FUNGUS!

FUNGUS

PART 2

JUDGE DREDD

JIM GRUBB, MEGA-CITY ONE'S MISSING MAYOR, HAS BEEN FOUND – INFECTED BY A MYSTERIOUS PARASITIC **FUNGUS**. NOW, IN A JUSTICE DEPT. **ISOLATION WARD** –

THE ORGANISM IS TURNING HIM INTO A **LIVING FUNGUS!**

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
C EZQUERRA

LETTERING
T FRAME

AS MAYOR GRUBB SLIPS TOWARDS UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HIS TORTURED MIND STRUGGLES TO UNDERSTAND HIS BIZARRE FATE –

I SEE IT ALL NOW! THE BLINDING **FLASH** – THE GREAT MUSHROOM IN THE SKY! IT WAS A **WARNING** – A **SIGN** –

I **AM** THE MUSHROOM! **MAYOR MUSHROOM!**

JIM GRUBB'S REIGN AS MAYOR WILL SOON BE FORGOTTEN. BUT HIS LAST WORDS WILL LIVE FOR EVER —

PLEASE... DON'T EAT ME!

HE'S DEAD, DREDD. MORE'S THE PITY! THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS FUNGUS.

SIR...

THE SPHERICAL GROWTHS ARE SWELLING. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO BURST.

SPORES! IT'S PUTTING OUT SPORES!

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

KILDARE! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? WITHOUT THAT ISOLATION SUIT, THE FUNGUS SPORES WILL **INFECT YOU!**

THAT'S RIGHT!

WE DON'T KNOW THE **SOURCE** OF THE FUNGUS. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY **OTHERS** ARE INFECTED. WE DON'T KNOW **ANYTHING** ABOUT IT – EXCEPT THAT IT'S **LETHAL!**

IF THE FUNGUS SPREADS AS FAST AS I SUSPECT IT CAN, AND WE'VE NO **CURE**, WE'RE IN TROUBLE!

HE'S RIGHT, PORTEOUS. WE NEED A **GUINEA-PIG.** NO-ONE BETTER QUALIFIED THAN A MED-JUDGE.

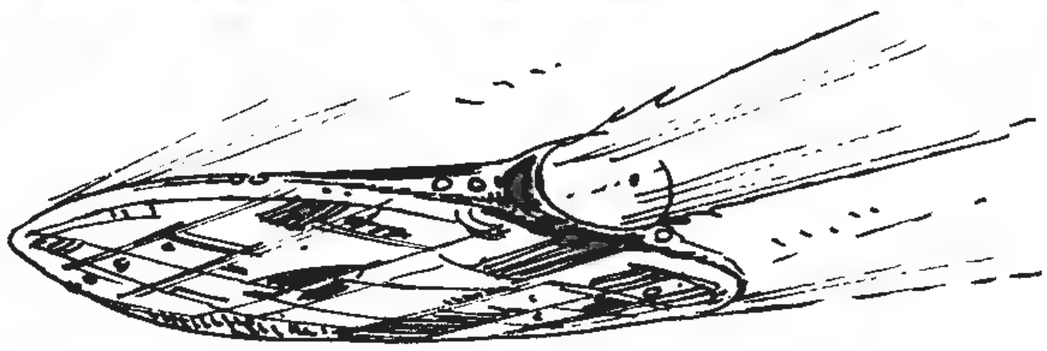
DREDD

TELL HIM TO KEEP ME POSTED. I'M GOING TO TRY AND FIND THE **SOURCE!**

GRUBB'S DISEASE, REPORT NUMBER ONE. BECAME INFECTED WITH THE FUNGUS AT 13.42 HOURS PRECISELY. AS YET I FEEL NOTHING. I HAVE INSTRUCTED THE ROBOTS TO BEGIN TESTS WITH ANTI-FUNGAL AGENTS.

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! ANALYSIS OF **FALL-OUT** SAMPLE FROM MAYOR GRUBB'S CLOTHING MATCHES RAD-LEVELS SECTOR 1.

ALL SEARCH UNITS CONVERGE, **SECTOR 1!**



EVERY AVAILABLE JUDGE IS DETAILED TO COMB THE FOUL CHEMICAL WASTELAND THAT ONCE WAS LIVING CITY. ABOVE, H-WAGONS SCAN THE TERRAIN –

AN H-WAGON CREW MAKE THE VITAL DISCOVERY —

SPECTROSCOPIC READING INDICATES POSSIBLE LOCATION GRID REF 1299040BLIQUE711001 !

IT'S OUR FUNGUS ALL RIGHT! KEEP WELL BACK !

WE FOUND IT, KILDARE. WANT ANY SAMPLES ?

NO THANKS. I'VE GOT A CROP OF MY OWN COMING ALONG NICELY !

ON DREDD'S ORDERS, H-WAGON LASERS INCINERATE THE DEADLY FUNGUS —

THE FUNGUS WAS MUTATED BY AN INTERACTION OF NORMAL SPORES WITH THIS **CHEMICAL SLUDGE**.

THE CHANCES OF THE SAME THING OCCURRING ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY ARE A BILLION TO ONE.

RIGHT. CHECK FOR ANY OTHER POCKETS OF GROWTH, THEN START NEUTRALISING THE SLUDGE. WITH LUCK, WE MAY HAVE NIPPED THIS IN THE BUD.

DREDD!

DROKK!

FOUND HIM, SEMI-CONSCIOUS, IN THE RUINS — TRAMPS' HANG-OUT. BETTER HEAR HIS STORY, DREDD.

TALK — AND FAST!

THE TRAMP CALLED **CLARTY** FALTERS HIS TALE —

GRUBBY BROUGHT THE MUSHROOMS BACK. WE THOUGHT HE HAD PLAGUE OR SOMETHIN', SO WE DROVE HIM OFF!

"THEN WE LOOKED IN HIS BUNDLE —"

POP! POP! POP!

THEY'RE **BURSTIN'!**

"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE **LUMPS** STARTED TO COME UP —"

WE GOT THE SAME THING GRUBBY HAD! WE GOT TO TURN OURSELVES IN — GET TREATMENT!

NO WAY! I'M ON THE RUN FROM THE **ISO-CUBES!** IT'S **FIFTEEN YEARS** FOR ME IF THE JUDGES GET ME!

YOU'RE THE SMART ONE, PROF. WHAT DO **YOU** RECKON?

MY DEAR CLARTY, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF QUACKS, ROGUES AND FRAUDS! I **KNOW** — I WAS ONCE A **PATIENT!**

FAR BETTER TO RELY ON NATURE'S CURE!

WELL I AIN'T! I'M TURNIN' US ALL IN – WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA SAID THAT, CLARTY!

QUITE!

HOW MANY WITH YOU WHEN THE MUSHROOMS EXPLODED?

EIGHT!

DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE **RECOGNISING** 'EM! YOU CAN FILL IN THE DETAILS ON YOUR WAY TO THE ISOLATION UNIT.

CAN...CAN YOU **CURE** ME?

DON'T COUNT ON IT.

PICTURES OF THE AFFECTED TRAMP ARE FLASHED TO KILDARE IN THE ISOLATION UNIT –

DEATH IS THE TRIGGER FOR THE FUNGUS TO **SPORE**. JUDGING BY THE EXTENT OF CLARTY'S PROTRUSIONS, I'D GIVE HIM **SIXTY MINUTES MAXIMUM**.

ANY SIGN OF A CURE?

NONE!

SIXTY MINUTES TO FIND EIGHT MEN – **SIXTY MINUTES TO STOP THAT FUNGUS SPREADING!**

NEXT PROG: **HAVE YOU SEEN THE MUSHROOM MEN?**

JUDGE DREDD

FUNGUS

PART 3

EIGHT TRAMPS ARE LOOSE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, INFECTED BY THE **PARASITIC FUNGUS** KNOWN AS **GRUBB'S DISEASE**. THEY MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE THEY **SPREAD** THE CONTAGION — AND TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

ATTENTION, ALL CITIZENS! **HAVE YOU SEEN THE MUSHROOM MEN?**

THEY ARE EASILY RECOGNISABLE — AND HIGHLY **DANGEROUS!**

IF YOU SEE ONE, **DO NOT APPROACH!** NOTIFY THE JUDGES AT ONCE!

TO THE UNFORTUNATE **VICTIMS** OF GRUBB'S DISEASE, I SAY THIS — **WITHOUT TREATMENT YOU HAVE LESS THAN ONE HOUR TO LIVE! TURN YOURSELVES IN. WE CAN CURE YOU!**

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD AND HIS SEARCH UNITS ARE ALREADY SCOURING THE STREETS —

AAAAGH!

THERE'S ONE OF 'EM, DREDD!

DON'T SHOOT! DEATH TRIGGERS THE REPRODUCTION CYCLE!

CLING NETS!

LEMME GO! I AIN'T WELL!

I'LL SAY YOU'RE NOT, CITIZEN!

DREDD TO H-WAGON! ONE HERE FOR THE ISOLATION UNIT!

AN EMERGENCY **ISOLATION CELL** TO CONTAIN THE FUNGUS HAD BEEN SET UP IN AN H-WAGON —

THAT MAKES FIVE, DREDD. THREE TO GO!

DREDD TO KILDARE! ANY PROGRESS ON THAT **CURE**?

JUDGE KILDARE HAD VOLUNTARILY INFECTED HIMSELF WITH THE FUNGUS IN AN EFFORT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT IT —

NONE. I'VE TRIED EVERY KNOWN FUNGICIDE - ALL INEFFECTIVE. **THERE IS NO CURE!**

WE'VE ESTABLISHED THE SPORES' LIFESPAN — **TWENTY-SIX SECONDS**. ANYONE IN CONTACT WITH THEM DURING THAT TIME WILL BE **INFECTED**.

TESTS ON THE TRAMP **CLARTY** INDICATE YOU HAVE PRECISELY **THIRTY-ONE MINUTES** TO FIND THE REMAINING THREE BEFORE THE REPRODUCTIVE CYCLE BEGINS!

OUTSIDE, AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE COMES IN —

ATTENTION, DREDD! WE'VE FOUND ANOTHER ONE - THE TRAMP **FLAKO**!

WE WERE TOO LATE. HE POPPED ON US!

SO SOON?

FLAKO HAD BEEN HIDING IN AN ALLEY WHEN HE CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE **FRED C. DOBBS BLOCK JUVES** —

HEY, HEY! THERE'S ONE OF THEM MUSHROOM BOYS!

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

YEE-HEEE! ROLL HIM!

BOYS! PLEASE! I'M A SICK MAN!

HE'S HIT HIS HEAD!

THUNK!

YOU DODOS! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

FLAKO'S UNTIMELY DEATH TRIGGERED THE SPORES —

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

WE'VE QUARANTINED THE JUVES, DREDD — AND TWENTY-PLUS PASSERS-BY. WE'LL WATCH 'EM FOR SYMPTOMS.

THEN WE'VE STILL GOT TIME!

MEANWHILE, THE REMAINING FUGITIVES ARE ENTERING THE FINAL STAGE OF THEIR ILLNESS —

FEEL AWFUL, SLUNK... RECKON I WAS WRONG! WE'VE GOT TO GIVE OURSELVES UP...GET TREATMENT!

I'M AN ESCAPED CON! THE JUDGES GET HOLD OF ME, AN' I GO BACK INSIDE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, PROF!

BE SENSIBLE, SLUNK!

NO CHANCE!

AAAH!

ABOVE ME!

FOR **THE PROF**, DEATH IS MERE SECONDS AWAY. HE STAGGERS BLINDLY. BUT ONE THOUGHT BURNS IN HIS BRAIN —

GOT TO... GET **HELP! BUS...!**

BUS

101m CITY LIMITED

THE ROBOTIC **ROADLINER** IS NOT PROGRAMMED TO DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN PASSENGERS —

WHERE TO, SIR, OR MADAM ?

DON'T THINK...I'M...GOIN'...

...ANYWHERE !

MEANWHILE —

SLUNK WYATT ! GIVE YOURSELF UP !

YOU GOT ME... COLD, DREDD ! I... **SURRENDER !**

ATTENTION, DREDD ! **THE PROF** HAS JUST **POPPED** ON A CROSS-CITY ROADLINER !

DROKK ! THEN SLUNK WILL GO ANY SECOND !

IF HE POPS HERE IN THE OPEN, **THOUSANDS** WILL BE CONTAMINATED ! CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN !

BLAM! BLAM!

INCENDIARY !

AAAGH!

THE FIERCE HEAT DESTROYS THE DEADLY SPORES BEFORE THEY CAN BE RELEASED —

IT WAS YOU OR THE CITY, SLUNK. NO CONTEST.

THE PROF'S SPORES HAD BEEN CONTAINED WITHIN THE ROADLINER. 307 UNFORTUNATE PASSENGERS ARE TAKEN TO THE SPECIALLY-ERECTED ISOLATION DOME –

DON'T WORRY! THEY CAN CURE US!

THE CHIEF JUDGE SAID SO!

DREDD CONTACTS THE VALIANT JUDGE KILDARE –

WE'VE BEATEN THE FUNGUS, KILDARE – LARGELY THANKS TO YOU. I'D JUST LIKE YOU TO KNOW, YOUR SACRIFICE HAS BEEN WORTHWHILE.

THANKS, DREDD. YOU'VE MADE MY DAY!

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! LOOTERS AT LARGE IN THE BYRITE HYPERMART!

ON MY WAY!

FOR JUDGE DREDD, GRUBB'S DISEASE HAS BEEN JUST ANOTHER CASE. BUT **CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER** STILL HAS ONE ONEROUS TASK TO PERFORM –

CITIZENS, I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE ALL VICTIMS OF AN OFFICIAL DECEPTION – IN PLAIN WORDS, A **LIE** – BUT A MOST NECESSARY ONE.

YOU MEAN – YOU **CAN'T** CURE US?

NO, WE CAN'T. BUT WE **CAN'T** LET YOU GO EITHER. FOR MEGA-CITY ONE TO SURVIVE YOU MUST STAY HERE – UNTIL YOU DIE. I'M SORRY. YOUR NAMES WILL JOIN THE LIST OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES SO THAT OUR CITY MAY LIVE.

NEXT PROG: **BEWARE THE EXECUTIONER!**

YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE **GAME SHOW** TO **END** ALL **GAME SHOWS**! OR RATHER, THE GAME SHOW TO END ALL GAME SHOW **HOSTS**...!

WATCH OUT FOR THAT **TRIP WIRE**, LES!

HECK!

MACHINE GUN – **AAAGHH!**

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

YOU LOSE

TOO BAD, **LAUGHING LES**! THOSE FEARSOME WOUNDS ARE GOING TO **SLOW** YOU DOWN!

RISK CARDS

STILL, YOU'VE REACHED THE FIRST **SURVIVAL POST**! WILL YOUR **RISK CARD** GIVE YOU THE URGENT **MEDICAL ATTENTION** YOU SO **BADLY** NEED – OR WILL IT BE A **BOOBY CARD**?

PLEASE! PLEASE!

A HEAVY WEIGHT IS ABOUT TO FALL ON YOU

OH NO!

LOOKS LIKE THE LAUGH'S ON LAUGHING LES, GENIAL **EX**-HOST OF "**FAMILY FEUDS**"!

CHAAF!

NEXT GAME SHOW HOST – PLEASE!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF.

THE GAME SHOW SHOW

RIP

DR

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART J CASANOVAS JNR
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, AN ALARMING **MASS DISAPPEARANCE** HAS BEEN DETECTED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT COMPUTERS —

YOU SENT FOR ME, CHIEF JUDGE?

YES. IN THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A NUMBER OF GAME SHOW HOSTS HAVE VANISHED, WITHOUT TRACE.

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE FEWER GAME SHOW HOSTS THE BETTER.

I'M TALKING ABOUT FOUR **HUNDRED** OF THEM! TOO MANY TO BE COINCIDENCE!

IF CRIME IS BEING PERPETRATED, IT'S OUR DUTY TO STAMP ON IT! FIND THE GAME SHOW HOSTS — AND, IF POSSIBLE, BRING THEM BACK.

DEAD OR ALIVE?

NOT LIKE DREDD TO CRACK A JOKE.

ARE YOU SURE HE'S JOKING?

DREDD'S SHARP MIND IS ALREADY AT WORK ON THE PROBLEM —

GOT TO BE THE WORK OF THE SAME PERP. QUESTION IS, WHERE WOULD ANYONE HIDE FOUR HUNDRED GAME SHOW HOSTS?

AND WHAT WOULD ANYONE WANT WITH THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

81/82 ROAD

FOR HIS ANSWER, DREDD WOULD HAVE HAD TO SEARCH MANY YEARS INTO THE PAST, IN THE HOME OF ONE **BARIMORE DREERY**—

OUR BARRY'S SO SENSIBLE! TELL MRS. RICARDO WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, BARRY.

I'M GOING TO BE A **GAME SHOW HOST!**

IN A CITY ADDICTED TO INANE VID GAME SHOWS, IT SEEMED A REASONABLE AMBITION. IT WAS MRS. RICARDO WHO PUT HER FINGER ON THE ONE **SNAG.**

DON'T BE STUPID... **HE'S TOO BORING!**

THE YEARS PASSED. BY HARD WORK AND DILIGENCE, BARRY DID ACHIEVE HIS AMBITION—
WELCOME TO "MANY QUESTIONS," THE CITY'S LATEST GAME SHOW! NOW HERE'S YOUR HOST— BAAAAARY DREERY!
THE RULES OF THE GAME ARE SIMPLE. FIRST I'M GOING TO ASK THE FIRST QUESTION. IF THE CONTESTANT ANSWERS THIS QUESTION CORRECTLY, I WILL THEN ASK ANOTHER QUESTION. AND SO ON, UNTIL I HAVE ASKED MANY QUESTIONS. IF THE CONTESTANT SUCCEEDS IN ANSWERING ALL THE QUESTIONS, HE IS ENTITLED TO SEVERAL MORE QUESTIONS. AND SO ON.
?
ZZZZZ!
ZZZZZ!
ZZZZZ!
1
2
3
4
OKAY, THE FIRST QUESTION GOES TO IVAN PARGITER... IVAN... IVAN!
LONG BEFORE THE FIRST PROGRAMME WAS OVER, THE STATION WAS BOMBARDED WITH HATE CALLS—
WHO IS THAT DREEP?
WHAT A BORE!
GET HIM OFF!
BY THE SECOND PROGRAMME "MANY QUESTIONS" HAD SLUMPED TO AN INCREDIBLE MINUS RATING IN THE VIEWING FIGURES!
THE ASSOCIATION OF GAME SHOW HOSTS HAS ASKED ME TO SACK YOU, BARRY. THEY SAY YOU'RE GIVING SHOWS A BAD NAME.
SACK ME? NO!
BEING A GAME SHOW HOST HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY DREAM! I'LL LEARN SOME BAD JOKES— HAVE MY MOUTH MOULDED INTO AN INANE GRIN— ANYTHING!
DON'T BE SUCH A BORE, BARRY. YOU'RE FIRED AND THAT'S THAT.
HFP
CHANNEL 4D
IT'S THOSE OTHER GAME SHOW HOSTS THAT PUT THE KNIFE IN! I'LL GET THEM— IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
T.V.
THE STATION THAT'S
GAME

FOR YEARS BARRY'S HATRED OF SUCCESSFUL GAME SHOW HOSTS FESTERED INSIDE HIM LIKE A MALIGNANT SORE. THEN CAME THE **APOCALYPSE WAR** — AND BARRY'S CHANCE OF REVENGE!

YOUR RICH UNCLE DAVID DREERY WAS AN UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF THE WAR. AS HIS SOLE SURVIVING RELATIVE, YOU INHERIT HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE OF **34 BILLION CREDITS.**

OVER THE YEARS, BARRY'S PLANS FOR REVENGE HAD TAKEN ON **BIZARRE** SHAPE. NOW, WITH THE MONEY TO CARRY THEM OUT, THINGS MOVED **QUICKLY** —

WE HAD A SLIGHT PROBLEM INSTALLING THE **LEG AMPUTATORS**, SIR, BUT THE **SURVIVAL MAZE** IS NOW COMPLETE.

GAME SHOW SHOW

ENTRY

EXIT

ONE WAY

RIP

GAME SHOW SHOW

34 BILLION! HOORAY! HOORAY! REVENGE! REVENGE AT LAST!

GREAT! NOW ALL WE NEED IS THE GAME SHOW HOSTS!

BARRY MADE A SERIES OF CALLS-

YOU WANT ME TO HOST YOUR NEW SHOW AT **A MILLION CREDS** A TIME? YOU **BET** I'M INTERESTED!

MY HOVER-LIMO WILL PICK YOU UP. REMEMBER, NOT A WORD TO ANYONE!

WHEN THE HOVER-LIMO CALLED—
YOU HARRY KARRY, HOST OF "DON'T GIVE A DAMN"?
THAT'S ME!
GET IN THERE!
?!
SOON THEY WERE ASSEMBLED. FOUR HUNDRED OF THEM. THE GREATEST GATHERING OF GAME SHOW HOSTS THE WORLD HAD EVER SEEN!
GAME SHOW SHOW
YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY YOU'RE HERE, SECURED TO YOUR SEATS AND UNDER HEAVY GUARD. WONDER NO LONGER! I GIVE YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW—
BAAAAARY DREERY!
HELLO, GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME TO THE GAME SHOW SHOW! THE SHOW WHERE YOU, THE GAME SHOW HOSTS, ARE THE ONLY CONTESTANTS . . . OR SHOULD I SAY VICTIMS?
AND THE FIRST CONTESTANT OUT OF THE MYSTERY ENVELOPE IS...SLOB BANKHURST ASSININE HOST OF "KID ME NOT"!
PUT ME DOWN!
I SEE FROM YOUR CARD, SLOB, YOU'RE A GAME SHOW HOST.
OF COURSE I AM! LOOK, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
GAME SHOW SHOW
ENTRY
THE RULES ARE SIMPLE—HERE WE HAVE THE SURVIVAL MAZE! WE'VE PLACED A NUMBER OF NAUGHTY LITTLE OBSTACLES ALONG THE WAY. YOUR OBJECTIVE IS TO GET THROUGH IT— ALIVE!
BUT FIRST, YOUR STARTING QUESTION. WE ASKED ONE HUNDRED CITIZENS WHICH KNEEPAD THEY STRAP ON FIRST. WHAT WAS THE TOP ANSWER?
UH, THE RIGHT KNEEPAD.

RIGHT IS RIGHT! AND THAT ANSWER WINS YOU TONIGHT'S FIRST INSTANT PRIZE!

WHARRRR

AAAAAH!

THAT'S RIGHT, BARRY! TONIGHT'S FIRST INSTANT PRIZE IS... A GOLDEN BULLET!

PAW!

OH, HARD LUCK, SLOB! YOU DIDN'T EVEN REACH THE SURVIVAL MAZE! NEVER MIND, YOU WON'T GO AWAY EMPTY-HANDED! EVERY CONTESTANT ON THE GAME SHOW SHOW GETS A CERAMIC TOMBSTONE TO TREASURE FOREVER!

SLOB JAWKINS

NOT BORING YOU, AM I? GOOD! LET'S HAVE OUR NEXT CONTESTANT THAT LUCKY MAN IS— EAMMON ENOS, IGNORANT PRESENTER OF "PITS OF THE WORLD"!

TONIGHT, EAMMON ENOS, THIS IS YOUR DEATH!

NOW, SOME TIME LATER, JUDGE DREDD IS URGENTLY SUMMONED TO A RADIATION PIT IN THE CITY CENTRE —

IT'S A MASS GRAVE, DREDD. SO FAR WE'VE DRAGGED OUT FORTY PLUS VICTIMS. GAME SHOW HOSTS, EVERY ONE OF THEM!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S NOT PLAYING THE GAME!

JUDGE DREDD

THE GAME SHOW SHOW
PART 2

IN A MEGA-CITY RAD-PIT, THE BODIES OF FORTY-PLUS GAME SHOW HOSTS HAVE BEEN FOUND —

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S NOT PLAYING THE GAME!

NO TRACKS LEADING UP TO THE PIT. BODIES MUST'VE BEEN DUMPED FROM THE AIR. I WANT EVERY HOVER-POD IN THE CITY CHECKED FOR RAD-SPLASHES.

YOU KNOW HOW MANY HOVER-PODS THERE ARE IN THIS CITY, DREDD?

I KNOW HOW MANY GAME SHOW HOSTS HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED — FOUR HUNDRED OF THEM. THAT LEAVES ALMOST THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY STILL UNACCOUNTED FOR.

CHECK THOSE PODS!

HALF LEVEL

EXIT

A BIG HAND FOR JEREMY WEEVIL, THE FIRST GAME SHOW HOST TO REACH LEVEL 3 OF OUR FUN-PACKED SURVIVAL MAZE! AND HE'S DONE IT WITH ONLY MINOR FLESH-WOUNDS!

NOW IT'S TIME FOR JEREMY TO TAKE A RISK!

"GO BACK THREE LEVELS."

RISK CARDS

3

FLIP!

NOOO!

WHAT WE DIDN'T TELL JEREMY IS THAT THE TRAPDOOR LEADS TO A BIG TUB OF CONCENTRATED SOLVENT!

SPLOOSH!

NEVER MIND, JEREMY — AT LEAST YOU WERE GAME FOR A BATH!

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
J. CASANOVAS + JNR.
LETTERING
T. JACOB

CORROSIVE AGENT

OUR NEXT CONTESTANT IS HARRY KARRY, HORRIBLE HOST OF "DON'T GIVE A DAMN"! YOU'LL GIVE A DAMN THIS TIME, HARRY!

LET ME GO!

WHY-WHY IS HE DOING THIS?

HE'S MAD— STARK STARING MAD!

A STREAM OF UNFORTUNATE GAME SHOW HOSTS MEETS ITS DOOM IN THE DEADLY SURVIVAL MAZE.

LARRY GRUESOME, OF "THE DEGENERATION GAME"—

...REMEMBER, LARRY, ANY PRIZE YOU CAN'T REMEMBER, YOU WILL BE FORCED TO EAT!

SIGHT OF EAT

MICROWAVE OVEN... KNEEPADS ... BOTTLE OF POISON... OH, MERCY, AN ELEPHANT... ARTIFICIAL CHIN...

HOW DID LARRY DO?

VERY WELL INDEED, BARRY! HE REMEMBERED EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE FIFTY KILOS OF ROCKCRETE!

THAT'S TERRIFIC! WE'LL COME BACK TO LARRY WHEN HE SETS! NOW, ON TO OUR NEXT CONTESTANT!

TED CRINGE, REPTILIAN HOST OF "SPOT THE CLOT"—

YOU HAVE TEN SECONDS TO DISMANTLE THAT CLOCK BEFORE IT RELEASES A DEADLY GAS! HURRY, TED, TIME'S RUNNING OUT!

...THREE ...TWO ...ONE...

AAAAGH!

BAMBER GASTANK, INTELLECTUAL HOST OF "THE BRAIN GAME"—

HERE'S YOUR STARTER FOR FIVE, BAMBER!

WHAP!

BUT MEANWHILE DREDD'S BLANKET SEARCH HAS PRODUCED RESULTS. A RAD-SPLASHED HOVER-LIMO, PROPERTY OF BARIMORE DREERY, IS FOUND NEAR THE BUILDING KNOWN AS DREERY HOUSE...

NO TIME TO BOTHER WITH NICETIES!

DREERY HOUSE

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

AND INSIDE...
AND OUR NEXT UNLUCKY CONTESTANT IS — CRAZY CHICK CHUCKLE!
HOLD IT!
DREDD TAKES IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE—
BUDDA BUDDA
YOU'VE GOT A MYSTERY GUEST!
JUDGE DREDD!
GOTTA LURE HIM INTO THE MAZE! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
YOU TWO SET THOSE CITIZENS FREE. I'LL HANDLE THIS CREEP!
ONE
BAKKABAKKABAKKABAKKA
TRIP WIRE! GOTTA DIVE!
PLACE IS FULL OF BOOBY TRAPS. HAVE TO GO CAREFUL!

ONLY DREDD'S LIGHTNING REACTIONS SAVE HIM FROM A BIZARRE DEATH!

POW!

SHAK!

CLANG!

TOC!

ON THE TOP LEVEL—

FINISH

THE LAWMAN'S STILL COMING! THIS SHOULD STOP HIM!

BULLS-EYE!

CONGRATULATIONS, CONTESTANT! YOU HAVE WON A BULL!

DROKK!

HE'S DODGED IT! OH, NO—

YAAAH!
FINISH
KRAK!
THOUMP!
CONGRATULATIONS, BARRY! YOU HAVE REACHED THE FINISH LINE – AND IT'S CERTAINLY THE FINISH FOR YOU! BECAUSE YOU HAVE WON THE STAR PRIZE!
W-WAIT! IT'S ME, BERNIE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
THAT'S RIGHT, BARRY! SPECIALLY IMPORTED FROM THE PLANET ORBO – ONE TON OF FLESH-EATING WORMS!
SPLAT!
SCHLOOP!
CHOMP!
YUM!
AIEEEEEE!
MUNCH!
BARRY DREERY HAD MADE SURE THAT NO-ONE WOULD SURVIVE THE SURVIVAL MAZE. NOW HE BECOMES ITS FINAL VICTIM!
YUM!
CHOMP!
GAME SHOW SHOT
FOR BARRY DREERY – FAILED GAME SHOW HOST, MADMAN, MURDERER – THE GAME IS OVER!
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED RELEASING THOSE LICENSED IDIOTS, FIND THE MAIN SWITCH AND SHUT DOWN THIS MAZE! I'M NOT KEEN ON COLLECTING A BOOBY PRIZE ON MY WAY OUT!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

IN GUNGE

A NEW RANGE OF DISGUSTING FOOD PRODUCTS HAS HIT THE MEGA-CITY MARKET, BACKED BY A MASSIVE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN...

OH, KITTY! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? GEORGE IS BRINGING THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HOME FOR DINNER AND I'VE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IN THE HOUSE!

YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER, SYBIL—

HAVE YOU TRIED GUNGE?

GUNGE MOULD JAM

GUNGE SNAKE RINGS

GUNGE SLIME SAUCE

GUNGE GROT POT

GUNGE BACTERI SOUP

GUNGE IS NEW FROM OTTO SUMP— A COMPLETE RANGE OF INSTANT FOOD IN A WILD VARIETY OF TASTY FLAVOURS!

FOR INSTANCE— YOU COULD START WITH BACTERIA SOUP FOLLOWED BY TENDER MAGGOT STEAKS AND KRISPY SNAKE RINGS IN A DELICIOUS SLIME SAUCE!

MMM... MMM! SMELLS SCRUMMY! BUT SOME OF THESE INGREDIENTS... I MEAN—

I KNOW THEY SOUND AWFUL — BUT YOU JUST TASTE THEM!

MM—MM! DIVINE!

AND LESS THAN HALF THE PRICE OF NORMAL FOOD!

THE MEAL GOES DOWN A TREAT—

♪ IT'S TASTY... TASTY! VERY... VERY TASTY! ♪

IT'S VERY TASTY!

IT TOOK ME SIMPLY HOURS TO PREPARE!

GUNGE CACTOS

GUNGE MAGGO STEAKS

GUNGE FAT CUBE

"GUNGE! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A DISHONEST WOMAN OUT OF YOU"!

SCRIPT
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING TONY JACOBS

THE EATING REVOLUTION DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED BY THE LAW—

SUMP INDUSTR

GUNGE FOOD

DISGUSTING FOODS... IT COULD ONLY BE THE BRAIN-CHILD OF OTTO SUMP!

JUDGE DREDD! MY OLD BUDDY!

GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD, OTTO— I'M **NOT** YOUR BUDDY! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA!

OTTO SHOWS DREDD HIS FACTORY—

AFTER YOU PUT MY **UGLY CLINICS** • OUT OF BUSINESS, I NEEDED A NEW WAY OF MAKIN' MONEY. THEN I HIT ON IT— THERE'S LOTSA **DISGUSTIN' THINGS** PEOPLE WON'T EAT, LIKE **FLIES**, AN' **MAGGOTS**, AN' **MOULD** AN' **SLIME**!

DREDD

BEETLE BOURGUIGNON VAT*3

• SEE JUDGE DREDD 3

A HUGE UNTAPPED SOURCE OF NUTRITION— 'SPECIALLY IN THESE DAYS OF **FOOD SHORTAGES**! AN' DIRT CHEAP, TOO! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS **JAZZ 'EM UP** A BIT!

AN' IT **WORKED**! **GUNGE** IS CATCHIN' ON **CITY WIDE**!

WHY, I'M EVEN BRINGIN' OUT A SPECIAL **PRE-CHEWED** RANGE FOR THE **TOOTHLESS**!

HERE—HAVE A **CHOC-O-HAIR** BAR! REAL TASTY!

THANKS. I'LL GIVE IT A MISS.

DREDD

IT'S ALL STRICTLY LEGAL, JUDGE DREDD! THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST EATIN' BUGS AN' THINGS!

MAYBE NOT. BUT I WANT SAMPLES OF EVERY GUNGE PRODUCT TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT LABS FOR ANALYSIS BY NOON TODAY!

TEK-JUDGES SUBJECT THE GUNGE PRODUCTS TO A FULL BATTERY OF TEST6—

THE COOKING PROCESS REMOVES ALL HARMFUL ELEMENTS FROM THE INGREDIENTS. THEY'RE TOTALLY HYG:ENIC, HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS—AND, IN SOME CASES, VERY, VERY TASTY!

HERE, CHIEF JUDGE—TRY A **KRISPY SLUG FLAKE.**

NO THANK YOU.

IT'S LEGAL, THEN? FAIR ENOUGH. IF THE CITIZENS WANT TO EAT IT, SO MUCH THE BETTER!

WITH JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S SEAL OF APPROVAL BEHIND HIM, OTTO SUMP IMMEDIATELY LAUNCHES A RANGE OF **NEW** GUNGE RECIPES—

TAKE A TIP FROM **CAPTAIN GUNGE**— TRY MY NEW **CAPTAIN'S PIE**! IT'S FULL OF SEA-SLUGS, CRUSHED SHELLS, LIMPETS . NOT FORGETTING PLENTY OF OLD FASHIONED **SWAMPWEED**! ALL PRE-CHEWED, OF COURSE, AND TOPPED WITH A RICH SQUID-INK SAUCE!

A DRINK WITH YOUR MEAL, SIR? LET ME RECOMMEND **GUNGE** "BLACK WIDOW" **SPIDER WINE** MATURED IN OLD BOOTS FOR MORE THAN A WEEK, AND BROUGHT TO YOU COURTESY OF **OTTO SUMP!**

FURRY CAKES

MR GUNGE BAKES EXCEEDINGLY DISGUSTING CAKES!

BUT A STRONG BACKLASH OF OPINION IS GROWING, LED BY THE CITY'S **MORAL HEALTH COMMITTEE**—

SEE HERE, CHIEF JUDGE—WE WANT THESE **GUNGE** PRODUCTS **BANNED**! THEY'RE POSITIVELY **UNHEALTHY!**

ON THE CONTRARY! KILO FOR KILO, GUNGE IS **TWICE** AS NUTRITIOUS AS **PRIME MUNCE!**

B-BUT **MAGGOTS** AND **MOULD** AND **SLIME** AND **SLUDGE** — IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S DOWNRIGHT **INDECENT!**

NEVERTHELESS IT'S **LEGAL**, CITIZEN!

MY COMMITTEE WON'T STAND FOR IT! WE'RE GOING TO ORGANISE PUBLIC OPINION AGAINST THIS OTTO SUMP!

BE SURE YOU ORGANISE IT LEGALLY!

THE FIRST PROTESTS TAKE PLACE THAT DAY, WITH **MASS SIT-INS** OUTSIDE SUMP **FAST-GUNGE OUTLETS**—

GUNGE GORGERY

♫ WE SHALL NOT BE MOO-O-OVED! ♫

BAN GUNGE

GUNGE DEPRAVES PROTEIN OF DIE

NO TO GUNGE

BAN GUNGE

RAPI-GUNGE

EAT AT GUNGE-U-LIKE

BAN GUNGE

GUNGE SCRUEL

SAY NO TO GUNGE

ILLEGAL DEMO. OBSTRUCTION. SIX MONTHS! START CARTING 'EM AWAY!

BUT THE ARRESTS MERELY SERVE TO FAN THE GROWING ANTI-GUNGE FEELING —

THIS IS ISO-CUBE NINE-FOUR-FOUR! WE GOT A **THREE-WEEK BACKLOG** HERE! YOU EITHER GOT TO **STOP ARRESTING** THESE GUNGE PROTESTORS — OR **START BUILDING** SOME NEW ISO-CUBES!

FOR ONCE, PUBLIC OPINION HOLDS SWAY AT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT—

WHAT DO WE DO, DREDD? WE'VE GOT TO BAN GUNGE PRODUCTS TO END THIS **MASS DISORDER** – BUT WITH FOOD SHORTAGES THE WAY THEY ARE, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE SUCH A RICH SOURCE OF **NUTRITION**!

GUNGE PROTESTS

ARREST LEVEL

DREDD

THERE'S **ONE THING** WE CAN DO!

AND SOON...

OTTO SUMP, I HAVE A **COMPULSORY PURCHASE ORDER** ON YOUR ENTIRE GUNGE PRODUCTS INDUSTRY. I'M **CLOSING YOU DOWN**!

AW, JUDGE DREDD! NOT **AGAIN**! CAN'T WE TALK ABOUT THIS?

NO!

OVERNIGHT, OTTO SUMP'S GUNGE EMPIRE DISAPPEARS. THE PUBLIC MIND IS AT REST.

USED

EAT

RAPI-

CLOSED

CLOSED

CLOSED

GONE AWAY

CLOSED

CLOSED OWING TO BANNING OF GUNGE

MEANWHILE, OTTO'S VAST STOCK OF GUNGE **INGREDIENTS** IS TAKEN TO A SECRET FACTORY SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY. THERE, IT IS MASHED AND PULPED UNTIL IT IS TOTALLY **UNRECOGNISABLE**—

THE NEXT DAY, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S NEW RANGE OF **FOODSTUFFS** IS LAUNCHED —

FOODSTUFF

A

B

C

JUSTICE DEPT GUARANTEE

BECAUSE THEY CARRY THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT **GUARANTEE**, NO INGREDIENTS ARE LISTED.

WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WON'T HARM THEM!

YES. SOMETIMES A LITTLE DECEPTION IS **NECESSARY**, FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE!

EPILOGUE: IN THE ISO-CUBE WHERE THE **MORAL HEALTH COMMITTEE** IS LANGUISHING —

SOME NEW GRUB FOR YOU, TODAY – THE GUARANTEED, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT-APPROVED FOOD!

MM-MMM! DELICIOUS! IT MAKES OUR PROTESTS ALL WORTHWHILE!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 1

IN TOP-SECURITY ISO-BLOCK 666, JUDGE-WARDEN SOBRANI GIVES WAY TO A SUDDEN STRANGE URGE DURING EVENING ROUNDS —

I THINK I'LL RELEASE THESE PRISONERS.

WHAT? SIR! YOU CAN'T! THIS IS LEVEL K!

KLIK!

DON'T TELL ME MY JOB, HAMMARK!

UUH!

FWAKK!

COME ON OUT, MEN! YOU'RE FREE!

THE WARDEN'S LETTIN' US GO!

HE'S FLIPPED HIS LID!

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER

ART C. ELQUERRA

LETTERING T. JACOB

THANKS, CHUMP!

AAAAH!

AS SEVERAL HUNDRED OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S MOST DANGEROUS MEN MAKE THEIR BREAK, ONE SKELETAL FACE PEEKS CAUTIOUSLY FROM HIS ISO-CUBE—

THE FINK IS LOOSE!

ATTENTION ALL JUDGES VICINITY ISO-BLOCK 666! BREAKOUT! REPEAT— BREAKOUT!

DREDD RESPONDING!

WHEN DREDD ARRIVES, THE RECOVERY OPERATION IS ALREADY UNDER WAY—

WE'VE GOT TWENTY OR THIRTY OF 'EM HOLED UP IN THE RUINS!

H-WAGON! STAND BY WITH CLUSTER BOMB!

SURRENDER, YOU CREEPS! THIS IS YOUR FIRST AND LAST WARNING!

THAT'S DREDD'S VOICE!

COME AND GET US, YOU STINKIN' LAW-LOVER!

UH-OH!

GRAASSH!

OKAY! OKAY! WE SURRENDER!

BUT TOO LATE!

KABOOM! KABOOM! KABOOM!

CHECK 'EM OUT AND CROSS 'EM OFF THE WANTED LIST. KEEP LOOKING FOR THE OTHERS!

SOON, ON LEVEL K—

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW, DREDD— ONE OF THE ESCAPEES IS FINK ANGEL!*

DROK— THAT'S ALL THIS CITY NEEDS!

* See Progs 193–196

JUDGE-WARDEN SOBRANI IS DYING—

HOW DID THEY GET LOOSE, SOBRANI?

I LET THEM GO...

YOU! WHY?

I...DON'T KNOW! SUDDEN URGE...CAME OVER ME... DON'T—DON'T UNDERSTAND IT...

DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, DREDD— SOBRANI WAS AS **STABLE** AS YOU AND ME!

THEN WE BETTER GET OUR HEADS EXAMINED, WATSON, BECAUSE THAT WAS THE WORK OF A **LUNATIC!**

WATSON

FAR ACROSS THE GALAXY, ON THE PLANET **XANADU**, A **CHILD** LAUGHS SOFTLY—

STAGE ONE IS COMPLETE!

DESTINY HAS BEEN SET IN MOTION. SOON, DREDD AND HIS **DOOM** WILL COME TOGETHER...

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MYSELF!

BY 3a.m. MEGA-CITY TIME, ONLY TWENTY-THREE ESCAPEES ARE STILL AT LARGE...

AMONG THEM, FINK ANGEL!

CREEEEEK!

GONNA NEED ME SOME PIZEN!

IN THE DESOLATE RUINS OF THE POST-APOCALYPSE CITY, FEW ARE MORE SUITED TO LIFE THAN THE CURSED EARTH DESPERADO —

SOME O' THIS HERE **RAD-WEED**- SPRIG OR TWO O' **SWAMP-WORT**- DOLLOP O' **CHEMICAL SLUDGE** —

A SUBTERRANEAN DWELLER SINCE THE AGE OF SEVEN, THE FINK HAS A NOSE FOR A HIGH-CLASS **HOLE** —

LET'S SEE — GONNA NEED ME A **PARALYSIN' PIZEN**, A **QUICK KILLIN' PIZEN**, A **GENERAL PURPOSE PIZENIN' PIZEN**...

FINK LABOURS THROUGH THE NIGHT TO FASHION THE TOOLS OF HIS TERRIBLE TRADE —

THESE **PIZEN BALLS** IS A-READY FER TESTIN'!

IN HIS EVIL BLACK HEART BURNS THE DESIRE FOR **REVENGE**. REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO **EXECUTED** HIS FAMILY—

WHISSHHH!

ON THE MAN WHO CONDEMNED HIM TO ISO-BLOCK 666.

CHHOONKK!

FINK WILL NOT BE ALONE ON HIS DEATH MISSION. FOR, ON **XANADU**—

HERE LIES MEAN MACHINE DIED BY EXPLOSION ROT THIS SOUL

THIS IS IT!

LET THESE **REGENERATION ELIXIRS** BRING LIFE TO YOUR DEAD FLESH!

AND SIX FEET BELOW... A **STIRRING!**

BOP! BOP! BOP!

RISE! RISE! **RISE!**

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL LIVES AGAIN!

NEXT PROG: **BOK!**

JUDGE DREDD

ON EARTH, THE FINK IS LOOSE —

ON DISTANT XANADU, A GRUESOME CLAW RISES FROM THE GRAVE —

HERE LIES MEAN CHINE ED BY LOSION. S SOUL

— AND THE MEAN MACHINE LIVES AGAIN!

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER

ART C. EZQUERRA

LETTERING T. JACOB

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 2

BOK!

THAT'S MA TOMBSTONE DESTROYED, NOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON, BALDY?

THE STRANGE YOUTH IS POSSESSED OF **ABNORMAL PSYCHIC POWERS**. ONCE HE WAS THE **JUDGE CHILD**, THE PREDICTED LEADER OF MEGA-CITY ONE. BUT **DREDD** HAD JUDGED HIM **EVIL**—AND EXILED HIM FOR EVER ON THE LAND OF THE **GRUNWALDER**.*

NOW, HE SEEKS REVENGE!

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL, I HAVE **RAISED** YOU FROM THE **DEAD**. PA, LINK AND JUNIOR HAVE **PERISHED** AT THE HAND OF DREDD!

IZZAT SO?

SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

* SEE PROGS 156–181

YOUR LONG-LOST BROTHER **FINK** AWAITS YOU IN MEGA-CITY ONE.

GO THERE. SEEK OUT DREDD. **AVENGE** YOUR SLAUGHTERED FAMILY.

FULFIL YOUR DESTINY!

OKAY, BALDY. BUT YA BETTER NOT BE **A-LYIN'** TO ME, OR I'LL BE **BACK!**

AN' I'LL GO UP TO 4 ON YOU!

CLICK!

1

BOK!

THUNK!

SEE?

IS IT **WISE** TO ENTRUST YOUR VENGEANCE TO A **FOOL** SUCH AS HE?

I DREAMT A DREAM, GRUNWALDER.

BOK!

MAN OF **METAL**, MAN OF **BONE**— TOGETHER THEY WILL **KILL DREDD**. I HAVE SEEN IT. IT WILL BE.

AREN'T YOU INDULGING HIM TOO MUCH FOR A **SLAVE**, SIRE? WHY, THE **REGENERATING ELIXIR** ALONE COST YOU A **FORTUNE** TO OBTAIN!

BECAUSE OF HIS PSYCHIC POWERS, I NOW **CONTROL** THIS PLANET. I OWE HIM MUCH. LET HIM HAVE HIS MOMENT OF REVENGE.

GRUNWALDER, ROBOT RULER OF XANADU—

BESIDES, BETTER FOR ME THAT HE VENTS HIS **EVIL STREAK** ELSEWHERE!

AT XANADU SPACEPORT—

SINGLE TO EARTH. MAKE IT SNAPPY!

IZZAT SO?

SORRY, SIR. THAT GENTLEMAN'S JUST BOUGHT THE LAST TICKET.

BOK!

SINGLE TO EARTH!

Y-Y-YES, SIR!

SO DREDD'S KILLED PA, LINK AN' JUNIOR, EH? GONNA LARN HIM HE CAN'T DO THAT TO THE MEAN MACHINE'S KIN!

GONNA GIVE HIM A FACE FULLA 4!

MEGA-CITY ONE. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER THE BREAKOUT AT ISO-BLOCK 666, JUDGE DREDD'S SEARCH-SQUAD IS STILL AT WORK.

WE'VE RECAPTURED ALL BUT ONE OF THE ESCAPED PRISONERS, DREDD.

DON'T TELL ME— FINK ANGEL!

NOTIFY JUDGE HERSHEY. FINK'S GOT AN OLD SCORE TO SETTLE WITH ME AND HER. HE MIGHT TRY SOMETHING.

MEANTIME, KEEP SEARCHING!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

GOT A HUNCH. GONNA CHECK OUT RESYK.

RESYK. MEGA-CITY'S VAST BODY RECYCLING PLANT. HERE, MILLIONS OF CORPSES PER YEAR ARE BROKEN DOWN INTO THEIR USEFUL CONSTITUENTS...

RESYK

DREDD SPEAKS TO THE BODY-BELT MAN—

SOME TIME AGO I ARRESTED AN INTRUDER HERE— FINK ANGEL.

I REMEMBER HIM— A REAL GHOUL! HAD TO PROCESS THREE OF MY OWN WORKERS AFTER HE'D FINISHED WITH 'EM!

HE HAD A PET— A VICIOUS CURSED EARTH **RAT**. EVER SEE ANY SIGN OF IT?

YEAH... NOW YOU MENTION IT, SOME OF THE MEN ON THE **VATS** HAVE REPORTED A HUGE RODENT. WHY?

GOT A FEELING **FINK** MIGHT BE COMING BACK FOR IT!

ULP!

BODY BOSS TO ALL SECURITY STAFF! BE ON THE ALERT. JUDGE DREDD SUSPECTS **INTRUDER** MAY TRY TO GAIN ENTRY!

YES, SIR!

CHUNK!

MA **QUICK-KILLIN' PIZEN** WORKS A TREAT!

I'M A-COMIN' FER YA, RATTY!

NEXT PROG: **GRIM REUNION!**

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 3

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

TROUBLE IN **RESYK**, MEGA-CITY ONE'S HUGE **BODY RECYCLING PLANT** —

SECURITY HERE! WE'VE GOT ONE DEAD GUARD! LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN **POISONED**!

DROKK! **FINK ANGEL** IS **IN**!

FULL SECURITY! FIND HIM!

MEANWHILE, THE GHOULISH FIGURE OF **FINK ANGEL** IS AT WORK —

CHUUUNK!

HOWDY!

SEE MA **PARALYZIN' PIZEN'S** WORKIN' JIM DANDY!

C-CAN'T MOVE!

JUDGE DREDD

RATEEEEEEEEEEEE!

IN HIS COSY NEST BENEATH GURGLING **VATS**, FINK'S LONG-TIME COMPANION PRICKS UP HIS EARS —

NEEEEK!

NEEEEEK!

SECURITY HERE! YOUR MAN'S IN THE **GRISTLE MILL!**

TELL 'EM I'M ON MY WAY!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAST! MISSED! HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE!

MA GENERAL PURPOSE PIZENIN' PIZEN!

EEAAAAGH!

MURDERING SCUM! YOU'LL DIE FOR THAT!

SUDDENLY, A SNARLING SHAPE HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR –

GGRREEE!

NO!

THE BITE OF THE CURSED EARTH RAT IS FATAL –

KRRUMPP!

THEN THE TWO BOSOM BUDDIES ARE TOGETHER AGAIN –

HIYA, PAL!

NEEK!

ENOUGH KISSIN'! LET'S SKEDADDLE! LEAD THE WAY, RATTY BOY!

NEEEK!

DROKK! TWO MORE CORPSES!

FINK ANGEL! SURRENDER!

CHUUNK!

DANG IT, RATTY! ONLY PIZENED HIS HAT!

JUDGE DREDD'S FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE DUCTS!

FINK ANGEL!

IT'S DREDD HIMSELF, RATTY! WE'LL LIE UP HERE – AMBUSH HIM GOOD!

BUT –

RICOCHET!

SPTAAAANG!

SPTAANG!

AGH!

DANG! LEGSHOT! HE'S GOT ME, RATTY!

BUT ON FAR-OFF **XANADU**, A SINISTER CHILD OBSERVES –

NO! IT CANNOT END HERE! **DESTINY NEEDS A GUIDING HAND!**

A CHILD POSSESSED OF **ABNORMAL PSYCHIC POWERS** –

DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!

AND IN RESYK –

MUST...OPEN THE **VALVES**...

BOSS! **NO!**

NEEEK-EEK! NEEK! EEEK!

WHAT'S THAT, RATTY? **FLOOD**? GOTTA HANG ON!

DROKK!

A THUNDERING WALL OF WATER SWEEPS THE LAWMAN PAST HIS QUARRY –

AND DEPOSITS HIM UNCEREMONIOUSLY IN THE VATS!

GET HIM OUTA THERE – FAST!

WOUNDED TOO BAD TO GO AFTER HIM NOW! LEAD THE WAY OUT, RATTY BOY!

SOON, FINK ANGEL PAINFULLY LEAVES RESYK –

AND VANISHES INTO THE DESOLATION OF THE WAR-RAVAGED CITY –

RESYK

MEANWHILE –

YOU'RE ALIVE! THANK GOODNESS!

SAVE THE CELEBRATIONS, CITIZEN! I WANT TO KNOW WHO FLOODED THAT DUCT!

IT WAS **ME**. I – I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID IT. A...A SUDDEN **URGE** CAME OVER ME! NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS OPENING THE DUCTS!

A SUDDEN URGE! THAT'S WHAT JUDGE-WARDEN **SOBRANI** SAID WHEN HE RELEASED THE PRISONERS IN **ISO-BLOCK 666**!

SOMETHING **SMELLS** ABOUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS – AND IT ISN'T JUST ME!

ON XANADU, A SINISTER CHILD LAUGHS TRIUMPHANTLY –

ONE STEP CLOSER TO DESTINY, DREDD! ONE STEP **CLOSER** TO **DOOM**!

NEXT PROG! **DIAL MEAN FOR MURDER!**

JUDGE DREDD

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 4

AN INTERSTELLAR EXPRESS MAKES A SUDDEN CHANGE OF COURSE AS IT ENTERS EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE —

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON ?

BOKKK!

CRASH!

IT'S THE CAPTAIN !

HOWDY ! THIS HERE'S A HIJACK !

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

YOU CAN'T HIJACK US! I'VE AN IMPORTANT MEETING IN **INDO-CIT** IN TWENTY MINUTES!

IZZAT SO?

THIS **DIAL** ON MY HEAD'S GOT FOUR SETTINGS, SEE? ON **1**, I AIN'T VERY PLEASANT. ON **2**, I'M **MEAN**. ON **3**, I GET DOWNRIGHT **VICIOUS**, BUT JUST FOR YOU —

CLIK!

I'M GOING RIGHT UP TO **4**!

BOK!

AAAAGH!

ANYONE ELSE WANNA SAY THEIR PIECE?

N-N-NO, SIR!

AND SO— THIS HERE'S **CAPTAIN MEAN** A-SPEAKIN'; OUR NEW DESTINATION WILL BE **MEGA-CITY ONE**. WE'LL **TOUCH DOWN** IN 'BOUT ONE MINUTE... PROVIDED I KIN FIGGER OUT THESE HERE GOLDARN CONTROLS!

OH MY LIFE! WE-WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

KERRUMP!

A WEEK HAS PASSED SINCE THE BREAKOUT FROM **ISO-BLOCK 666**. JUDGE DREDD'S SEARCH FOR THE LAST ESCAPEE HAS DRAWN A BLANK—

I'M CALLING OFF THE HUNT FOR **FINK ANGEL**, DREDD. WE CAN'T SPARE THE JUDGES FROM NORMAL DUTIES ANY LONGER!

AGREED. ALL THE SAME, CHIEF JUDGE, THERE'S MORE TO THIS CASE THAN JUST ONE MISSING **ANGEL**.

HOW SO?

JUDGE-WARDEN SOBRANI HAD A "**SUDDEN URGE**" TO RELEASE HIS PRISONERS. WHEN I HAD **FINK** CORNERED, THE **RESYK BODY** BOSS GOT A "**SUDDEN URGE**" THAT HELPED FINK ESCAPE.*

THAT'S ONE COINCIDENCE **TOO MANY** FOR MY LIKING!

*SEE LAST PROG.

THEN—

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD. THIS IS **HERSHEY.**

AN **INTERSTELLAR EXPRESS** BOUND FOR INDO-CIT HAS CRASHED IN SECTOR 50. ACCORDING TO SURVIVORS, SHE WAS HIJACKED BY **MEAN MACHINE ANGEL!**

IMPOSSIBLE! THE **MEAN MACHINE** DIED ON **XANADU.** I **SAW** IT HAPPEN!

WELL YOU BETTER GET YOUR EYES CHECKED. HOW MANY OTHER CREEPS DO YOU KNOW WITH **DIALS** ON THEIR HEADS?

I SEE. ANY TRACE OF HIM IN THE WRECKAGE?

NEGATIVE.

OKAY, HERSHEY. PUT OUT AN **ALL POINTS** ON HIM. I'LL START CHECKING THIS END.

MEAN MACHINE ALIVE — BROTHER **FINK** ON THE LOOSE. SOMETHING'S DEFINITELY GOING ON.

TIME I PAID A CALL ON **PSI-DIVISION!**

DREDD

IN **PSI-DIVISION**, A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT **TELEPATH** BRINGS HIS **MENTAL POWERS** TO BEAR —

I CAN DETECT STRONG PSYCHIC EMANATIONS — SOME **FORCE** BRINGING THE ANGEL BROTHERS TOGETHER. WHO OR WHAT... IT'S DIFFICULT TO PENETRATE...

YOU DON'T NEED TO.

THERE'S ONLY ONE CREEP WITH THAT KIND OF MENTAL WHACK. **OWEN KRYSLER — THE JUDGE CHILD!**

ON THE DISTANT PLANET **XANADU**, THE SINISTER YOUTH KNOWN AS THE **JUDGE CHILD** FOCUSES HIS PARANORMAL POWERS —

SUSPECT ALL YOU LIKE, DREDD! NO KNOWLEDGE CAN HELP YOU **ESCAPE** YOUR **DESTINY!**

WHEN ANGELS MEET, YOU DIE!

ONCE MORE THE YOUTH'S WARPED MIND REACHES OUT ACROSS THE COSMOS... AND, IN MEGA-CITY ONE, A **HOVER POD** PILOT SUDDENLY **VEERS** FROM HIS COURSE —

— TOWARDS A LONE FIGURE SHAMBLING ACROSS A DESOLATION ZONE —

HI, THERE! STRANGEST THING — I JUST GOT A **SUDDEN URGE** TO **PICK YOU UP** AND TAKE YOU TO **SECTOR 77**!

IZZAT SO?

NOBODY TAKES ME TO SECTOR 77 LESSEN I **ASK** 'EM!

BO K!!

A GHOSTLY APPARITION APPEARS OUT OF THIN AIR —

FOOL!

HUH? OH, IT'S YOU, BALDY!

THAT THERE'S A REAL NEAT TRICK!

SILENCE! DO YOU **SHRUG OFF** DESTINY SO EASILY? I WAS DIRECTING THAT PILOT TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR BROTHER **FINK**!

WELL, Y'ALL BETTER GIVE **ME** THE DIRECTIONS. THIS PILOT'S TAKIN' NOBODY NOWHERE!

NEXT PROG: **WHEN ANGELS MEET!**

JUDGE DREDD

JUDGE

IN THE DESOLATION OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S SECTOR 77, A MAN SEARCHES FOR HIS LONG-LOST BROTHER —

FINK!

FINK!

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 5

YA IN THAR, FINK?

CHK!

KRUUMP!

HOLD BACK THAR, RATTY! HE'S KIN!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

RATTY, I WANCHA TO MEET MA LI'L BROTHER, **MEAN MACHINE**!

MEAN'S THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE... A WHOLE LOT MORE **SILENT** NOW HE'S SHOT FULLA MA BEST **PARALIZIN' PIZEN**!

WELL, CAN'T STAND AROUND A-YAPPIN' ALL DAY. C'MON BACK INTO MA **HOLE**, LI'L BROTHER!

*SINCE HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM **JUDGE DREDD, FINK ANGEL** HAS RETURNED TO HIS OLD HABITS — WAYLAYING PASSERS-BY FROM AN UNDERGROUND LAIR —*

BONK!

BONK!

BONK!

*IT IS SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE FINK'S PARALYSING POISON **WEARS OFF** —*

REAL SURPRISED TO SEE YA, MEAN. I HEARED YOU WUZ DEAD.

I **WUZ**. THIS HERE **BALDY KID** BRUNG ME **BACK** FROM THE **GRAVE**, SEE.

THAT A FACT? THOUGHT YOU WUZ LOOKING WELL!

LISTEN HERE, FINK, WHY IN TARNATION YOU GOT ME A-HANGIN' UPSIDE DOWN LIKE A PLUCKED CHICKEN?

JEST A PRECAUTION CASE'N I DECIDED TO **KILL** YOU. BUT I RECKON I'LL LET YOU LIVE.

AFTER ALL, YOU'S KIN. ANYWAYS, DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW IFFEN I **CAN** KILL SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN BRUNG BACK FROM THE DEAD.

ANYWAYS. WHAT Y'ALL DOIN' IN THIS HERE NECK O' COUNTRY, L'IL BROTHER ?

COME TO GIT MA **REVENGE** ON THAT THAR LOW-DOWN LAWMAN **DREDD**! GONNA FIX HIM GOOD FER KILLIN' PA AN' THE BOYS – NOT FERGITTIN' **ME** !

S'POSE YOU'LL WANT A PIECE O' THAT REVENGE. Y'ALL CAN HAVE WHAT'S **LEFT** AFTER I GO UP TA **4** ON HIM !

*EARLIER, IN TEMPORARY **JUSTICE HQ** –*

FINK ANGEL LOOSE– **MEAN MACHINE** RESURRECTED FROM THE DEAD – THE JUDGE CHILD'S **GOT** TO BE BEHIND IT !

AGREED. I SEE NOW YOUR ORIGINAL ASSESSMENT OF THE BOY WAS CORRECT – AN EVIL INTELLIGENCE CAPABLE OF ANY ACT.

HE CAN'T USE HIS **PSYCHIC POWER** DIRECTLY AGAINST YOU – HE KNOWS YOU'RE TRAINED TO RESIST PARANORMAL INFLUENCES – SO HE'S USING THE **ANGELS** TO WREAK HIS **REVENGE**.

QUESTION IS, WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT HIM ?

WHAT I SHOULD'VE DONE IN THE FIRST PLACE, CHIEF JUDGE. THIS IS AN AUTHORISATION TO DESPATCH AN INTERSTELLAR CRAFT TO **XANADU**. CREW WILL BE **ROBOTIC**, TO AVOID PSYCHIC INTERFERENCE.

GRANTED !

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF JUDGE

ON THE DISTANT PLANET XANADU —

NO! IT CANNOT HAPPEN!

WHAT IS WRONG?

DREDD — HE'S SENDING A SHIP FOR ME! BUT IT CAN'T BE! I SAW NO SHIP IN MY DREAM!

I SAW MAN OF METAL - MAN OF BONE — AND DREDD, IN TORMENT!

THEN FIRE AND FLAME — A SHATTERED BADGE! DREDD'S **DESTINY** — DREDD'S **DOOM!**

AND NOW COMES THIS **SHIP**, SHROUDED IN **IMAGES** OF **DEATH**. A SHIP I **DID NOT DREAM**! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, GRUNWALDER...

PERHAPS YOUR **OWN DESIRES** CLOUD YOUR MIND, MY SLAVE...

THERE IS A WISE MAXIM... DO NOT PUSH **DESTINY** TOO HARD — OR YOU MAY FIND THAT DESTINY **PUSHES BACK!**

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, A FULL DAY'S SEARCH REVEALS NO SIGN OF THE MISSING **ANGELS**...

FINK AND THE **MEAN MACHINE** HAVE LINKED UP. CAN'T GET A FIX ON THEIR POSITION. YOUR **JUDGE CHILD'S** THROWING UP SO MANY **PSYCHIC BLOCKS**, WE JUST END UP CHASING OUR TAILS.

CAN'T YOUR OPERATORS DO SOMETHING TO SCRAMBLE HIS MIND WAVES ?

WE CAN TRY, BUT DON'T PIN ANY HOPES ON IT. THAT KID RUNS ON **POWER PLUS** !

AS DARKNESS FALLS, TWO **AVENGING ANGELS** SKULK THROUGH THE CITY –

THAT THAR'S HIS PLACE ! WHAT'S THE PLAN ?

NO PLAN. WE JEST GO IN THAR AN' **GIT 'IM** !

ROWDY YATES CONAPT

AT DREDD'S APARTMENT –

SOMEONE AT-A THE DOOR, WALTER !

CWIPES ! THE ANGEL GANG ! DON'T OPEN IT, MAWIA !

BOK!

KERRASH!

WHERE'S DREDD ?

NEXT PROG: **DESTRUCTION OF A WOBOT !**

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 6

FINK AND **MEAN MACHINE**, THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE NOTORIOUS **ANGEL GANG**, SEEK **REVENGE** ON **JUDGE DREDD** FOR THE EXECUTION OF THEIR FAMILY.

NOW, IN DREDD'S APARTMENT IN THE **ROWDY YATES CONAPT** —

THE ROBOT WASN'T LYIN'! DREDD AIN'T AT HOME!

YOU TWO CWEEPS BETTER GET OUT OR YOU'LL BE IN WEAL TWUBBLE!

YA DIRTY STINKIN' RAT! WHADDYA MEAN, **WEAL TWUBBLE?**

HE MEANS **TROUBLE**, MEAN!

IZZAT **SO?**

W-WALTER!

WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW, FINK?

MAYBE WE AIN'T GOT DREDD, BUT WE GOT US SOMETHIN' JEST AS GOOD!

BOKK!

KRZZZZZTT!

HIS WUMM!

CHUUNK!

IN TEMPORARY JUSTICE HQ, **DREDD** RECEIVES A **VID-CALL** —

WE GOT YER WIFE, DREDD!

YOU WANNA SEE HER PURTY LI'L FACE **ALIVE** AGAIN, YA'LL BETTER DO WHAT WE TELL YA, HEAR?

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

WE'LL BE IN TOUCH!

DROKK! MARIA – MY LANDLADY – THE **ANGELS** THINK SHE'S MY **WIFE**!

DREDD

THIS IS **DREDD**! ALL UNITS VICINITY **ROWDY YATES CONAPT**, CONVERGE ON MY **APARTMENT**!

ANGELS!

THE FIRST JUDGE IS ON THE SCENE WITHIN MINUTES –

YOUR ROBOT'S GOING TO NEED EXTENSIVE REPAIRS, DREDD. **THE ANGELS HAVE FLOWN!**

THEY CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR! **FIND THEM!**

MEANWHILE –

JUDGES A-COMIN'! THISAWAY!

LOOK! IT'S **BALDY**!

FOOLS! CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT?

WHADDYA MEAN? WE GOT DREDD'S WIFE WUMMAN, AIN'T WE?

SHE'S DREDD'S LANDLADY, YOU MORONS! SWEET FATE! WHY I EVER TRUSTED DESTINY TO A PAIR OF HALFWITS LIKE YOU!

NOBODY BAD-MOUTHS ANGELS, YA ORNERY LI'L RUNT!

DANG! MA PIZEN BALL WENT CLEAN THROUGH 'IM!

BRAINLESS BUMBLERS! CONCENTRATE YOUR EFFORTS ON ESCAPE! THE JUDGES ARE CLOSING IN!

BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

DANG! HE'S RIGHT!

THEM DIRTY STINKIN' LAW RATS SHOULDN'T OUGHTA FIRE AT ME! THEY GOT ME MADDER'N A NEST FULLA RAD-SNAKES!

I'LL TAKE THAT BRIDGE ON 3!

KB!

CRUUMPPH!

AAAH!

THAT'LL LARN 'EM TA CHASE ANGELS! LET'S HIGHTAIL IT!

BUT –

DANG! THEY'S GOT US CORNERED!

THERE THEY ARE! OPEN FIRE – AIM HIGH!

EAT DIRT, MEAN!

ON XANADU, THE SINISTER YOUTH KNOWN AS THE **JUDGE CHILD** SENDS OUT A STREAM OF **PSYCHIC ENERGY** –

THE FOOLS ARE FINISHED – UNLESS ONCE MORE I GIVE **DESTINY** A **HELPING HAND!**

AND ON **GIL FAVOR OVERZOOM**, A **MOPAD** DRIVER SUDDENLY JERKS HIS STEERING COLUMN –

M-MY LIFE! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

LOOK OUT!

BA-DAWM!

NOW THAR'S A STROKE O' LUCK! C'MON, LI'L BROTHER! LET'S **GIT!**

BY THE TIME JUDGES QUELL THE FLAMES –

THEY WENT DOWN THE SEWERS. BE MILES AWAY BY NOW.

THAT'S FINK'S **HOME GROUND**. WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM.

SO WE WAIT. THEY'LL BE IN TOUCH.

SOME TIME LATER, THE ANGEL BROTHERS REACH THEIR UNDERGROUND LAIR –

WHADDA WE DO NOW, FINK?

WE GOTTA GIT DREDD AWAY FROM ALL THEM OTHER JUDGES. I SAY WE USE HIS **WIFE WUMMAN** AS **BAIT** TO SET UP AN **AMBUSH!**

Y'ALL SURE SHE IS HIS WIFE? YA HEARED WHAT **BALDY** SAID.

COURSE SHE'S HIS WIFE!

PURTY LITTLE THING LIKE HER – JEST THE SORT O' WUMMAN THAT THAR LAWMAN'D GIT HISSELF HITCHED UP TO!

NEEK?

SOON, THE FLEA-RIDDEN FIGURE OF **RATTY** SCURRIES INTO THE NIGHT –

DELIVER THAT THAR NOTE TO DREDD, RATTY BOY – ME AN' **MEAN'LL** DO THE REST!

NEXT PROG: **ANGELS RUSH IN...**

JUDGE DREDD

MEAN MACHINE AND FINK, LAST SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE NOTORIOUS ANGEL GANG, HAVE KIDNAPPED JUDGE DREDD'S LANDLADY, MARIA. NOW, IN JUSTICE HQ —

THERE'S A RAT HERE TO SEE YOU, DREDD!

IT'S FINK'S PET RAT... WITH THE RANSOM NOTE.

FOLLER THE RAT. COME ALONE. NO TRICKS, SEE.

FINK

I'LL GO ALONE. NO SURVEILLANCE, AS WE DISCUSSED.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, DREDD? THOSE ANGELS ARE MANIACS!

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET MARIA BACK ALIVE.

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART C.EZQUERRA
LETTERING T.FRAME

DREDD

THROUGH THE DESOLATION OF THE POST-APOCALYPSE CITY, DREDD FOLLOWS THE SCURRYING RODENT —

BY MY RECKONING, THEY'LL SET AN AMBUSH ALONG THE TRAIL.

QUESTION IS, WHERE?

POP!

HOWDY!

WHIZZZ!

BOKKKKK!

UGH!

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 7

TAKE THE **MAN**, NOT THE **BIKE**, CREEP!

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL — YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

HOWDY!

POP!

CHUNK!

FLUPP!

STIFF AS A BOARD! MA **PARALIZIN' PIZEN** WORKED A TREAT!

YEEHAA! **WE GOT HIM!**

YIP YIP YAHOOO!

NEEEK! NEEEEEK!

ENOUGH CELEBRATIN'! CAIN'T WAIT TA GIT **STARTED** ON HIM! C'MON — LET'S GIT BACK TO THE **HOLE!**

IN THE ANGELS' **UNDERGROUND LAIR** –

HANG HIM HIGH WHILES WE THINK WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!

MARIA! PARALYSED – BUT ALIVE!

S'POSE Y'ALL ARE WONDERIN' HOW YOU'S GONNA **DIE**, LAWBOY. LET'S SEE NOW... WE COULD **SKIN** YA... OR WE COULD **SANDPAPER** YA DOWN TO THE **BONE**... OR WE COULD **GUT YA** WITH A **BLUNT STONE**... ANY NUMBER O' HORRIBLE WAYS...

BUT THEY'S ALL **TOO EASY** FOR YA, LAWBOY!

DANG RIGHT! I'M GONNA GIVE HIM A **FACE FULLA 4!**

EASY, MEAN MACHINE!

YOU'LL KILL HIM TOO SOON! REMEMBER, THIS HERE **REVENGE** IS FER **PA** AND **LINK** AN' **JUNIOR** – OUR MURDERED **KIN**! WE GOTTA CONSIDER HOW **THEY'D** WANT HIM TO DIE!

HE KILLED **ME** TOO, SEE!

I'M GOIN' UP TA 4 ON HIM!

NO, MEAN!

I GOT A BETTER WAY! LISTEN – 'MEMBER THAT TIME BACK IN THE **CUSSED EARTH** WHEN THAT MUTIE BAD-MOUTHED **PA**? 'MEMBER WHAT PA **DONE** TO HIM? 'MEMBER THE **PA ANGEL MARK ONE SUPER-SCREAM TORTURE MACHINE**?

YEAH...

YEAH! WHY, IT EVEN MADE **JUNIOR** SQUIRM TA WATCH!

YESSIR, PA WUZ ONE HELLUVA **CRAFTSMAN!**

WELL, WHY DON'T I JEST **MAKE** US A **PA ANGEL MARK ONE SUPER-SCREAM TORTURE MACHINE?**

WHEEE DOGGIE! NOW YOU IS **TALKIN'!** THAT'S WORTH FORSAKIN' A WHOLE **PASSEL O' 4**'S FER!

Y'ALL KEEP AN EYE ON THE LAWMAN. I'LL **GIT BUSY!**

ABOUT TIME I FIGURED A WAY OUT OF THIS. DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT **PA ANGEL MARK ONE SUPER-SCREAM TORTURE MACHINE** ONE LITTLE BIT!

HEY, **STUPID!**

HUH? **NOBODY** CALLS ME STUPID! **HEY!** HOW COME'S YOU'S A-GABBIN' ANYWAYS? YOU'S **PARALYSED!**

YOU DUMB CLUCK! ANY DIMWIT KNOWS PARALYSING POISON DOESN'T AFFECT THE LIPS!

I WARNED YA ABOUT BAD-MOUTHIN' ME! Y'ALL SHUT UP NOW, OR I'M GOIN' UP TA **4** ON YA!

4! 4! THAT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK OF! ANY **REAL MAN** COULD BREAK ME IN HALF ON **2!**

IZZAT SO! YA DIRTY STINKIN' RAT! I'LL GIVE YA 2!

BOKK!

SNAP!

HUNK!

IT WORKED! MY HELMET TOOK THE FORCE OF THE BLOW, BUT THE ROPE STILL SNAPPED.

OOO

Y'ALL'S WALKIN'! YA **AIN'T PARALYSED** A-TALL!

THAT'S RIGHT, CREEP! I KNEW YOU TWO WOULD WANT TO TAKE YOUR TIME ON ME — THAT MEANT FINK'S **PARALYSING POISON.** SO I HAD THE **ANTIDOTE** PREPARED AND **INJECTED** INTO ME.

Y'ALL SHOULDA SAVED YERSELF THE TROUBLE, DREDD!

CLICK!

YA GOT THE MEAN MACHINE ON 4!

NEXT PROG: **DESTINY FULFILLED!**

JUDGE DREDD

FINK AND MEAN MACHINE – LAST SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE NOTORIOUS ANGEL GANG – HAVE LURED JUDGE DREDD TO THEIR UNDERGROUND LAIR. BUT DREDD GETS LOOSE, AND NOW –

YA DIRTY STINKIN' RAT! I'M GOIN' UP TO 4 ON YA!

OH YEAH?

BOK!

KERRAASH!

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 8

WITHOUT WARNING, FINK'S CURSED EARTH RAT HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR –

NEEEEK!

WHAT IN TARNATION – ? THE LAWMAN'S LOOSE, RATTY!

THE EVIL TRIO CLOSE ON THEIR QUARR'

COME ON, YOU CREEPS I CAN TAKE YOU WI'H MY HANDS TIED!

YOU GOT A BIG MOUTH, DREDD! RECKON IT'S TIME WE SHUT IT – FER GOOD!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

ONLY DREDD'S LIGHTNING REACTIONS SAVE HIM —

QUICK-KILLIN' PIZEN !

CHUNKK!

EEK!

RATTY!

EAT 4, LAWMAN!

EAT FLOOR, CREEP!

HWAK!

BOK!

THUNKK!

THE FINK LUNGES —

YA LOWDOWN TWO-CRED LAW-DOG! MA **PIZEN STICK**'LL SETTLE YOUR DANG HASH!

KRAKKK!

DANG! HIS BADGE!

DADBLAST YA! I'LL JES' TAKE YA WITH MA **TEETH**!

RRRIPPP!

DROKK! HE'S WORSE THAN THE RAT!

OOF!

THWAK!

UGH!

THE UNFORTUNATE FINK LANDS ON THE **PA ANGEL MARK ONE SUPER-SCREAM TORTURE MACHINE** —

AAAAAAAA

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

NNGGG! NGGHH!

SOON, OTHER JUDGES ARE ON THE SCENE –

LEMME GO! I'LL GO UP TA 4 ON ALLA YA!

HOLD HIM! HE'S A REAL MEAN ONE!

ON THE DISTANT PLANET **XANADU**, THE SINISTER **JUDGE CHILD** HAS BEEN PSYCHICALLY MONITORING THE CONFRONTATION –

THEY'VE FAILED! **THEY'VE FAILED!**

MARIA, DREDD'S KIDNAPPED LANDLADY, IS GIVEN THE ANTIDOTE FOR FINK'S PARALYSING POISON –

THAT'S A-IT! NO A-MORE! I NO A-WORK FOR JUDGE-A DREDD NO MORE!

GUESS THAT JUST ABOUT WRAPS THIS CASE UP, DREDD!

NOT QUITE. THERE'S STILL ONE LAWBREAKER TO BE DEALT WITH – THE **JUDGE CHILD**.

BUT IT WASN'T **SUPPOSED** TO HAPPEN THAT WAY! IN MY DREAM THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION – IMAGES OF FIRE AND FLAME – AND **DOOM!**

PERHAPS THE EXPLOSION IS YET TO COME, MY SLAVE.

MY SENTINELS REPORT A MEGA-CITY SHIP APPROACHING THE PLANET.

AS THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CRAFT REACHES THE FRINGE OF XANADU'S ATMOSPHERE, THE ROBOT CREW CARRIES OUT ITS ORDERS —

TARGET PROGRAMMED. ANTI-PERSONNEL MISSILES LOADED.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

FIRE!

THEIR MISSILES ARE COMING FOR ME! MY PSYCHIC POWER IS **USELESS** AGAINST MACHINES — YOU'VE GOT TO **HELP** ME, GRUNWALDER! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

EVEN IF I **COULD** STOP THEM, I WOULD NOT. BETTER THAT I LOSE A USEFUL SLAVE THAN BRING DOWN THE WRATH OF **MEGA-CITY ONE** ON MY OWN HEAD!

GO! AWAIT YOUR DESTINY!

MISSILES HOMING. RANGE TEN THOUSAND AND CLOSING.

YOU ARE CLEVER, CHILD — BUT YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE. YOU LET YOUR DESIRE FOR DREDD'S DEATH CLOUD YOUR JUDGEMENT. YOU TRIED TO **FORCE** DESTINY...

AND AS I WARNED YOU — IF YOU PUSH DESTINY TOO HARD, DESTINY WILL PUSH BACK!

YOU SAW DOOM, YES. BUT IT WAS **YOUR OWN.**

GRUNWALDER! PLEASE! **PLEASE!**

OH, SWEET FATE! **THEY'RE COMING!**

NO! IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT'S ALL **WRONG** —

WRONGGA

HGA A

H H H

IN MEGA-CITY ONE —

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! REPORT JUST CAME IN FROM OUR SHIP OFF XANADU.

OWEN KRYSLER, THE JUDGE CHILD HAS BEEN **EXECUTED.**

THE END.

NEXT PROG: **RABID!**

JUDGE DREDD

RABID PART 1

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

THREE TRAVELLERS MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WAR-RAVAGED STREETS OF **MEGA-CITY ONE**—

WH-WHAT WAS THAT NOISE ?

IT WAS NOTHING. JUST YOUR IMAGINATION !

RANGE : 155

DATA: THREE INTRUDERS.
RANGE : 30, CLOSING.

ATTACK.

AAIIIEEEE!
ALERTED BY THE SCREAMS, THREE JUDGES ARE SOON ON THE SCENE –
THEIR THROATS –
I SAW IT HAPPEN, JUDGE DREDD! IT WAS VAMPIRES!
VAMPIRES CAME OUT OF THE GLOOM, HOWLING AND ROARING AND FLASHING THEIR FANGS!
DREDD
DORAN
VAMPIRES? WHAT D'YOU MAKE OF THAT, DREDD?
NOT MUCH. RUN HIM DOWN TO THE SHRINK FOR PSYCHIATRIC REPORTS.
MOEL! FOLLOW ME!
TRACKS... THREE OF 'EM. NOT HUMAN, EITHER – QUADRUPEDS!

THERE, DREDD!
VRRROOOMM!
THE TRAIL LEADS TO A RUINED BLOCK —
THEY WENT THROUGH HERE!
HMMM! SOME KIND OF MUSEUM!

DATA: TWO INTRUDERS.
RANGE: 10.
DREDD! LOOK AT THIS!
THROAT RIPPED OUT – JUST LIKE THOSE OTHERS!
DREDD
MOEL
ATTACK.
AAAAAHHH!
MOEL!
BADA A AM!
DROKK!
THE OTHER TWO! WATCH YOUR THROAT, DREDD – MY GUN ARM'S USELESS!

RRIPPP!
THIS FUEL CAN... FAKE COVER, MOEL...
DREDD
PETROL
HERE, BOY!
KRUUNK!
BO
W
WFFF!
THE LAST ONE! IT'S LOST A LEG - BUT IT'S NOT GIVING UP!
THIS CLOTHES IRON...
GOT TO BRING HIM DOWN... PUT A CREASE IN HIS CIRCUITS!
DREDD

WHRAAAAP!

DREDD SNATCHES UP A PRIMITIVE TOOL –
IT'S DOWN –

SHUUNNNKK!
– AND STAYING DOWN!

THE VIDEO TAPES IN THE BUILDING'S SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS REVEAL ALL –
SEEMS THIS IS A PRIVATE MUSEUM, OWNED BY CITIZEN GAYTHORNE BOSCHE – OUR FRIEND THERE WITH THE VENTILATED THROAT!
HE GUARDED THE MUSEUM WITH ROBOTIC HOUNDS – BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF FORGETTING HIS I.D. BADGE, AND THEY TURNED ON HIM! THE WAR DID THE REST...

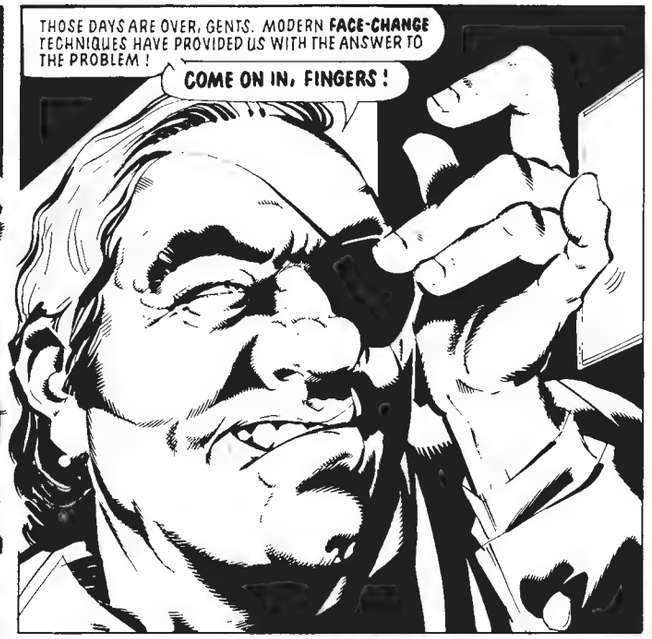
JUST LOOK AT THIS, DREDD – A WELLIE BOOT!
GENUINE?
THE REAL THING ALL RIGHT!

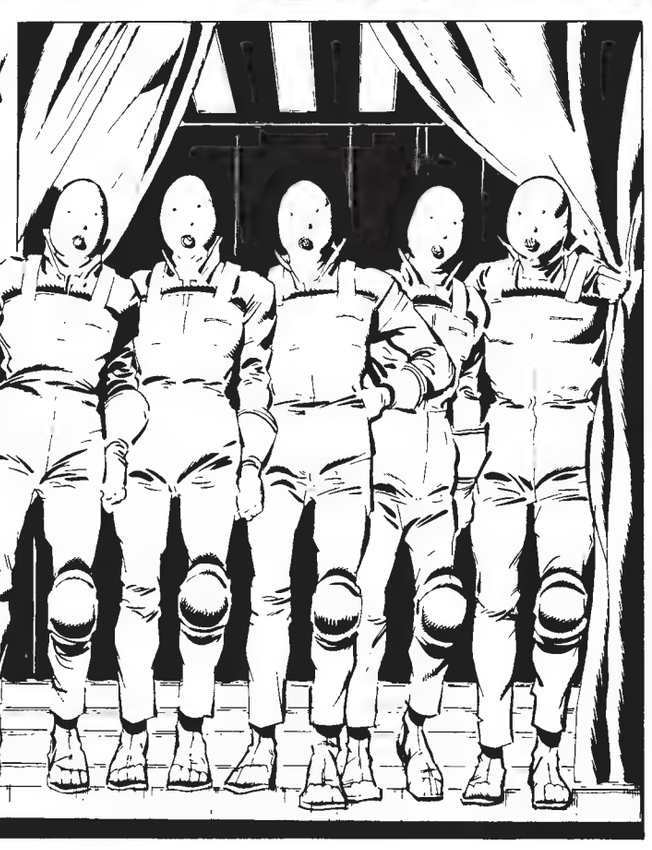
NO WONDER HE WANTED TO GUARD THIS STUFF!
NEXT PROG:
BLOBS!

JUDGE DREDD

IN

BLOBS!





SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

IMPOSSIBLE! THEY'RE IDENTICAL!
CYCLOPS, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
THANK YOU, GENTS! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CONVINCE THE REST OF THE CITY TO GET BLOBBED!
IN MEGA-CITY ONE, ANY WELL-ORGANISED CRAZE CATCHES ON FAST –
I'VE GOT A FEW FASHION VID-ZINES AS PART OF MY LEGIT FRONT. I'LL SEE THEY GIVE THE BLOB LOOK RAVE REVIEWS!
I'VE GOT TWENTY TOP STARS IN MY POCKET! THEY DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT THEY'RE ALL GONNA GET BLOBBED-UP!
AND MY FACE CHANGE CLINICS WILL START DOING SPECIAL OFFERS ON BLOB JOBS!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE VID-ZINES TRUMPET THE NEW LOOK –
IT'S NEW – IT'S FAB – IT'S BLOB! YES, VIDDERS, THE CRAZIEST CRAZE TO HIT THIS CRAZY CITY! BLOB IS IN!
BLOB GEAR IS A MUST! DUNGAREES, GLITTER SHIRT, BLACK TOE BOOTS AND ONE KNEEPAD, LUMINOUS GREEN, WORN LOW ON THE LEFT KNEE!
AN EXCITING CHANGE FROM ALL THAT DRAB VARIETY!
WOW! THAT'S FOR ME!
STARS LIKE LOVELY LOLA PASTRAMY MAKE WELL-PUBLICISED VISITS TO CYCLOPS' FACE-CHANGE CLINICS –
THE TECHNIQUE IS SIMPLE. ALL HAIR IS REMOVED. THEN CHEMICALS ARE INJECTED INTO THE FACE, CAUSING IT TO SWELL UNTIL –
UGH! DON'T TELL ME ANY MORE!
D-DO I HAVE TO GET THIS DONE?
IT'S THIS – OR A FUNERAL!
WHEN LOLA RE-EMERGES –
FACE-CHANGE CLINIC
IT'S LOLA PASTRAMY!
GEE! I'D NEVER HAVE GUESSED!
WHAT A TREND-SETTER! I GOTTA GET BLOBBED-UP TOO!

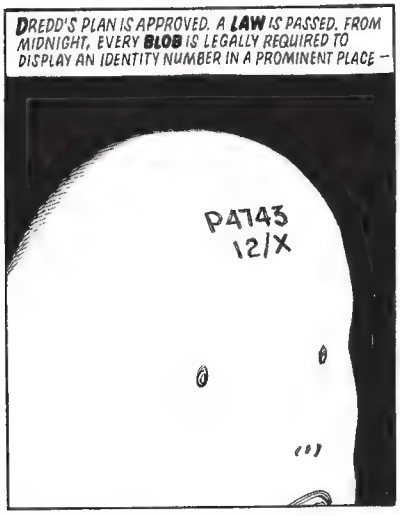
WITHIN WEEKS, THE STREETS ARE ALL A-BLOB !
THEY MUST BE OUTA THEIR SKULLS !
THEM OR US ! LET'S FACE IT — IN THIS CITY, US NORMOS ARE IN A MINORITY !
NOW, SYNDICATE-CONTROLLED CRIMINAL BLOBS CAN MOVE INTO ACTION —
HELP ! I'M BEING ROBBED BY BLOBS !
WEWOOW
THE LAW — SCARPER !
THEY'VE RUN IN AMONG THAT CROWD ! THERE'S NO TELLING PERP FROM PUBLIC !
HEY, BENDORF — YOU SEE TWO TAPS RUN THIS WAY ?
DREDD
FAT CHANCE ! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A BLOB HEIST GANG FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR !
GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO RUN THE WHOLE STREET IN FOR INTERROGATION !
OF COURSE, "BLOBISM" PRESENTS PROBLEMS FOR THE CRIMINAL, TOO —
MRS UNNINGHAM — WE'VE KIDNAPPED YOUR HUSBAND ! 50,000 CREDS OR HE DIES !
M-MY HUSBAND...?
BUT MY HUSBAND'S RIGHT HERE — AT LEAST, I THINK IT'S MY HUSBAND !

THEN WHO THE HECK HAVE WE GOT ?
SUDDENLY, A JUDGE BURSTS IN —
DON'T MOVE ! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST !
TOKUDA
ALL RIGHT, WHICH OF YOU IS THE VICTIM ?
ME !
BACK AT JUSTICE HQ —
TOKUDA ! HOLD IT THERE !
GET 'EM MIXED UP AND WE'LL NEVER SORT THEM OUT AGAIN !
DREDD

SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THESE BLOBS, DREDD!
AGREED!

CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER HOLDS AN EMERGENCY MEETING —
I SAY WE OUTLAW THE BLOB LOOK ALTOGETHER!
TOO MANY OF THEM. IT WOULD CAUSE LARGE-SCALE CIVIL UNREST!
I'VE GOT A SIMPLER SOLUTION—
DREDD

INDELIBLE DYE!
BRILLIANT, DREDD!
MEGA-CITY ONE JUSTICE DEPT.


DREDD'S PLAN IS APPROVED. A LAW IS PASSED. FROM MIDNIGHT, EVERY BLOB IS LEGALLY REQUIRED TO DISPLAY AN IDENTITY NUMBER IN A PROMINENT PLACE —
P4743
12/X

THE BENEFITS ARE IMMEDIATE —
BANK SURVEILLANCE TO JUSTICE HQ. ROBBERY IN PROGRESS. PERPETRATORS ARE BLOBS NUMBERS A1130 68/S AND K5633 30/D.
A1130
68/S
K5633
30/D

TWO MORE FOR THE ISO-CUBES. EIGHT YEARS APIECE.
RECKON WE'VE JUST ABOUT CRACKED THE BLOB PROBLEM!

EVERY MONTH, A GROUP OF TOP MEGA-CITY CRIMINALS MEETS TO PLAN THE PERFECT CRIME —
DA CHAIR ONLY WANTS TO KNOW ONE THING, CYCLOPS —

GOT ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS?
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

Max Blass

GOOD EVENING, VIDDERS. HERE IS THE NEWS.

SOMETIME DURING THE NIGHT AN UNKNOWN INTRUDER ENTERED THE PENTHOUSE HOME OF CITIZEN **HEBBY SWARF**.

SWARF, LONG SUSPECTED OF BEING A **KINGPIN** OF MEGA-CITY **ORGANISED CRIME**, BUT NEVER CONVICTED, WAS ALONE AT THE TIME.

NEWS

HIS BODY WAS FOUND IN THE SHOWER.

WHOSSAT ?

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

WHOSSAT, I SAID ?

CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND, THE KILLER'S CALLING CARD. ON IT, THE SIMPLE MESSAGE : **JUSTICE IS DONE . . .**

WHASSIS ?

JUSTICE IS DONE

AARGH!

THE EXECUTIONER PART 1

JUDGES REFUSED TO DIVULGE ANY FURTHER INFORMATION, THOUGH SPECULATION EXISTS THAT **SWARF** WAS THE VICTIM OF A BRUTAL **GANGLAND SLAYING**.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, DREDD?

PROFESSIONAL, ANYWAY.

HEBISMOND SWARF... HE NEEDED JUSTICE, ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT LIKE THIS.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A **VIGILANTE** LOOSE.

HAVE THE TEK JUDGES GO OVER THE AREA THOROUGHLY. LET ME KNOW IF THEY COME UP WITH ANYTHING.

WHEN PRESSED FOR MORE DETAILS ON THE KILLER, A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SPOKESMAN SAID: "GET THAT CAMERA OUT OF HERE OR YOU'LL DO TIME, CREEP".

HIGHLIGHT ROOMS? I'D LIKE A TABLE FOR TWO AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

NOW, OTHER NEWS. AN AXE-WIELDING FUTSIE RAN AMOK IN A WEST-SIDE FOOD QUEUE TODAY. HE'D CONSUMED PORTIONS OF SEVERAL HUNGRY CITIZENS BEFORE JUDGES ARRIVED...

...ON THE HOUSING FRONT – SIXTEEN HUNDRED HOMELESS CITIZENS TODAY PERISHED IN A FREAK RAD STORM. THEIR NAMES HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE HOUSING LIST...

...ON THE ENTERTAINMENT SCENE, THE WORLD'S LARGEST VERUCCA WENT ON SHOW TODAY AT ✳

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! REPORT'S JUST IN FROM THE LABS ON THAT **SWARF KILLING**. NOTHING MUCH. BULLET'S A STANDARD ·38 – NO CLUES THERE.

OH, THERE IS **ONE** THING, THOUGH...

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, HANDWRITING EXPERTS THINK THAT CALLING CARD WAS WRITTEN BY A **WOMAN**.

BUT THEY'RE NOT SURE, EH?

the highlight rooms

OKAY. KEEP THE FILE OPEN. SOMETHING MIGHT TURN UP.

ARE YOU READY TO ORDER YET, MADAM?

the highlight rooms

the highlight rooms

MEGA-CITY ONE'S PREMIER HOVERING NIGHTSPOT

NOT YET. I'M WAITING FOR... MY HUSBAND.

WHERE IS THE POWDER ROOM, PLEASE?

RIGHT OVER THERE, MADAM.

LADIES

CLOSED.

I PAY YOU TO COLLECT PROTECTION MONEY, CHALLY — NOT TO LINE YOUR OWN POCKETS!

IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, MR BEAUTY! I SWEAR IT!

TOO RIGHT IT WON'T! THE BOYS HERE ARE GOING TO MAKE SURE OF THAT!

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME IF I GO OUT ON THE TERRACE. THE SIGHT OF VIOLENCE MAKES ME SQUEAMISH.

NO! P-PLEASE...

AAAAA

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU CAN CALL ME **THE EXECUTIONER**. I'M **YOURS**, ANYWAY.

JUSTICE IS DO

WHAPPP!

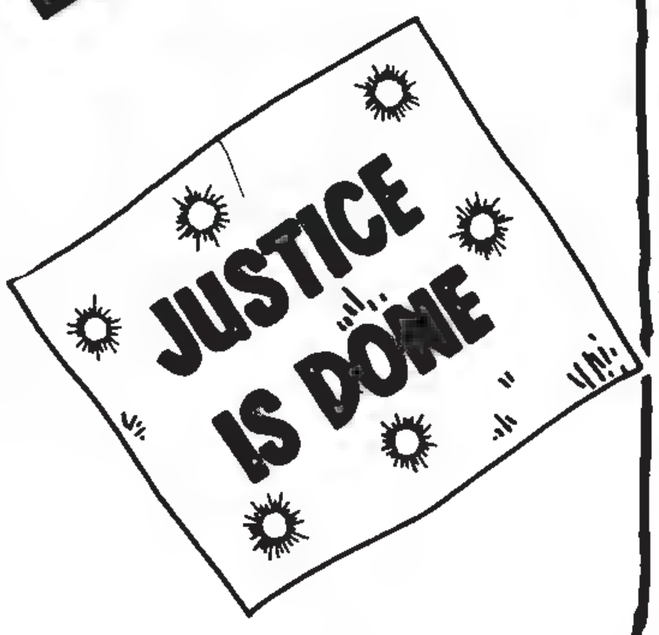
I WANT **JUSTICE!**

EEAAAHHHH!

NEXT PROG: **THE KILLER AT TABLE 14!**

THE EXECUTIONER

PART 2



FROM A TERRACE ON THE HIGHLIGHT ROOMS, RACKETEER JACK BEAUTY PLUNGES TO HIS DOOM -

AAAAGGHHH

JUSTICE IS DONE!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

...MY LEG!

ONE DOWN, ONE TO GO, CHALLY!

HEY! WHO THE HECK – ?

JUST CALL ME **THE EXECUTIONER!**

EEEE

AGGH...

GEEZ! Y-YOU **KILLED** THEM!

JUSTICE IS DONE

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE YOU GOIN'?

AH, MADAM! ARE YOU READY TO ORDER NOW?
NO. I THINK I'LL LEAVE.

I'M AFRAID MY HUSBAND... WON'T BE COMING.

AN HOUR LATER...

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THIS ONE, DREDD. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER **VIGILANTE** JOB.

YES. SAME HANDWRITING.

I SAW IT ALL, JUDGE! IT WAS A **WOMAN!** HAD THIS MASK ON – LIKE A DEATH MASK!

THE EXECUTIONER! THAT'S WHAT SHE CALLED HERSELF!

GIVE ME A FULL DESCRIPTION.

I DUNNO... AVERAGE HEIGHT. TRIM BUILT, BUT NOT SKINNY, KNOW WHAT I ME- **EEAAAGH!**

MY LEG! YOU'RE LEANING ON MY LEG!

BEAUTY'S BOYS HAD REALLY DONE A JOB ON CHALLY'S LEG WHEN OUR FRIEND ARRIVED.

OH, SORRY.

SPEAKING OF **JACK BEAUTY** – WHERE **IS** HE?

AIN'T HE ON THE TERRACE? THEN THE **EXECUTIONER** MUST HAVE GOT HIM!

HA HA! THAT'S IT! SHE KILLED THE DIRTY RAT! HA HA!

I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR THE **EXECUTIONER**...SHE'S SURE CLEANING UP THIS CITY'S **VERMIN** PROBLEM!

MURDER IS MURDER. NO CITIZEN CAN BE ALLOWED TO TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.

LET ME KNOW IF THE LAB TEKS COME UP WITH ANYTHING. CHECK STAFF AND GUESTS. EVERYONE WHO'S BEEN AT THE **HIGHLIGHT ROOMS** TODAY — I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT.

LATER, AT TEMPORARY JUSTICE HQ —

WE FOUND BEAUTY'S BODY. NOT A PRETTY SIGHT. NOTHING MUCH ON HIM — JUST OUR FRIEND'S CALLING CARD AGAIN.

COMP-IDENT JUST CAME THROUGH.

STAFF AT THE **HIGHLIGHT ROOMS** PUT IT TOGETHER. WOMAN AT TABLE 14.

ALL THE OTHER GUESTS CHECKED OUT. EXCEPT HER. GAVE A FALSE NAME AND ADDRESS.

NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND HER **REAL** NAME AND ADDRESS.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

GOOD MORNING, CITY! TODAY'S BIG STORY — THE MYSTERY VIGILANTE KNOWN AS **THE EXECUTIONER** HAS **STRUCK** AGAIN!

THE BODY OF NIGHTCLUB OWNER AND SUSPECTED RACKETEER **JACK BEAUTY** WAS LAST NIGHT FOUND DANGLING FROM THE GIRDERS OF SKEDWAY 44!

TWO MEMBERS OF HIS GANG WERE ALSO SLAIN.

GEE, MA, **JACK BEAUTY!** THAT'S ONE OF THOSE DIRTY ROTTEN SKUNKS THAT **DAD** SAID —

DARYN! WE AGREED, WE WOULDN'T TALK ABOUT IT ANYMORE. IT ONLY MAKES THINGS HARDER.

I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME ARRANGEMENTS ABOUT YOUR FATHER. WON'T BE LONG. BEHAVE YOURSELVES.

YES, MA.

EXCUSE ME, CITIZEN. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF **THE EXECUTIONER?**

THE VIGILANTE GUY? I'M WITH HIM A HUNNERD PER CENT!

IT'S TIME **SOMEBODY** DID SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE SCUMMY HOODS PREYING ON US ALL! IF THE JUDGES AIN'T UP TO IT, THEN I'M RIGHT BEHIND THE **EXECUTIONER!**

YOU HEAR ME, FELLA? THE MORE O' THEM RATBAGS YA WIPE OUT, THE BETTER!

I DON'T CARE WHAT MA SAYS! I CAN'T FORGET ABOUT WHAT THOSE DIRTY SKUNKS DID TO DAD! I HOPE THE **EXECUTIONER** KILLS 'EM **ALL!**

ME TOO!

THEY DESERVE TO DIE!

DON'T WORRY, TREENA — THEY **WILL** DIE! THE EXECUTIONER WILL MAKE THEM **PAY!**

NEXT PROG · **THE COPY-CAT KILLINGS!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE EXECUTIONER PART 3

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

HOODY-DOO, CITY SLICKERS! YOU'RE TUNED TO THE **NEWS** ON **CHANNEL HEP!** AND TODAY'S TOP TOPIC IS **THE EXECUTIONER!**

THAT'S RIGHT! MEGA-CITY ONE'S POPULAR **ASSASSIN-ABOUT-TOWN!** THAT **COOL COOL KILLER** WHO'S RECENTLY **ICED** TWO OF OUR BURG'S **ROTTENEST RACKET RATS!**

AND A SNAP **HEP POLL** HAS REVEALED THAT **95 PER CENT** OF THIS TODDLIN' TOWN ARE **SOLIDLY BEHIND** THE **EXECUTIONER!**

QUESTION	% CITIZENS YES	NO	DON'T KNOW
DO YOU SUPPORT THE EXECUTIONER?	95	1	4
HAVE TOP HOODS BEEN ESCAPING JUSTICE TOO LONG?	95	1	4
DO YOU WANT MORE GANGSTERS SLAIN?	99	1	0
WOULD YOU LIKE TO EXECUTE SOMEONE YOURSELF?	100	0	0
DO YOU PREFER SNORK TO BUTTER?	1	2	97

ONLY A TINY **ONE PER CENT** WANT THE **EXECUTIONER** CAUGHT –

PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY'RE **CRIMINAL SCUM** AND THEY'RE FRIGHTENED OUTA THEIR STINKIN' **SKULLS!**

JUDGE DREDD IS IN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION –

I'VE GOT ONE SUSPECT FOR THE EXECUTIONER, DE GAULLE – AND YOU'RE IT!

GET LOST, DREDD.

WE KNOW THE **EXECUTIONER** IS A **WOMAN**. **YOU** FIT HER DESCRIPTION. **YOU** CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR **YOUR** WHEREABOUTS AT THE TIME OF EITHER KILLING –

I'VE **TOLD** YOU, I WAS **OFF DUTY**!

OH YEAH? THEN WHY DO **HAIR SAMPLES** FOUND IN THE HIGHLIGHT ROOMS **MATCH YOURS**?

MINE AND A **MILLION** OTHER WOMEN! **COME ON**, DREDD! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL?

CUT IT, DREDD. **LIE DETECTORS** CHECK OUT. SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

SORRY, DE GAULLE. HAD TO BE SURE!

YEAH, I KNOW. I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME TO YOU!

AND IF I EVER GET THE CHANCE, I WILL!

YOU'VE CHECKED OUT EVERY FEMALE JUDGE - EVERY ONE A BLANK!

I WAS SURE THE EXECUTIONER WAS A ROGUE JUDGE. SHE'S TOO PROFESSIONAL FOR ANYTHING ELSE!

NOT LIKE A HUNCH TO LET ME DOWN!

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! WE HAVE ANOTHER POSSIBLE EXECUTIONER SLAYING!

SOON, AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME—

TWO VICTIMS GUNNED DOWN ON THE SLIDEWALK. WE'VE GOT THE PERP IN CUSTODY!

'FRAID IT. LOOKS LIKE A COPY-CAT KILLING!

POINT ONE: VICTIMS WERE SMALL TIME LOCAL BULLY BOYS. NOT EXACTLY IN THE JACK BEAUTY, HEBBY SWARF LEAGUE!

POINT TWO: HANDWRITING ON THE KILLER'S CALLING CARD DOESN'T MATCH THE EXECUTIONER'S!

JUSTISE IS DUN

POINT THREE - AND I GOTTA ADMIT, THIS IS THE CLINCHER- THE PERP IS **MALE!**

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST START WITH POINT THREE?

SO YOU'RE THE **EXECUTIONER.** HUH?

SURE AM! **PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE!** I'M CLEANING THIS CITY UP FOR YOU, JUDGE. GONNA WIPE OUT EVERY CRIMINAL THERE IS!

UDD

MEATHEAD! YOU'RE DOING **THIRTY!**

"PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE!" THIS IS WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF. **EVERYBODY LOVES A VIGILANTE!**

IF WE DON'T CATCH THIS **EXECUTIONER** SOON EVERY CRAZY IN TOWN IS GONNA BE OUT THERE ON THE STREETS IN HIS **SUPERHERO MASK!**

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! WE HAVE ANOTHER POSSIBLE **EXECUTIONER** SLAYING...

MEANWHILE -

CLIK!

CHIVO BROS - DISCOUNT DEPOSITORY OF THE SEMI-DEAD

MORNIN', SWEETHEART. WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR?

I CAME TO BOOK A SUSPENDED ANIMATION VAULT FOR MY HUSBAND, **NICHOLAS TATUM!**

MAURIC CHIVO

DYIN' ON YA, HUH? A SAD MOMENT. OKAY, WE'LL SLAM HIM IN THE FRIDGE. JUST LEMME GET SOME DETAILS-

NICHOLAS TATUM... *SAY!* AIN'T THAT THE GUY...

S

V W

X Z

H-HEY! W-WAIT A MINUTE-!

S-U

UUUH!

JUSTICE IS DONE

SWEET MERCY! TH-THE EXECUTIONER!

RAFAEL CHIVO! I WANT YOU!

NO CHANCE! HUH?

GGAAH!

WHAK!

WHEN RAFAEL CHIVO REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS-

WH-WHAT'M I D-DOIN' IN HERE?

YOU REMEMBER NICHOLAS TATUM..?

HE WAS MY HUSBAND!

N-NICK TATUM! LISTEN, LADY-YOU GOT IT WRONG! I DIDN'T DO NOTHING, SEE! HE KILLED HIMSELF!

NO, CHIVO. YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG. MAYBE YOU DIDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER...

...BUT YOU KILLED HIM, ALL RIGHT!

NO, LADY! PLEASE! DON'T DO IT!

KRANGGGGGGGG!

LIQUID NITROGEN FILLS THE VAULT AUTOMATICALLY.

FSSSSSHHHH!

THE EFFECT IS FATAL.

JUSTICE IS DONE

Next Prog: SENTENCE OF DEATH!

JUDGE DREDD

THE EXECUTIONER

PART 4

NICHOLAS TATUM WAS A USEFUL CITIZEN. AS HE WAS USEFUL IN LIFE, SO LET HIM BE USEFUL IN DEATH...

MEGA-CITY ONE BODY RECYCLING PLANT

RESYK

I NOW COMMIT HIS BODY TO BE **RECYCLED.**

*MEANWHILE, THE LATEST VICTIMS OF THE VIGILANTE KNOWN AS **THE EXECUTIONER** HAVE BEEN FOUND...*

JUSTICE IS DONE!

IT'S **MO CHIVO**, THE BODY SHARK, DREDD. HIS BROTHER'S IN THE **VAULTS** UPSTAIRS.

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER

ART C.EZQUERRA

LETTERING J.POTTER

A CHECK IS MADE ON THE VAULTS . . .

SAME WRITING ON THE KILLER'S **CALLING CARD**. SAME METHOD— QUICK AND CLINICAL. THE **EXECUTIONER'S** WORK, ALL RIGHT.

JUSTICE IT MAY BE. **LEGAL** IT AIN'T.

JUSTICE IS DONE!

THIS IS GARRETT, MY ROOKIE. HE FOUND THE BODIES.

ROOKIE? **ROOKIE!**

WH-WHAT'VE I DONE?

NOT YOU, SON— THE **EXECUTIONER!**

SHE'S TOO **PROFESSIONAL**. I FIGURED SHE HAD TO BE A **JUDGE**... I DIDN'T THINK TO CHECK **ROOKIES!**

AT DREDD'S BIKE COMPUTER—

CHECK EVERY FEMALE ROOKIE, MACK—ESPECIALLY ANY WHO LEFT THE ACADEMY OR WERE EXPELLED, SAY OVER THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS.

HOT ONE HERE, JUDGE DREDD + BLANCHE KOMINSKY+++ 12TH YEAR CADET + EXPELLED 2093 + UNAUTHORISED LIAISON WITH MALE CITIZEN ++

LATER MARRIED SAME + BECAME BLANCHE TATUM + INTERESTING COINCIDENCE +++ HUSBAND NICHOLAS TATUM KILLED HIMSELF LAST THURSDAY +++ SEEMS HE GOT IN TOO DEEP WITH A LOAN OPERATION++

SUSPECTED FINANCIERS OF THE LOAN OPERATION INCLUDE HEBBY SWARF JACK BEAUTY AND THE CHIVO BROTHERS++

THE EXECUTIONER'S VICTIMS! THERE'S THE *LINK*!

NICHOLAS TATUM BORROWED HEAVILY AND COULDN'T PAY BACK. THE LOAN OPERATORS GOT ROUGH AND TATUM COPPED OUT WITH A BULLET. SO *BLANCHE TATUM* CAME OUT OF RETIREMENT TO EVEN THE SCORE!

YES, IT ALL MAKES SENSE!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE RESYK...

IT-IT'S HORRIBLE TO THINK OF WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO HIM IN THERE. ONLY LAST WEEK HE WAS... *DAD*...

IT'S SO UNFAIR, MUM! WHY HIM? *WHY?*

IT IS UNFAIR. BUT DON'T CRY, CHILDREN. THE MEN WHO KILLED YOUR FATHER WILL BE *PUNISHED*. I PROMISE YOU.

GO TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S NOW. SHE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU. WHATEVER HAPPENS, I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER ... I LOVE YOU.

MUM, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DON'T LEAVE US.

I HAVE TO. I HAVE A JOB TO FINISH..

SOON...

CONTROL TO DREDD... ***BLANCHE TATUM*** NOT AT HOME ADDRESS. WE TRACED HER TO ***RESYK***. SHE LEFT THERE TEN MINUTES AGO— DESTINATION UNKNOWN.

JUDGE PORTNOY INTERVIEWED THE TATUM CHILDREN. ***HE SUSPECTS THEIR MOTHER IS ON HER WAY TO KILL AGAIN.***

ANOTHER VICTIM? MACK— THAT LOAN OPERATION— ANYONE ELSE IN ON IT?

AFFIRMATIVE... ***DUTCH SAGAN*** IS SUSPECTED OF INVOLVEMENT..

DREDD TO ANY AVAILABLE UNITS! CONVERGE ON ***SAGAN'S YARD!***

AT SAGAN'S YARD...

JO-JO! THIS IS ***DUTCH***. YA HEARD THE NEWS— THE ***EXECUTIONER'S*** GOT THE ***CHIVOS***. THAT ONLY LEAVES ***ME!***

GET SOME MORE MUSCLE DOWN HERE FAST. I NEED PROTECTION!

JO-JO..?

IT'S TOO LATE, SCUM! ***THE EXECUTIONER*** IS HERE!

NO! N-NOT ME...!

AAAH!

THERE SHE IS!

BLANCHE TATUM! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

PRIVATE

SCREECH!

NO! NOT YET!

GET DOWN!

SPTANGG!

SPTANGG!

DUTCH SAGAN! I WANT YOU!

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM JUSTICE! COME OUT OF THERE!

PTOO!

PTOO!

PTOO!

COME OUT, I SAID!

AAAAH!

IT'S DREDD!

SHE'S UP THERE, IN THE OFFICE! RECKON SHE'S GOT DUTCH!

P-PLEASE! DON'T DO IT---

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH! I'M PLUMB OUT OF MERCY. BESIDES, THERE'S ONLY ONE TREATMENT FOR RATS LIKE YOU...

EXTERMINATION!

PRIVAT...

SHE'S COMING OUT!

DROP THAT GUN, BLANCHE! IT'S ALL OVER!

IT'S ALL OVER, ALL RIGHT!

I SAID, DROP IT!

DUTCH SAGAN'S DEAD.

SO SHE GOT THEM ALL.

HER GUN, DREDD— IT *WASN'T LOADED.*

I GUESS ... SHE *WANTED* TO DIE.

SHE GOT HER WISH.

JUSTICE IS DONE!

The End

JUDGE DREDD

IN JIMPS

EVERY MONTH A GROUP OF TOP MEGA-CITY **CRIMINALS** MEETS TO PLAN THE **PERFECT CRIME**—

DA CHAIR RECOGNISES **HECK STOKELY!**

I **GOT** IT, YOU GUYS! ONE **HECKUVA** PERFECT CRIME!

KRAAASH!

JUDGES!

BUT WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING POTTER

WHO CARES? **WE SURRENDER!**

HAW! HAW!

HA! HA!

YOU FELL FOR IT LIKE HECK!

HEY! YA MEAN—THEY AIN'T **REAL** JUDGES?

THEY SURE AS HECK **AIN'T**— BUT WHO WOULD KNOW?

JUST THINK— WHAT'S THE ONE BUNCH OF RATS THAT CAN DO ANYTHING THEY LIKE IN THIS CITY— AND **NOBODY** GETS IN THEIR WAY? **JUDGES**, THAT'S WHO!

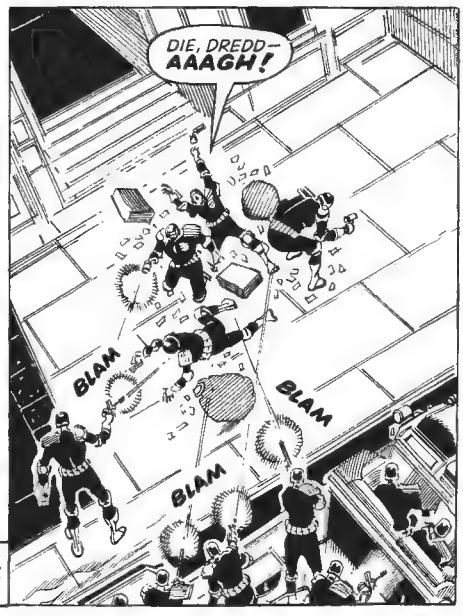
SO ALL WE GOTTA DO IS DRESS OUR BOYS UP LIKE JUDGES AND WE CAN DO ANYTHING WE WANT! HECK—**ANYTHING!**

SIMPLE BUT INGENIOUS— IT'S DA PERFECT CRIME!

AND SO—
CRIME BLITZ!
EVERY-BODY DOWN!
SPLUT
SPLUT SPLUT

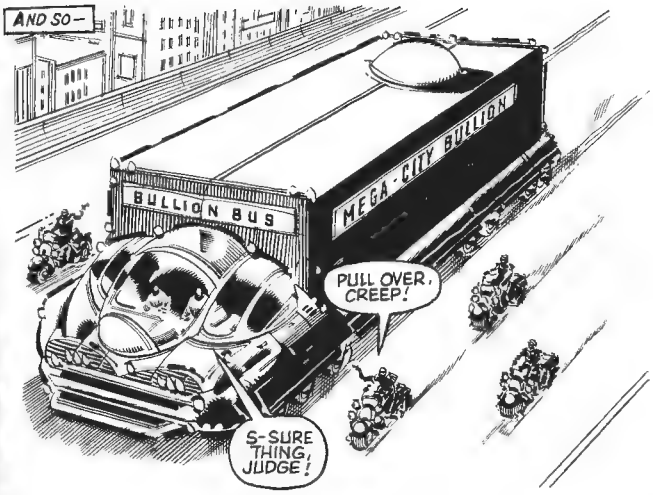
WE'RE TAKIN' YOUR BANK'S CASH AWAY FOR ROUTINE EXAMINATION, CREEP! ANY OBJECTIONS?
N-N-NO, JUDGE! YOU ARE THE LAW!
IN THE BANK'S SECURITY SECTION—
SOMETHING IS STRANGE ABOUT THESE JUDGES.
AGREED. RELAY ALL DATA TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

WHEN THE PHONEY JUDGES EXIT FROM THE BANK—
JUDGES!
HOLD IT, YOU JIMPS!
JIMP: JUDGE SLANG FOR A JUDGE IMPERSONATOR.


DIE, DREDD— AAAGH!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

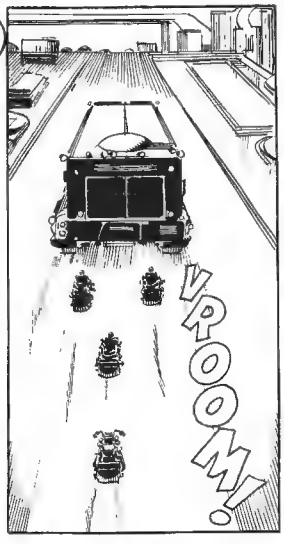
REAL DUMBOS. SINCE WHEN DID JUDGES START CARRYING SPLUT GUNS?

LATER THAT DAY, THE MEETING IS RECONVENED—
AW HECK, IT WAS A MISTAKE ANYONE COULD MAKE! BUT WE'VE SORTED OUT OUR TEETHING PROBLEMS— THE BOYS HAVE NOW BEEN ISSUED WITH PHONEY LAW-GIVERS AND REPLICA LAW-MASTERS! NEXT TIME, THEY'LL BE MUCH MORE CONVINCING!


AND SO—
BULLION BUS
MEGA-CITY BULLION
PULL OVER, CREEP!
S-SURE THING, JUDGE!

THEY'RE CARRYING BULLION ALL RIGHT!
OKAY, YOU TWO— OUT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST ON SUSPICION OF SMOKING!

WAIT THERE TILL A PAT-WAGON COMES TO PICK YOU UP!
Y-YES, SIR!


VROOM!

LATER, IN A SHADY ALLEY—
OKAY, BOYS— GET THAT BULLION TRANSFERRED!
WHAT A CINCH! NOBODY DARES TO ARGUE WITH A JUDGE!

HEY! YOU JUDGES!

BUDDABUDDA
BUDDABUDDA
BUDDA

I DID IT! I DID IT! I WASTED ME SOME JUDGES! WAIT'LL I TELL THE GUYS!

ONCE MORE THE EVIL PLOTTERS MEET...
HECK! IT WAS JUST BAD LUCK— YOU CAN'T PLAN FOR CRAZIES! WE'VE LOST EIGHT MEN DEAD SO FAR— BUT WHAT THE HECK! I SAY WE GIVE IT ONE MORE SHOT!
THE THIRD JIMP ROBBERY WORKS LIKE A CHARM—
MUST BE FIFTY MILLION CREDS WORTH OF GEMS HERE!
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR CRAZIES!
GEM-STORE
SUDDENLY—
BANK ROBBERY IN PROGRESS! YOU FOUR— WITH ME!
YOU HEARD ME— MOVE!
ULP! IT'S DREDD!
WHAT DO WE DO— SHOOT HIM?
TOO CHANCY! JUST PLAY ALONG TILL WE GET THE CHANCE TO MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE!
THERE'S THE BANK. WE TAKE IT TOGETHER— FRONTAL ASSAULT!
ER RIGHT!
HIT 'EM!
DREDD

PTOO!
PTOO!
DIVE!
AGH!
AARGH!
AAAA!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE GUYS? THEY'RE AS GREEN AS FIRST YEAR ROOKIES!
DREDD
AFTER THE BANK ROBBERS ARE DEALT WITH—
THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THESE CREEPS. JIMPS!
DREDD
MUST BE THE SEASON FOR 'EM.
AT A HASTILY-RECONVENED MEETING—
HECK! THAT MAKES A ROUND DOZEN OF MY BOYS DEAD! I'M CALLING OFF THE JIMP PLAN!
IT'S ALL THAT DREDD'S FAULT! EVERY TIME WE TRY TO PULL THE PERFECT CRIME, HE STICKS HIS CHIN IN!
WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT HIM SOME DAY!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

A MEGA-CITY **RAD-PIT** CHRISTMAS EVE . . .

. . . AND SOMETHING FOUL DISTURBS THE SURFACE!

SLOWLY, OMINOUSLY, A GRUESOME FIGURE HAULS ITSELF FROM THE LETHAL WASTES . . .

MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE . . . ITS WARPED BRAIN CONSUMED BY ONE, GRIM, UNNATURAL **CRAVING**—

FLESH! NEED FRESH FLESH!

BEWARE, MEGA-CITY ONE! TONIGHT IS NO NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION! TONIGHT IS...

THE NIGHT OF THE RAD-BEAST

PART 1

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART C.EZQUERRA
LETTERING J.POTTER

7PM. **JUDGE DREDD** PATROLS THE DEVASTATION THAT WAS ONCE A CITY SECTOR—

JUDGE! JUDGE!

O-OVER THERE! IT— IT'S **HORRIBLE!**

DREDD TO CONTROL! GOT TWO STIFFS HERE, TRACES OF HEAVY RADIATION.

I WANT FORENSIC AND DECONTAM SQUADS ON THE DOUBLE.

SOON—

VICTIMS CHECK OUT AS ***LUDO FRENCH*** AND ***CHEWSER FANNING***, COUPLE OF SMALL-TIME ***TAP DANCERS.****

*TAP DANCERS— MUGGING TEAM.

THEY WERE KILLED BY SINGLE, VIOLENT BLOWS. RADIATION LEVELS INDICATE THE KILLER IS ***SEVERELY CONTAMINATED.***

THAT LETS *HIM* OUT. FIND OUT WHAT HE KNOWS AND SEND HIM HOME.

VICTIMS' LIMBS WERE REMOVED **AFTER** DEATH. THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN ***ENORMOUS STRENGTH.***

ANY INDICATION WHY?

NONE. BUT WE FOUND ***THIS*** CLUTCHED IN FANNING'S HAND. A ***WALLET*** BELONGING TO A CITIZEN ***BIZMO KLUX***— PROBABLY A TAP VICTIM.

NOTHING MUCH ELSE IN THE WALLET— AND NO SIGN OF KLUX.

INFRA- RED'S PICKING UP A RADIATION TRAIL. COULD BE OUR KILLER.

I'LL FOLLOW IT. SEE WHAT YOU CAN DIG UP ON THIS KLUX...

SUBJECT: BIZMO KLUX

BORN: JULY 12 1971 +++
THE BRONX + NYC

AGE: 134

HEIGHT: 175 cm

WEIGHT: 204 kg

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: NUMEROUS +++

SUBJECT HAS UNDERGONE FREQUENT BIOTRONIC SURGERY FOR REPLACEMENT OF BODILY PARTS WITH ARTIFICIAL SUBSTITUTES++ TO WIT:

2027: PLASTEEN HEART AND LUNGS FITTED ++

2041: CONTRACTED SEVERE PAGET'S DISEASE + BONE STRUCTURE ALL FOUR LIMBS REPLACED WITH ALLULOID FRAME ++

2063: WASTING DISEASE + FACEPLATE INSERTED + RIGHT SIDE

2067: BLIND + LEFT EYE + BIOTRONIC REPLACEMENT +++

2096: SEVERAL MINOR REPLACEMENT OPERATIONS UP TO THIS DATE WHEN MICRO- COMPUTER IMPLANTED IN SUBJECT'S BRAIN TO MONITOR ALL SURGICAL ADDITIONS +++

1312

LEE MAJORS BLOCK

APTS. 1312 TO 2015

HAPPY XMAS

PRESENT ADDRESS: APT 1684b + LEE MAJORS BLOCK

LAST SEEN: 17.30 MRS BROON'S CONFECTIONERIE +++
SUBJECT PURCHASED 100 gms PAN DROPS ++

ENJOY YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, MR KLUX!

THERE'S A LIKELY-LOOKING PROSPECT! TAKE HER DOWN, CHEWSER!

GET IN, GRANDAD!

YOU-YOU'VE GOT MY WALLET, NOW LET ME GO! PLEASE- IT'S THE **SEASON OF GOODWILL!**

NOT FOR YOU, GRANDAD! WE CAN'T LET YOU GO BLABBIN' TO THE JUDGES, SEE!

OVER THE RAD PIT NOW, CHEWSER!

BON VOYAGE!

MERRY CHRISTMAS! *HO, HO, HO!*

AAAAAAAHHH!

SPLOODGE!

SET HER DOWN OVER THERE AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT!

FRENCH AND FANNING WERE FREQUENT VISITORS TO THE RAD PIT. THE SEARING RADIATION SOON REMOVED ALL TRACE OF THEIR VICTIMS—

BUT IN THIS CASE, THEY'D CHOSEN THE **WRONG** *VICTIM!*

HO,HO,HO, ALL RIGHT! THE OLD CODGER WAS LOADED! WE'RE GONNA HAVE US A *PRIME CHRISTMAS*, CHEWSER!

HOLY MOLEY!

WANT... FRESH FLESH!

SH-SHOOT IT!

AAAAGHH!

AAAAGH!

*BIZMO KLUX WAS **DEAD**— YET HIS BIOTRONIC FRAME STILL **LIVED**! AND THE **COMPUTER** CONTROLLING IT DROVE HIM ON ... TO SATISFY ONE **CONSUMING DESIRE** ...*

*A DESIRE THAT COULD **NEVER** BE FULFILLED!*

NEED NEW BITS... REBUILD BIZMO!

NEW FLESH **ROT AWAY**! NO GOOD! NO GOOD!

NEED... FRESH FLESH!

NEXT PROG: THE BEAST AT BAY!

JUDGE DREDD

CHRISTMAS EVE – THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR.

A PARTY MOOD HAS DESCENDED ON MEGA-CITY ONE. THE CITIZENS ARE DETERMINED TO BURY THE LAST BAD MEMORIES OF THE WAR IN ONE BIG FESTIVE BLOW-OUT!

♫ JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS! JINGLE ALL THE WAY... ♫

XMAS FOR

Merry

OH WHAT... FUN... IT... AWLK!

PEACE

A MONSTER!

AAAH!

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING T. FRAME

THE NIGHT OF THE RAD-BEAST PART 2

KEEP BACK! IT'S GLOWING WITH RADIATION!

JUDGE DREDD IS HOT ON THE RAD-BEAST'S TRAIL –

CONTROL TO DREDD! YOU WANTED THE GUFF ON BIZMO KLUX –

APPEARS CITIZEN KLUX WAS 90 PER CENT **ARTIFICIAL PARTS.** IF HE IS YOUR **KILLER**, THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN HOW HE COULD SURVIVE **HEAVY RAD-CONTAMINATION.**

BUT IT DOESN'T HELP ME CATCH HIM. HE'S HEADING INTO THE CHRISTMAS CROWDS. HAVE ALL AVAILABLE UNITS ON THE LOOKOUT!

BIZMO KLUX – THE **REAL** BIZMO KLUX – HAD PERISHED IN A RADIATION PIT.

NOW ONLY HIS **BIOTRONIC PARTS** SURVIVED – A MINDLESS, IRRADIATED **AUTOMATON**...

CRASH!!

AIEEEEEE!

DRIVEN ON BY **COMPUTER** IN AN INSANE QUEST FOR REPLACEMENT PARTS!

NEED BITS! REBUILD BIZMO!

IT'S GOT ME!

HEEELPPP!

HELP YOURSELF, CRUMB! I'M OFF!

THIS FLESH GET CONTAMINATED TOO! NO GOOD! NO GOOD!

COME BACK! GIVE ME BITS FOR BIZMO!

CONTROL! **FOUND HIM!** BALIHAI BOULEVARD!

WAGNER

XMAS SALE

NOW

COME IN!

HURRY

EEEEEEEEE!

IT'S BIZMO, ALL RIGHT! OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!

LAWGIVER TO **HIGH EXPLOSIVE!**

BUT—

YEEHAA! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

JOIN US, PAL! JOIN THE CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL!

HEY, THAT'S SOME COSTUME YOU'VE GOT THERE! WISH I'D THOUGHT OF IT!

HE'S BEEN SUCKED INTO THE CHRISTMAS **FANCY DRESS PARADE!** CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT!

A MASS "CAROL-IN" IS BEING HELD AT THE **APOCALYPSE MONUMENT** - A SYMBOLIC PURGING OF THE BAD MEMORIES OF THE WAR —

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS...

PEACE TO ALL!

C'MON, BUDDY! YOU'RE NOT SINGING!

DON'T WANT CHRISTMAS! **WANT FLESH!**

??

FEEL SICK...SKIN BURNING!

UUUUUH!

M-MY SOUL! IT'S **HIM!** HE'S **REAL!**

BITS FOR BIZMO!

AIEEEEEE!

SCREAMS... UP AHEAD!

PPP

CLEAR THE WAY!

IT'S IRRADIATED!

DRIVE IT AWAY!

IT'S CLIMBING THE MONUMENT!

THERE IT IS, JUDGE DREDD!

CLEAR THIS AREA! GIVE ME ROOM!

WANT FLESH!

REQUEST DENIED!

BOOOM!

DREDD TO CONTROL! EMERGENCY'S OVER – REPEAT, OVER!

I WANT **MEDICAL** AND **DECONTAM SQUADS** TO THE **APOCALYPSE MONUMENT – NOW!**

AND SOON –

TREATMENT! WE NEED TREATMENT HERE!

SOME CHRISTMAS THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE!

NEXT PROG: **THE LAST INVADER!**

JUDGE DREDD

A DISHEVELLED FIGURE SHAMBLES INTO A MEGA-CITY **VID-SHOP** —

I WANT TO BUY A **MAGAZINE SLUG.**

NAME YOUR POISON, PAL! I GOT OVER 5000 TITLES, FROM **ABNORMALITY WEEKLY** TO **ZEN AND NOW**, IN **AUDIO** AND **VIDEO, HYPER-FI** AND **SENSURROUND!**

I'D LIKE **MEGAPOLITAN.**

THERE YOU ARE, PAL. **HEY!** THIS IS AN **EAST-MEG** TWO-KAZAN PIECE!

YOU'RE AN EAST-MEG JUUUUUUUH!

SILENCE!

HELP! HELP!

SNEKOV'S SHROUD! AN **AUTOMATIC ALARM!**

5000 TITLES

CONTROL TO DREDD! JUST GOT AN **A.A.** BLEEP! **ASSAULT IN PROGRESS.** AUDIO VENDORS, JACK WARNER CORNER!

ON MY WAY.

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART J COOPER
LETTERING T FRAME

PART 1

GOT TO FREE MY HAND — BLAST BULLET!
PAKOOM!
HOLD IT, THIEF! WE'RE MAKIN' A CITIZEN'S ARREST!
DEATH TO THE ENEMIES OF EAST-MEG ONE!
UUUGH!
SLUG 5000 TITLE
PAH! THEY SEND BOYS TO FIGHT A MAN'S WAR!
AS THE PERP EXITS —
FREEZE, LAWBREAKER!
A MEGA-CITY JUDGE! A MORE DANGEROUS FOE ALTOGETHER! GAS BULLETS!
GAS! RESPIRATOR DOWN!
FWOOMPH!
FWOOMPH!

SOME OF THE GAS PENETRATES. BY THE TIME DREDD RECOVERS, THE PERP IS GONE —

DREDD TO CONTROL – PERP IN GARB OF EAST-MEG JUDGE, LAST SEEN REGION OF ANDY CRAWFORD SKEDWAY. HE'S ARMED AND DANGEROUS. PUT OUT A WARNING.

A FORENSIC SQUAD IS CALLED IN –

SLUG VENDOR'S DEAD – HEART FAILURE.

THOSE OTHER TWO TRIED TO STOP THE PERP AND PAID THE PRICE. IDIOTS! THAT'S WHY CITIZENS' ARRESTS ARE ILLEGAL.

STILL, SAVES YOU THE BOTHER OF **ARRESTING** THEM, DREDD.

THAT'LL BE A GREAT COMFORT TO THEIR WIDOWS.

WE'VE ANALYSED THE GAS FROM YOUR RESPIRATOR FILTER. IT'S EAST-MEG ONE MANUFACTURE.

IT FITS. LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A GENUINE EAST-MEG JUDGE ON OUR HANDS.

BUT WHAT'S HE DOING **HERE**? THE WAR'S BEEN OVER FOR **MONTHS.**

I KNOW THAT – YOU KNOW THAT – BUT DOES **HE**?

JUDGE NIKITA ENGELS *WAS* ***MAD*** *HIS MADNESS HAD BEGUN IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE* ***APOCALYPSE WAR...***

BUGNER PLODWAY
DEAD SLOW

HE'D BEEN IN THE EAST-MEG SPEARHEAD WHEN MEGA-CITY RESISTANCE BEGAN TO HIT BACK –

CONCUSSION GRENADES!

AAAGGH!

WHEN NIKITA CAME TO, THE BATTLE HAD PASSED HIM BY —

UUUHHHH

HOSTILE FORCES ALL AROUND ME. MUST FIND COVER...

HE FOUND REFUGE IN THE **JOE BUGNER BLOCK STADIUM**...

TOO OPEN HERE. SAFER UP IN THE **MAINTENANCE LOFT.**

MY RADIO'S BROKEN. THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO REMAIN IN HIDING UNTIL MY KOMBAT UNIT RE-ESTABLISHES CONTACT.

NIKITA SLEPT. WHEN HE AWOKE...

VOICES BELOW. **THE ENEMY!**

THE WAR'S OVER! EAST-MEG ONE HAS SURRENDERED!

SURRENDERED? IMPOSSIBLE! WE WERE **WINNING!**

IT'S A TRICK! A TRICK TO LURE ME OUT! THE FOOLS. DO THEY THINK NIKITA ENGELS IS A CHILD TO FALL FOR THEIR HAM-FISTED PLOYS?

IF THEY WANT ME, THEY WILL HAVE TO COME AND GET ME!

FROM THAT DAY ON, NIKITA REMAINED IN THE MAINTENANCE LOFT ABOVE THE BLOCK STADIUM. CUT OFF, ISOLATED, HIS **BLINDNESS** TO THE **TRUTH** REACHED **EPIC** PROPORTIONS...

THEY'RE STAGING A **JETBALL GAME** DOWN THERE, AS IF THERE WAS NO WAR AT ALL! **INCREDIBLE.** THE **LENGTHS** THEY WILL GO TO TO TRAP ME!

WHEN THE STADIUM WAS EMPTY, NIKITA WOULD SNEAK DOWN TO FORAGE –

POPCORN REMAINS – USED CHEWING PLASTEEN – THE WASTEFUL, DECADENT FOOLS! THEY DEFEAT THEIR OWN OBJECT BY LEAVING ME VALUABLE SUSTENANCE!

HMMM... **MEGAPOLITAN** – A MEGA-CITY AUDIO MAGAZINE. PROBABLY MORE ENEMY LIES AND PROPAGANDA TO SAP MY UNDAUNTABLE SPIRIT.

HE PLAYED THE SLUG ON HIS KOMBAT REKORDER. SUPRISINGLY, THERE WAS NOT EVEN A MENTION OF THE WAR...

...NOW HERE'S THAT RECIPE AGAIN: 4 KILOS RAW MUNCE, ONE PINT SUMP STOCK, SYNTHETIC SEASONINGS...

VERY TASTY! WHEN OUR VICTORIOUS TROOPS RECONQUER THIS PART OF THE CITY, I WILL CERTAINLY COOK IT!

THE AUDIO MAG'S FRIENDLY VOICES SOON BECAME NIKITA'S ONLY SOURCE OF COMFORT IN HIS LONG, LONELY VIGIL...

HELLO AGAIN, DEAR LISTENERS. **AGONY ANNIE** HERE, THE LADY TO SHARE YOUR PROBLEMS WITH. FIRSTLY, I HAVE A TAPE FROM "**WORRIED**" OF SECTOR ONE...

DEAR ANNIE, MY HUSBAND HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME FOR WEEKS. HE'S EVEN STOPPED **MOVING**. DO YOU THINK HE'S STOPPED **LOVING** ME?

DEAR WORRIED, I THINK HE'S **DEAD**. CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES AND START LOOKING FOR A NEW HUSBAND.

DEAR ANNIE, EVERY NIGHT I DREAM I'M TURNING INTO A CAMERA. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

DEAR FLASH, SNAP OUT OF IT BEFORE IT DEVELOPS INTO SOMETHING WORSE.

THAT ANNIE! SO FULL OF GOOD, SENSIBLE ADVICE – JUST LIKE MY OWN CLONE-MOTHER. PERHAPS SHE CAN HELP **ME** WITH MY PROBLEM...

YES, THAT'S IT! I WILL MAKE A TAPE AND SEND IT TO ANNIE!
NIKITA HAD MADE HIS TAPE AND SENT IT OFF. NOW, HE HAD STOLEN THE LATEST MEGAPOLITAN—
NOW I WILL HEAR ANNIE'S REPLY.
THERE IT IS! IT'S ME!
DEAR ANNIE, I AM AN EAST-MEG JUDGE WHO HAS BEEN CUT OFF FROM HIS UNIT. MY PROBLEM IS, DO I REMAIN IN HIDING OR DO I WAGE A ONE-MAN GUERILLA WAR BEHIND ENEMY LINES?
DEAR NIKITA, I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE A PSYCHIATRIST. YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY QUITE INSANE. THE WAR'S BEEN OVER FOR MONTHS!
LIAR! TRAITOR! I TRUSTED YOU— AND YOU CALL ME INSANE!
I HAVE MY ANSWER! I WILL BEGIN TO WAGE WAR! AND MY FIRST TARGET WILL BE THE VICIOUS, LYING ENEMY PROPAGANDA INSTRUMENT—MEGAPOLITAN!
NEXT PROG: FROM NIKITA—WITH HATE!

JUDGE DREDD

IN MEGAPOLITAN TOWER, HOME OF THE CITY'S SWANKIEST AUDIO-MAG –

IN THE NAME OF EAST-MEG ONE, I DECLARE THIS BUILDING AN OFFICIAL WAR TARGET !

HOLY HOOPLA ! A NUTCASE !

TOOL OF THE DECADENT PROPAGANDA MAGAZINE ! DIE FOR YOUR IMPUDENCE !

JUDGE NIKITA ENGELS, LAST OF THE EAST-MEG INVADERS, HAS BEEN MAROONED IN MEGA-CITY ONE FOR MONTHS. NOW, UNDER THE INSANE BELIEF THAT THE APOCALYPSE WAR STILL CONTINUES, HE STRIKES A BLOW FOR HIS LONG-DEAD CITY –

PLASTEEN EXPLOSIVE IN PLACE ON CENTRAL SUPPORT COLUMN. TWENTY SECONDS TO DETONATION –

JOHN COOPER

A BLOW IS STRUCK FOR EAST-MEG ONE!

AIEEE!

THE LAST INVADER

PART 2

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART J COOPER
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD IS IN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION –

EYEWITNESSES ON THE STREET SAY THE PERP WAS DRESSED IN THE RAGGED UNIFORM OF AN **EAST-MEG JUDGE.**

SAME CREEP WHO DID THE **SLUG VENDOR'S** SHOP. WHY HAS HE CHOSEN **THESE** TARGETS ?

OBVIOUSLY OFF HIS ROCKER.

TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW.

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS SAYS SHE'S GOT A **LEAD** ON THE PERP.

WHO IS SHE ?

ANNIE PRITCHARD, THE MEGAPOLITAN PROBLEM ADVISOR. SHE'S KNOWN AS **AGONY ANNIE.**

IN OUR LAST ISSUE, WE CARRIED A PROBLEM TAPE PURPORTING TO BE FROM A **SOV JUDGE** TRAPPED IN THE CITY.

HENSON – GET ME A COPY OF THAT SLUG.

DREDD PLAYS THE MAGAZINE TAPE THROUGH HIS BIKE SYSTEM –

DEAR ANNIE, I AM AN EAST-MEG JUDGE WHO HAS BEEN CUT OFF FROM HIS UNIT. MY PROBLEM IS, SHOULD I REMAIN IN HIDING, OR SHOULD I WAGE A ONE-MAN WAR BEHIND ENEMY LINES ? PLEASE ANSWER QUICKLY, ANNIE, AS I AM AT MY WITS' END. YOURS FOR THE ULTIMATE GLORY OF EAST-MEG ONE, JUDGE NIKITA ENGELS.

WITHOLDING INFORMATION IS AN OFFENCE. WHY DIDN'T YOU REPORT THIS, CITIZEN ?

I-I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS IMPORTANT. I THOUGHT HE WAS A NUTCASE.

HE **IS**. A **DANGEROUS** ONE.

NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE CREEP. PITY AGONY ANNIE CAN'T SOLVE THIS **PROBLEM** FOR US.

MAYBE SHE CAN, HENSON. DID YOU NOTICE A SLIGHT BACKGROUND NOISE ON THAT TAPE ?

COMPUTER, RUN THAT SLUG AGAIN. FILTER OUT ENGEL'S VOICE — AND **AMPLIFY** ALL BACKGROUND SOUND.

WILCO.

GRADUALLY, THE BIKE COMPUTER ISOLATES ANOTHER VOICE...

...BEAUTIFUL WIPE-OUT THERE BY THE HOME TEAM'S "IRON-MAN" GRUNDER ! AND NOW HE'S...

IT'S AN IN-GAME COMMENTARY — **JETBALL**, IF I'M ANY JUDGE.

A COMPUTER CHECK REVEALS THAT "IRON MAN" GRUNDER IS A **JOE BUGNER BLOCK** PLAYER. SOON, A SQUAD OF JUDGES RACES TOWARDS THE BLOCK-

NIKITA ENGELS WAS WITHIN EARSHOT OF A BUGNER BLOCK HOME GAME WHEN HE MADE THE TAPE. THAT MEANS HIS HIDEOUT IS IN THE **BLOCK STADIUM** !

THERE'S A GAME ON NOW !

WE'LL TRY TO EVACUATE THE STADIUM WITHOUT PANICKING THE CROWD.

BUT FROM HIS HIDEOUT IN THE MAINTENANCE LOFT, JUDGE NIKITA ENGELS WATCHES —

SO THE JUDGES HAVE TIRED OF THEIR PROPAGANDA WAR AGAINST ME. A **FRONTAL ASSAULT** !

THEY WILL FIND ME MORE THAN READY !

RIGHT, DREDD, I'VE SPOKEN TO THE MATCH COMMENTATOR. HE —

AAGH!

MAINTENANCE LOFT — HIT IT !

JUDGES ! A FIREFIGHT !

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES !

SHRAPNEL GRENADE!

BAKKOW!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

EEAAAH!

BAKUMMMM!

GOTTA PUT A STOP TO THIS! YOU – GET THAT PACK OFF!

LONG TIME SINCE I WORE ONE OF THESE.

I'LL SOCK IT!

PTPTOWW!

PTTOW!

THE WAR'S OVER, CREEP!

KRA-KOOM!

CRACK!

DROKK! GOT TO CUT THE ENGINE!

I DIE... A HAPPY MAN... SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF... OF OUR **ULTIMATE VICTORY!**

HAVEN'T GOT THE HEART TO TELL HIM EAST-MEG ONE WAS **OBLITERATED** MONTHS AGO.

BELOW, ORDER IS BEING RESTORED -

WHAT A MESS, DREDD! YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE WE **WON** THE WAR!

IF ALL THE EAST-MEGGERS HAD BEEN LIKE NIKITA ENGELS, MAYBE WE **WOULDN'T** HAVE WON.

NEXT PROG: **SHANTY TOWN!**

JUDGE DREDD

SHANTY TOWN PART 1

MEGA-CITY NIGHT. A BAND OF **SMUGGLERS** PICK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RUINS OF THE **WEST WALL** —

LOOKS ALL CLEAR! COME ON!

HOLD IT! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

JUDGES! BLOW 'EM AWAY!

AGH!

BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

AAAAAAAAHH!

ORGAN LEGGERS. ENOUGH **SPARE PARTS** HERE TO **BUILD** A MAN!

HEART KEEP COOL

LINER

LIVER KEEP COOL

KIDNEYS

SNIFF! SNIFF!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE DEALING IN A LITTLE **LIVE** MERCHANDISE!

DREDD

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

POOR LITTLE FELLA. WONDER WHERE THEY GOT HIM FROM?

WHERE ELSE? **SHANTY TOWN.**

***B**ARELY A KILOMETRE BEYOND MEGA-CITY ONE'S WEST WALL LAY **SHANTY TOWN**, A VAST CONGLOMERATION CONTAINING THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF THE **APOCALYPSE WAR** —*

***H**ERE, AMIDST TERRIBLE OVERCROWDING, MORE THAN A MILLION REFUGEES CLAWED OUT THEIR GRIM EXISTENCE . . .*

EASY PREY FOR THE RULING CRIMINAL GANGS.

JUST TO SURVIVE IN SHANTY TOWN, THERE WAS A PRICE TO PAY —

MOTOR PARTS

WE HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS, SAL. IF WE DON'T GET SOMETHING SOON, WE'LL **STARVE!**

MAYBE IT'S BETTER WE **DO** STARVE, SHERM. WHAT KIND OF LIFE IS THIS FOR US?

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! WE CAN STILL SELL SOMETHING ELSE TO THE **ORGAN LEGGERS!**

WHAT? WE'VE BEEN SELLING OURSELVES BIT BY BIT FOR WEEKS! NOW THERE'S NOTHING **LEFT** TO SPARE, SHERM!

I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE. WE COULD SELL SOME OF ME!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GRANNY. ORGAN LEGGERS DON'T WANT **OLD PARTS**. THEY'RE NO USE FOR TRANSPLANT SURGERY.

BUT THERE IS **ONE** THING...

WHAT...? SHERMAN — **NO!** NOT HUMPHREY!

I DON'T WANT TO SELL HIM EITHER, BUT HE'S **ALL** WE'VE GOT LEFT!

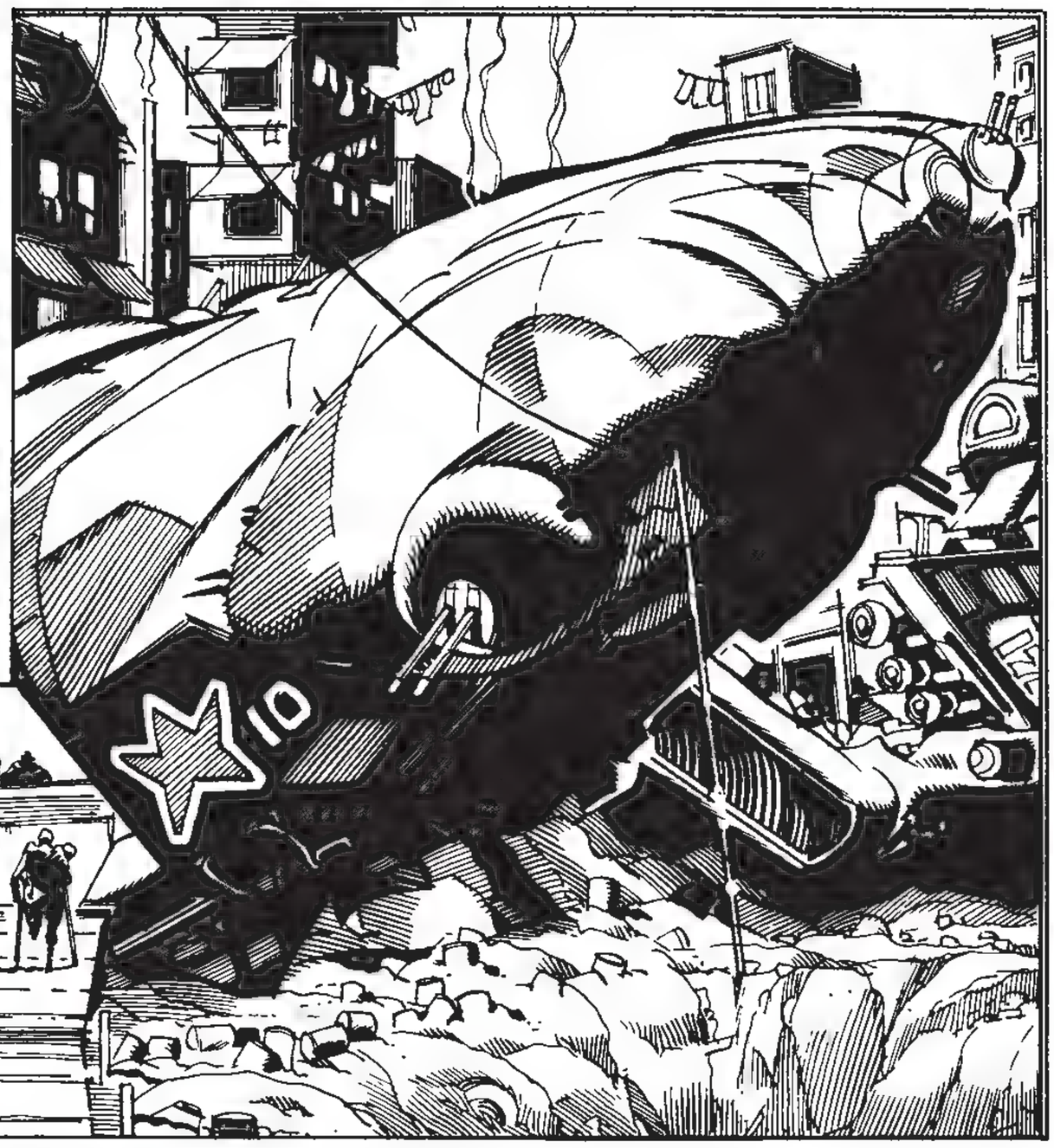
LOOK, THERE'S **THOUSANDS** IN MEGA-CITY ONE WHO LOST THEIR KIDS IN THE WAR. THEY'RE PAYING THE ORGAN LEGGERS **BIG MONEY** FOR KIDS THEY CAN FOSTER. WE COULD LIVE FOR **WEEKS** ON WHAT WE GET FOR HUMPHREY!

NO!

PARTS

BE SENSIBLE, SAL! AT LEAST IN THE CITY HE'D HAVE THE CHANCE OF A **GOOD** LIFE! FOOD IN HIS BELLY — A DECENT HOME — A **FUTURE**, SAL! HERE'S HE'S GOT **NOTHING!**

I...I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S... FOR HIS OWN GOOD...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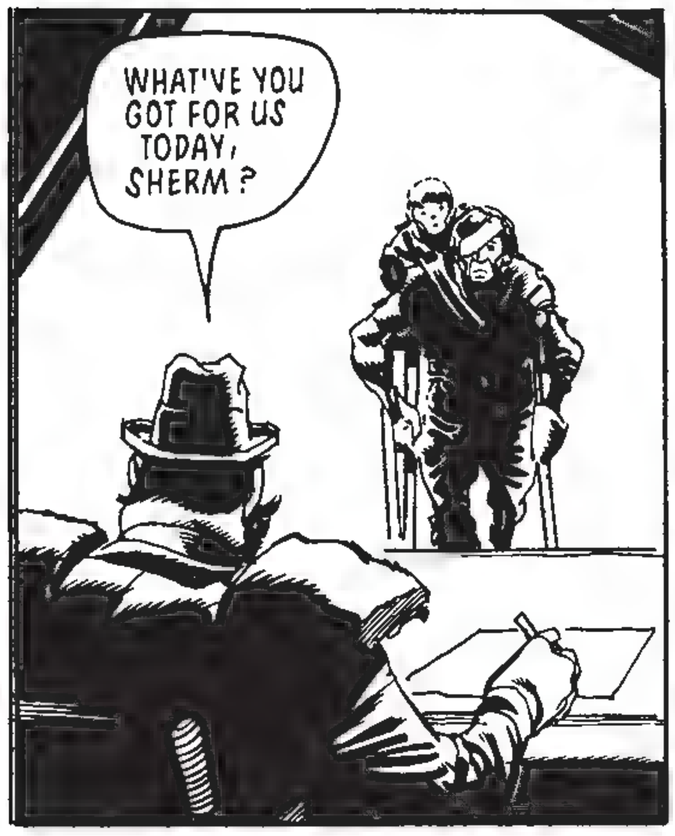
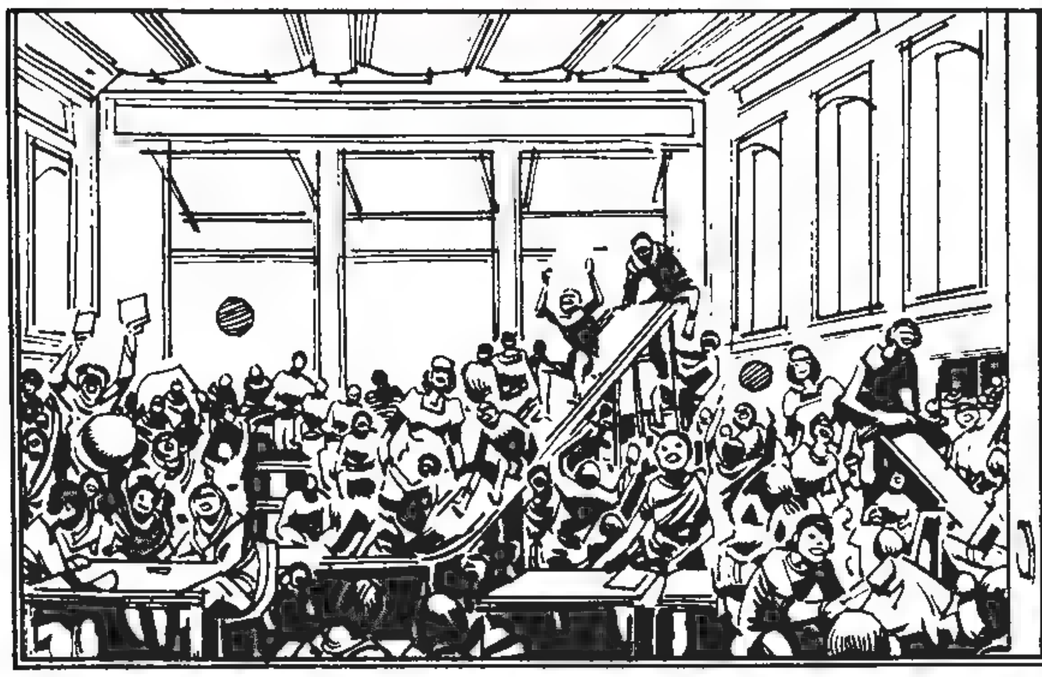

WHAT'VE YOU GOT FOR US TODAY, SHERM?

HIS NAME'S HUMPHREY.

NOW, IN A MEGA-CITY ONE INFANT HOSPITAL —
ANOTHER ONE FROM SHANTY TOWN.
THAT MAKES OVER A HUNDRED THIS WEEK.
1012
DREDD



AND THAT'S ONLY THE ONES WE'VE INTERCEPTED. HOW MANY OTHERS GET THROUGH? HOW MANY **INNOCENT LIVES** TRADED LIKE **SECOND-HAND GOODS!**

NEXT MORNING AT TEMPORARY JUSTICE HQ –

WE'VE LET PRESSURES OF WORK FORCE US TO TURN A BLIND EYE TO **SHANTY TOWN** FOR TOO LONG, CHIEF JUDGE. THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION.

AGREED.

CHOOSE A SQUAD AND TAKE WHATEVER ACTION YOU CONSIDER NECESSARY.

CLEAN UP SHANTY TOWN!

DREDD

LATER THAT DAY, DREDD'S SQUAD RIDES THROUGH THE GATES OF THE CITY –

*TOWARDS **SHANTY TOWN!***

JUDGES! RUN!

LOTTA GUILTY CONSCIENCES ABOUT!

OKAY, LET'S GET THOSE **NOTICES** POSTED. HERSHEY – WITH ME TO THAT MOTOR PARTS SHACK!

JUSTICE DEPT. **BE WARNED** THIS HABITATION NOW COMES UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE LAW OF MEGA-CITY ONE. ALL LAWBREAKERS WILL BE **PUNISHED ACCORDINGLY.** BY ORDER Dredd

BUT FOR SAL, SHERM AND GRANNY, THE PROTECTION OF THE LAW HAD ARRIVED TOO LATE –

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM...?

DREDD

CONTAMINATED FOOD, BY THE LOOK OF IT.

DREDD

NEXT PROG:

DAMNATION WALK!

JUDGE DREDD

SHANTY TOWN PART 2

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

THE LAW CANNOT TURN A BLIND EYE TO INJUSTICE, AND SO **JUDGE DREDD** AND HIS SQUAD HAVE COME TO CLEAN UP **SHANTY TOWN**, THE LAWLESS TOWNSHIP THAT HAS SPRUNG UP BEYOND THE WALLS OF MEGA-CITY ONE –

JUSTICE DEPT.
BE WARNED
THIS HABITATION NOW COMES UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE LAW OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

ALL LAWBREAKERS WILL BE **PUNISHED ACCORDINGLY.**

BY ORDER *Dredd*

AND CLEAN THEY DO!

JUDGES – BLAST 'EM – AIEEEEE!

RESISTING ARREST – **STUMM GAS!**

AAAGH!

BLAMMM! BADAM!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA!

DON'T LOOK LIKE THE JUDGES IS PULLIN' ANY PUNCHES IN THERE!

THE ORGAN LEGGER BASE FALLS EASILY –

WALL TO WALL HUMAN SPARE PARTS. A GRUESOME LITTLE COLLECTION.

ALL BOUGHT FROM THE **STARVING** FOR A FEW MOUTHFULS OF FOOD – MOST OF IT PROBABLY **CONTAMINATED.**

JUST ONE OF THE ILLEGAL PRACTICES WE'RE GOING TO STAMP OUT.

DREDD

HEART

THIS'LL DO AS OUR **SHANTY TOWN HQ.**

WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO WITH THESE PRISONERS?

WE'VE NO PRISONS FOR THEM HERE – AND THEY'RE NOT WANTED IN MEGA-CITY ONE.

TAKE 'EM TO THE WEST EDGE OF TOWN.

SOON, AT THE EDGE OF **SHANTY TOWN** –

THE NEAREST HABITATION'S ABOUT 500 KILOMETRES WEST. I SUGGEST YOU START WALKING.

WHAAT? ACROSS THE **CURSED EARTH**?

B-BUT THERE'S NOTHIN' OUT THERE BUT **MUTIES** AND **RAD RATS** AND **DOG VULTURES**! WE-WE'RE **GONERS** FOR SURE!

WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS TO BE LOCKED UP LIKE NORMAL OFFENDERS!

YOU'RE **NOT** NORMAL – AND YOU'VE **GOT** NO RIGHTS. YOU'RE **SCUM** WHO TRADE IN **HUMAN MISERY**!

THE LAW SAYS YOUR TRADING DAYS ARE **OVER**. **SO MOVE!**

OCKS, YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP 'EM MOVING. ANYONE TRIES TO COME BACK – DISSUADE 'EM.

THE REST OF US WILL ROUND UP SOME MORE CUSTOMERS FOR YOU.

ALL THAT DAY, OCKS IS KEPT BUSY –

W-WE SURRENDER!

AAAGH!

ROUND 'EM UP! MOVE 'EM OUT!

WHADDYA MEAN, **SLAVERY'S** ILLEGAL? THEY SOLD **THEMSELVES** TO ME!

I ONLY GOT ONE THING TO SAY TO YOU, CREEP...

HIT THE TRAIL!

HEY, THANKS, JUDGE!

DON'T THANK ME – YOU'RE GOING **WITH** HIM!

ESCAPED PERPS. RECOGNISED THEM.

NOTHIN' TO BEAT A GOOD MEMORY!

WELL WELL!

SWIVEL!

DAMN! JUDGE UP THERE! HE'S SEEN THE PERISCOPE!

WHAT'S HE DOING?

I-I THINK HE WANTS A WORD!

HOW MANY SO FAR, OCKS?

NEAR ON A THOUSAND WALKERS. FEW OF THEM THOUGHT THEY MIGHT SNEAK BACK.

I DISCOURAGED 'EM.

IT'S BEEN ALMOST TOO EASY.

RIGHT. BUT BY NOW THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS WEARING OFF. WE CAN EXPECT SOME **RETALIATION**. STAY ALERT.

DREDD

LATER—

H-H-HEY, J-JUDGE! IN HERE! SOME B-B-B-BAD GUYS!

TH-TH-THAT'S THEM!

IF IT ISN'T **MAD MOX** AND HIS PAL, **GIRTH**!

LAST I REMEMBER, MOX, YOU WERE WARMING A **PSYCHO-CUBE!**

HEH, HEH! KINDA BROKE OUT! KINDA KILLED MY GUARDS!

YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE KINDA OVER, CREEP!

AW, JUDGE, YOU SHOULDN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT. IT AIN'T NICE!

BESIDES, IT'S A DOWNRIGHT LIE!

CRAKKK!

UHHHH!

MAD MOX HAS STILL GOT A WHOLE LOTTA KILLING LEFT TO DO! **HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!**

NEXT PROG- **DEATH TO THE JUDGES!**

JUDGE DREDD

SHANTY TOWN

PART 3

JUDGE DREDD'S SQUAD HAVE COME TO CLEAN UP **SHANTY TOWN**, THE LAWLESS CONGLOMERATION THAT HAS SPRUNG UP OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MEGA-CITY ONE –

IT'S **JUDGE GLENNON** – AT LEAST, WHAT'S **LEFT** OF HIM...!

THE WORK OF MANIACS.

ELSEWHERE, THE FORCES OF LAWLESSNESS ARE GATHERING –

THE JUDGES THINK THEY'RE GONNA KICK **US** OUT OF **SHANTY TOWN**! **THEY'RE** THE ONES GONNA GET KICKED!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

THE RETALIATION HAS BEGUN!

DEATH TO THE JUDGES

DEATH TO THE JUDGES!

GLENNON

AMM

THIS SIDE UP

DREDD – THIS IS SALVADOR! I'M DOWN ON THE SOUTH SIDE. THERE'S A MOB FORMING, ABOUT A THOUSAND. LEADER IS **MAD MOX**, THE PSYCHO-CUBE ESCAPEE!

DON'T FORGET TO MENTION US, STINKO !

JUVE DEAN AND THE Y-SHANTY !

SHANTY

AAAAAH !

THEY'VE GOT SALVADOR !

WHAT DO WE DO ? TAKE 'EM ?

TWO AGAINST A THOUSAND ? DON'T LIKE THE ODDS ! CALL EVERYONE BACK TO SHANTY TOWN BASE. IMMEDIATE !

Y-SHANTY HAVE GOT ANOTHER ONE !

DEATH TO THE JUDGES !

SHANTY

SALVADOR

TWO DOWN, EIGHT TO DO ! THEY'RE USIN' THE ORGAN LEGGERS' OLD STRATO-VAS A BASE ! WE'LL CLOSE IN, SURROUND 'EM AND THEN — HEH HEH HEH WIPE 'EM OUT !

WHATCHA GOT THERE, PEEWEE ?

IT'S A RAY-RAY-RADIO J-JAMMER, MOX ! I M-M-MADE IT UP FROM OLD B-B-B-BITS !

SO EVEN IF THEY WANT HELP, THEY AIN'T GONNA GET IT ! HEH HEH ! SMART THINKIN' !

DREDD TO MEGA-CITY ONE CONTROL ! COME IN, CONTROL !

ZZZZZZZZ

WHAT IS IT, DREDD – ATMOSPHERIC INTERFERENCE ?

COULD BE. BUT MY GUESS IS, THEY'RE **JAMMING** US, EITHER WAY, WE'RE **CUT OFF**.

ELVINO – ON YOUR BIKE. TRY TO GET THROUGH THE JAMMING ZONE. TELL CONTROL WE COULD USE A LITTLE ASSIST.

CHECK !

AS ELVINO RIDES OUT, JUDGE BLOFELD RACES IN FROM A SCOUTING MISSION –

THEY'RE MOVING THIS WAY, DREDD. SPREADING OUT. RECKON THEY'LL ENCIRCLE US BEFORE THEY ATTACK.

OKAY. THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO MAKE A STAND. . .

BLOFELD – SEE IF YOU CAN DO ANYTHING WITH THE STRATO-V'S LASERS.

OCKS, SHAVER – TAKE THE REAR ACCESS HATCHES.

THE REST OF YOU, POSITION YOUR BIKES TO COVER THE BLAST HOLES.

THEN THEY CAN ONLY WAIT AS THE MOB CLOSES IN —

DEATH TO THE JUDGES!

OPEN FIRE!

AAGH!

BUDDA.BUDDA.BUDDA!

JUDGE HERSHEY'S POSITION IS ALMOST OVERRUN —

DIE— AAAH!

BUDDA BUDDA

CLUNK!

BOOM!

BIKE TOOK THE BLAST...

KROOOM!

—BUT NOT QUITE!

BACK, SCUM!

AAAAH!

BLOFELD! WE'VE GOT CLIMBERS ON THE NOSE! WHAT ABOUT THOSE LASERS?

JUST ABOUT TO TEST THEM!

BLOFELD

FZZZATT!

THEY'RE OPERATIONAL!

TH-THEY'RE P-P-PUTTING UP QUITE A F-F-F-FIGHT, MOX!

LET 'EM FIGHT THIS, PEEWEE!

FIZZZ!

DROKK! THEY'VE GOT A STUB GUN!

NEXT PROG:

SHANTY TOWN PART 4

SHANTY TOWN

PART 4

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING CERAMIC

IN SHANTY TOWN, THE LAWLESS SETTLEMENT OUTSIDE MEGA-CITY ONE, JUDGE DREDD'S SQUAD ARE UNDER SIEGE IN A WRECKED STRATO-V —

DEATH TO THE JUDGES!
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!

G-GO EASY, M-MOX! TH-THEM GUNS ARE PRONE TO G-G-G-G—

—GET OVERHEATED!

...FIZZZ-ZZZ!

"STROKE OF LUCK! STUB'S BLOWN UP ON HIM!"

JUDGE DREDD

THEY'VE LOST THEIR LEADER! THEY'RE PULLING BACK!

ALL UNITS — REPORT!

SHAVER HERE. REAR ACCESS STILL SECURE. STUB GOT OCKS'S ARM, THOUGH!

WHAT THE HECK! I NEEDED TO LOSE A LITTLE WEIGHT!

BLOFELD HERE. 'FRAID THAT STUB PUT PAID TO THE STRATO-V LASERS!

HERSHEY. STILL ALIVE, BIKE OUT OF ACTION. BUT THE HULL'S GOT SO MANY HOLES IN IT, IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO DEFEND.

OKAY. BETTER JOIN ME HERE.

THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU. SOONER OR LATER, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM. BETTER IF WE DO IT **MOB-HANDED.**

SOON —

KINDA QUIET RECKON THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH?

JUST LICKING THEIR WOUNDS. WE'VE HIT 'EM HARD, BUT THEY'RE NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP.

WONDER IF **ELVINO** GOT THROUGH TO THE CITY?

ELVIN

RECKON NOT! LOOK OVER THERE!

SO MUCH FOR ASSISTANCE!

HEY, YOU STINKO JUDGES! GIVE YOURSELVES UP OR **Y-SHANTY** WILL BLOW THESE INNOCENT NURDS AWAY!

SHANTY

THEY'RE USING THOSE HOSTAGES AS **SHIELDS!**

THOSE BINOCULARS - QUICK!

HOSTAGES MY BOOT! THEY'RE CARRYING GUNS!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

DUMB IDEA ANYWAY! CLEAR THE WAY! OLD **GIRTH'LL** SHOW YA HOW IT'S DONE!

PHOSPHOROUS DANGER.

VROOM!

DROKK! THAT'S A **PHOSPHOROUS** TANKER!

ON YOUR BIKES! IT'S TIME TO RIDE!

DREDD

H-HEY! WAIT A MINUTE —

ADIOS, CREEP!

KABABABABABABA!

A SHOWER OF WHITE-HOT **PHOSPHOR DROPS** RAINS DOWN ON THE BATTLEGROUND!

AAAAH!

CANNON...

BUDDA. BUDDA!

BADAM. BADAM..

DREDD

OUR UNIFORMS GIVE US SOME PROTECTION! LET'S PUT AN END TO THIS — **NOW!**

AND STUMM GAS!

WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARS—

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE WON.

NEXT MORNING, THE GANG SURVIVORS ARE SENT PACKING—

SHOW YOUR FACES ROUND HERE AGAIN AND YOU'RE **DEAD**.

OKAY, OKAY! WE GOT THE PICTURE!

LATER THAT DAY, DREDD MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE INNOCENT INHABITANTS OF **SHANTY TOWN**—

AS LONG AS SHANTY TOWN STANDS, IT WILL REMAIN A MAGNET FOR THE LOWEST FORM OF CRIMINAL LIFE! I HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED ON A DRASTIC COURSE OF ACTION—

CONDEMNED

BY ORDER
Dredd

SHANTY TOWN IS HEREBY CONDEMNED!

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT US, THE DECENT SHANTY FOLK?

WHAT WILL WE DO?

YOU HAVE NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN.

ONE THOUSAND KILOMETRES TO THE WEST, MEGA-CITY **FOOD FARMS** ARE NOW NEARING COMPLETION. I HAVE MADE A SPECIAL REQUEST, AND CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER HAS AGREED –

ALL THOSE OF GOOD CHARACTER AND UNCONTAMINATED BODY ARE OFFERED EMPLOYMENT THERE. YOU WILL BE GIVEN DECENT HOMES AND GOOD FOOD, UNDER STRICT AND ORDERED SUPERVISION.

SCREENING WILL BEGIN AT ONCE.

THE SCREENING IS RIGOROUS, BUT FAIR –

RAD-LEVEL'S VERY HIGH. REPORT TO LINE **B** FOR TREATMENT.

A

B

C

LIE DETECTORS INDICATE THESE TWO HAVE **STRONG CRIMINAL TENDENCIES.**

OKAY, HIT THE TRAIL AND DON'T COME BACK.

HERSHEY

AT LAST, THE WORKFORCE IS READY –

OKAY, DEITRICH – MOVE 'EM OUT!

WORKERS HO!

ALONG THE ARDUOUS TRAIL, THE VAST EXODUS WOULD BE SUPPLIED BY AIRLIFT FROM MEGA-CITY ONE. SOME WOULD NOT MAKE IT...

...BUT FOR THOSE WHO DID, AHEAD LAY A NEW LIFE – A DECENT LIFE...

FAR FROM THE HORRORS OF **SHANTY TOWN.**

NEXT PROG:

PREZZEL LOGIC!

JUDGE DREDD

IN PREZZEL LOGIC

EVERY MONTH, A GROUP OF TOP MEGA-CITY CRIMINALS MEETS TO PLAN THE **PERFECT CRIME** –

DA CHAIR RECOGNISES **DANZO PREZZEL !**

LET'S FACE IT, GUYS – EVERY TIME WE TRY TO PULL THE PERFECT CRIME, ONE INTERFERIN' BUSYBODY GETS IN OUR WAY – **JUDGE DREDD !**

SO IT STANDS TO REASON, WE GOTTA GET RID OF DREDD !

IT'S BEEN TRIED BEFORE, DUMDUM – NO ONE'S KILLED HIM YET !

THAT'S WHERE THEY'VE ALL GONE WRONG ! WE DON'T **NEED** TO KILL HIM !

WAY I SEE IT, ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GET **DREDD** TO **COMMIT A CRIME** – **ANY** CRIME ! THE GUY'S SO STRAIGHT, HE'D SENTENCE **HIMSELF** TO **TWENTY YEARS ON TITAN !**

HEY ! SMART THINKIN' !

MY PLAN IS SIMPLE, BUT INGENIOUS. WE TRICK DREDD INTO RIDING THE **WRONG WAY** UP A **ONE WAY STREET !**

PERP HERE

ONE WAY

DREDD HERE

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
RON SMITH

LETTERING
T FRAME

NO ENTRY

THE BAIT IS CHOSEN - **SCURVY DYKESON**, A PERP WANTED FOR **HOMICIDE**. THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE TRAP IS SPRUNG -

ONE WAY

HEY, DREDD! CAN'T CATCH ME! **NA-NA-NANA-NA!**

BAAM

LATER THAT DAY, THE MEETING IS RECONVENED –

SIMPLE BUT INGENIOUS, EH?

YOU GOTTA ADMIT, IT LOOKED GOOD ON PAPER.

OKAY, SO WE CUT THE FANCY STUFF AND GO STRAIGHT FOR THE JUGULAR! **RUB HIM OUT!**

WE TOLD YA – IT'S BEEN TRIED!

NOT **MY** WAY!

HOMING MISSILES – SATURATION ATTACK. A **THOUSAND** OR SO OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH. ONE OF 'EM'S **BOUND** TO GET THROUGH!

WHAT A SCAM! IT CAN'T FAIL!

DREDD IS MAKING A ROUTINE ARREST WHEN THE ATTACK IS LAUNCHED –

L-L-LOOK!

HOMING MISSILES!

BOOM! BOOM!

TOO MANY OF 'EM!

ON THE BIKE, CREEP! WE GOTTA **RIDE!**

KAPOW!

SOMEBODY'S AFTER ME IN A BIG WAY!

BLAM!

KBLAM!

EACH MISSILE IS PROGRAMMED TO **HOME** ON DREDD'S **NEURAL PATTERNS** –

KEEP 'EM FIRING, BOYS! STILL GOT **NINE HUNDRED** TO GO!

AHEAD OF DREDD, THE FORTRESS SHAPE OF A JUSTICE DEPT. **I-BLOCK** LOOMS –

BOOM!

BDAMM!

ATTENTION, **I-BLOCK 22!** I HAVE **MULTIPLE HOMERS** CONVERGING ON ME! COULD DO WITH A LITTLE **ASSISTANCE!**

HIGH-PRECISION LASERS LANCE FROM THE I-BLOCK –

OPEN BAY SEVEN!

KBLAM!

BOOM!

H-HECK! ALL THIS AN' I WAS ONLY **JAYWALKING!**

KBOOM!

KBOOM!

KBOOM!

CLOSE THOSE DOORS!

I-BLOCKS ARE BUILT TO WITHSTAND ANYTHING SHORT OF A **NUKE** –

KBLAM!

KBLAMM!

KBLAM!

SOMEBODY GOT SOMETHING AGAINST YOU, DREDD ?

KINDA LOOKS THAT WAY! RECKON I'LL HANG AROUND TILL THINGS COOL DOWN A BIT !

THE MEETING IS ONCE AGAIN RECONVENED –

OKAY, OKAY! SO WE CAN'T GET HIM ARRESTED AND WE CAN'T KILL HIM. BUT I'VE GOT A **BETTER** IDEA –

SPONTS !

"**SPONTS**" – OR **SPONTANEOUS CONFESSORS** – ARE AN EVERY DAY FEATURE OF A JUDGE'S LIFE. USUALLY THEY COME ONE AT A TIME, BUT NOW, A **FLOOD** OF **MOB-CONTROLLED** SPONTS MOVES INTO ACTION –

THERE HE IS !

HEY, JUDGE DREDD! **I WANNA CONFESS !**

IT WAS **ME** WHO PULLED THE **CRUCKER JOB !** GIMME FIFTY YEARS !

FRISK ME ! I'M CARRYIN' SOMETHIN' ILLEGAL BUT I AIN'T SAYIN' WHERE !

I SPAT ON A WALKWAY ! ARREST ME !

DREDD TO CONTROL. BETTER SEND REINFORCEMENTS – AND QUICK !

EVERY SPONT'S STORY MUST BE CHECKED. EVEN WITH REINFORCEMENTS, THE QUEUE SOON SWELLS TO MASSIVE PROPORTIONS –

THERE'S GOT TO BE AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS – AND I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA WHAT IT IS.

COVER FOR ME. I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO IT !

DREDD

THAT AFTERNOON, THE JUBILANT SCHEMERS MEET TO CELEBRATE –

THE SPONTS'LL KEEP DREDD SO BUSY HE WON'T BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON **REAL** CRIME FOR **YEARS** !

A TOAST! TO **DANZO PREZZEL** – THE SMARTEST CRUMB IN THE CITY !

KARRAM!

I WANT A **WORD** WITH YOU CREEPS !

PLEASE, JUDGE DREDD! LISTEN TO ME! I'VE DONE LOTSA BAD THINGS!

WAIT OUTSIDE!

YOU CREEPS THINK YOU'RE REAL SMART! THINK I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HOLD THESE MONTHLY MEETINGS! THINK I HAVEN'T FIGURED WHAT YOU'RE UP TO –

SO WHAT! YOU CAN'T **PROVE** ANYTHING, DREDD!

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'VE GOT EVERY ANGLE COVERED. ALWAYS GOT SOME POOR DUPE TO GIVE THE ORDERS FOR YOU – NEVER ANY **EVIDENCE** TO LINK **YOU** WITH **YOUR CRIMES!**

IT'S TIME I TAUGHT YOU A LESSON. **TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE** –

HEY! DOWN ON THE STREET – THERE ARE ROBOTS PAINTING **YELLOW LINES** WHERE OUR **CARS** ARE PARKED!

I DID SOME CHECKING. SEEMS THIS AREA WAS SCHEDULED AS A **NO PARKING ZONE** BEFORE THE **WAR**. PLANS GOT SLIGHTLY DELAYED.

I JUST GOT 'EM **SPEEDED UP AGAIN!**

PARKING ON THE DOUBLE-Y. SIX MONTHS APIECE. **MOVE!**

DREDD

IT AIN'T FAIR!

RECKON THE SPONTS WILL DROP AWAY SHARPLY AFTER THIS – NOT TO MENTION A FEW OTHER THINGS!

NOW, THE GROUP OF TOP MEGA-CITY CRIMINALS LANGUISH ALONE IN THEIR ISO-CUBES, DREAMING OF THE DAY WHEN THEY CAN ONCE MORE GET TOGETHER TO PLAN THE PERFECT CRIME...

MEANWHILE, THEY'RE WORKING ON **THE PERFECT ESCAPE!**

NEXT PROG:

TRAPPER HAG COMES TO TOWN!

JUDGE DREDD

HE CAME IN SEARCH OF BOUNTY –

HE FOUND... JUDGE DREDD!

HE'S THROWN UP AN ENERGY SHIELD!

KEEP FIRING! WE'LL TAKE THIS CREEP ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

IN TRAPPER HAG PART ONE

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T. FRAME

THREE RETIRED MEGA-CITY CRIMINALS MEET REGULARLY TO REMINISCE OVER PAST MISDEEDS –

'MEMBER THAT TIME WE SUCKERED THOSE GOONS ON PLANET SIGNUS 11?

HAW! WHAT A HOOT! WE HAD EVERY SPACE COP IN THE SYSTEM AFTER US! GOOD OLD "RETRO" JONES HERE GOT US AWAY CLEAN, AS USUAL!

YOU KNOW, BOYS, WE HAD TO DESTROY HALF A CITY TO CRACK THAT ALIEN BANK. ALWAYS SURPRISED ME NOTHIN' MORE CAME OF IT!

HOLY HARRY! W-WOULDYA LOOK AT THAT!

JEEZ... I'M SHEEING MONSHTERS! HOW MANY DRINKSH HAVE I HAD, JOE?

I AIN'T BEEN DRINKIN', AN' I SEE 'EM! RUN!

YOU ARE THE EARTHMEN KNOWN AS **SANCHO BURR**, **RUGGLY KELP** AND **JACOB "RETRO" JONES**?

TH-THAT'S US. WHO - WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

I AM **TRAPPER HAG**! I HAVE WARRANTS HERE FOR YOUR CAPTURE!

T-T-TRAPPER HAG - THE ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER!

THEY'VE CAUGHT UP WITH US AT LAST! **RUN**, SANCHO!

HELP! HE'S GOT ME!

HELP YOURSELF, JAKE! WE'RE IN TROUBLE HERE!

LET THEM FLEE! CAPTURE IS ALWAYS SWEETER AFTER THE **THRILL** OF THE **HUNT**!

LEMME OUT!

SEEK!

HRRAAOAOOOWWWW

GANGWAY, STOOP!

HEY, WATCH WHO YOU'RE PUSHIN'!

GRRAOOOWWW

OH MY LIFE!

AAAGH!

GRRAAW!

CEASE!

ONE MORE TO FIND! SEEK!

S-SOMEBODY BETTER CALL THE JUDGES!

AN EMERGENCY CALL GOES OUT –

ATTENTION ALL UNITS VICINITY LENNY BREZHNEV COM-WAY. REPORTS COMING IN, EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS RUNNING AMOK!

ID-8

LEFT

DREDD HERE – RESPONDING!

NEARBY –

CALL THEM **OFF**, TRAPPER! I-I **SURRENDER!**

SURRENDER WILL NOT HELP YOU, RUGGLY KELP. YOU WERE THE LEADER OF YOUR GANG. THE WARRANT ON YOU SAYS: **WANTED – DEAD.**

THE ONLY THING I REQUIRE IS YOUR **HEAD!**

THERE'S OUR PERP!

YOU'RE **UNDER ARREST**, CREEP!

ON WHAT **CHARGE?**

MURDER – ABDUCTION – ILLEGAL ENTRY – KEEPING PETS WITHOUT A **LICENCE** – WANT ME TO GO **ON?**

I AM **TRAPPER HAG**, LICENSED **BOUNTY HUNTER**. THESE HUMANS ARE WANTED ON PLANET **SIGNUS II**. I HAVE MERELY BROUGHT THEM **JUSTICE**.

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DID OR WHERE THEY DID IT. THIS IS MEGA-CITY ONE. YOU GOT A COMPLAINT, YOU MAKE IT THROUGH **US**.

THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING. **RAISE THE CLAWS OR I'LL PUT YOU ON A SLAB IN THE ALIEN MORGUE!**

YOU TALK TOUGH FOR A SMALL TOWN COP.

DO YOUR WORST!

HE'S THROWN UP AN **ENERGY SHIELD!** SHOTS AREN'T GETTING THROUGH!

16

YOUR PUNY EFFORTS WOULD BE LAUGHABLE IF YOU DIDN'T TAKE YOURSELVES SO SERIOUSLY.

BUT I HAVE BUSINESS TO CONDUCT – AND YOU'RE GETTING IN MY WAY!

KABOOOM!!

NEXT PROG:

...AND THREE LAY DEAD!

JUDGE DREDD

IN TRAPPER HAG PART TWO

THE ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER, **TRAPPER HAG**, HAS COME TO MEGA-CITY ONE. ALREADY HE HAS CAPTURED TWO CITIZENS AND EXECUTED A THIRD – AND THE JUDGES SEEM **POWERLESS** TO STOP HIM –

I HAVE BUSINESS TO CONDUCT – AND YOU ARE GETTING IN MY WAY!

BADOOOOM!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T. FRAME

HAG KEPT HIS PRISONERS IN A LARGE NET –

HOLY HARRY! IF HE CAN KNOCK OVER **JUDGES** EASY AS THAT, WE'VE GOT **NO** CHANCE!

SO YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, LITTLE MAN!

I HAVE WARRANTS ON OTHERS IN THIS PLACE. LET THIS BE A WARNING TO YOU –

DO NOT INTERFERE IN THE BUSINESS OF TRAPPER HAG!

THEN THE ALIEN TOUCHES A **DEVICE** ON HIS CROSSBELT –

HE'S... **TELEPORTING** OUT!

OTHER JUDGES ARRIVE ON THE SCENE –

WHAT A MESS!

EMERGENCY! **MED-SQUAD** TO THE BREZHNEV COM-WAY!

WHAT HAPPENED, DREDD?

ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER... HIT US WITH SOME KIND OF... **CONCUSSION** GRENADE. THE OTHERS... HOW ARE THEY...?

STREET'S COMING ROUND. WILDING'S HURT, BUT I RECKON HE'LL LIVE. 'FRAID THE OTHERS HAVE HAD IT.

THE SURVIVORS ARE RUSHED TO A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MED-BAY –

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

SUSPECTED INTERNAL INJURIES, CHIEF JUDGE. BE A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE STREET AND WILDING CAN RETURN TO DUTY.

DREDD OUGHT TO BE IN THE SAME BOAT, BUT YOU KNOW HIM. THE GUY'S SO STUBBORN HE WON'T **ADMIT** HE'S HURT.

THEY TELL ME YOU'RE BEING DIFFICULT, AS USUAL. DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO TAKE IT EASY FOR A DAY OR TWO ?

HOW CAN I TAKE IT EASY WITH THAT CREEP STILL ON THE STREETS ? ANY WORD ON HIM ?

NONE. WE'VE TRACED THE **TELEPORT BEAM** THOUGH, TO AN **UNIDENTIFIED SHIP** ON THE EDGE OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

TRAPPER HAG'S **BASE**. LAY ON SOME TRANSPORT, CHIEF JUDGE. I'M GOING UP THERE AFTER HIM.

YOU'RE NOT **FIT** FOR DUTY YET, DREDD.

I WAS **SENIOR JUDGE** AT THE ARREST, AND THREE MEN **DIED**. THAT MAKES IT **PERSONAL**.

FIT OR NOT, I'M GOING TO **NAIL** THAT CREEP !

WITHIN THE HOUR, A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IN-SYSTEM CRAFT STREAKS FROM THE CITY –

TELEPORT BEAM HAS JUST BEEN PICKED UP **RETURNING** TO THE CITY, DREDD.

TRAPPER HAG ON HIS ROUNDS! WHO'S HIS **VICTIM** THIS TIME ?

IN THE CITY –

THE ALIEN'S PROBABLE POSITION PINPOINTED TO **TEX TOOMIE BLOCK**. ALL UNITS CONVERGE.

IN APARTMENT 2100M, TEX TOOMIE BLOCK –

HUH ?

YOU ARE **CHARLIE WATEREDGE**, GRANDSON OF **FILBERT MARSUPIAL WATEREDGE** ?

Y-Y-YEAH...

I HAVE A **WARRANT** HERE ON YOU – 50,000 SKRUMYSE, **DEAD** OR **ALIVE**.

I-I AIN'T DONE **NOTHIN'** !

AGREED. BUT YOUR **GRANDFATHER** COMMITTED VARIOUS OFFENCES ON **PLANET EINSLAG** – AND UNDER EINSLAG LAW, GUILT EXTENDS TO THE THIRD GENERATION.

THAT MEANS **YOU** !

HOWEVER, AN EASY CAPTURE GIVES ME LITTLE SATISFACTION. I AM PREPARED TO GIVE YOU A **CHANCE**.

RUN, HUMAN ! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE !

I COUNT TO **ONE HUNDRED** – THEN **RELEASE** THE **BOUNTY BEASTS** !

APPROACHING SUSPECT SHIP NOW, DREDD. PARDON ME ASKING, BUT WHY DON'T WE JUST **TOTAL** IT?

CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE. COULD BE INNOCENTS ABOARD.

THE **LIMPET POD** IS READY. I'VE CHOSEN A SMALL SQUAD TO ACCOMPANY YOU.

FORGET IT. AGAINST TRAPPER HAG, ONE MAN'S GOT AS MUCH CHANCE AS **TWENTY**.

*THE **LIMPET POD** LOCKS ON, FORMING AN AIRTIGHT SEAL AGAINST THE ALIEN HULL –*

BURNING THROUGH NOW.

DROKK!

NEXT PROG • **HAG'S BEASTS!**

JUDGE DREDD

ON THE FRINGE OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, **JUDGE DREDD'S** LIMPET CRAFT HAS DOCKED WITH THE SHIP OF THE ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER, **TRAPPER HAG** —

AND THERE —

DROKK! HAG'S BEEN BUSY!

CAPTIVES FROM A HUNDRED SYSTEMS — THE GRISLY SPOILS OF AN ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER!

TRAPPER HAG PART THREE

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T. FRAME

AMONG THE CAPTIVES, EARTHMEN **SANCHO BURR** AND **JAKE "RETRO" JONES** —

JUDGE DREDD! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE GLAD TO SEE **YOU**! GET US OUT!

GIVE THE MAN TIME, JAKE — HE'S GOT OTHER PROBLEMS!

HRROOOWEEE!

HAG'S BEASTS!

BADAMMM! BADAMMM!

HROOOWWWW

THOUGHT THIS SHIP WAS KINDA LIGHT ON **SECURITY**!

MEANWHILE, IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S **TEX TOOMIE BLOCK**, ANOTHER EARTHMAN IS IN DANGER —

H-HELP ME! THEY'RE **AFTER ME!**

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHARLIE? **WHO'S** AFTER YOU?

TH-TH-**THEM!**

RUN!

THE ALIEN BEASTS! BLOW THEM AWAY!

KABOOM!

TRAPPER H-AAAGH!

YOU WERE WARNED TO STAY OUT OF MY BUSINESS!

HE'S GOT HIS **ENERGY SHIELD** UP!

THIS EARTHMAN IS WANTED ON PLANET EINSLAG FOR THE CRIMES OF HIS GRANDFATHER. DO NOT TRY TO HINDER THE PROCESS OF JUSTICE!

HE'S TELEPORTED OUT!

'**JUSTICE**' HE CALLS IT! IT'S **INSANITY!**

MEANWHILE –

DOWN, BOY!

CHONNK!

YOU PUT 'EM **ALL** TO SLEEP, JUDGE DREDD! YOU SURE GOT A WAY WITH ANIMALS!

TELEPORTER BEAM! THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S BACK!

NOW'S MY **CHANCE!** GOTTA NAIL HIM BEFORE HE GETS HIS SHIELD UP.

* "NOT BAD, FOR A PUNY EARTHMAN!" *THARG TRANSLATION SERVICE.*

BADAKK!

DROKK! NO GO!

YOU AGAIN! YOU FEEBLE DWARF! DID YOU THINK MY SHIP WOULD NOT **WARN** ME OF YOUR PRESENCE?

THE ALIEN'S CLAW TOUCHES HIS WRIST BAND –

–AND THE SHIELD EXPANDS WITH **SUDDEN FORCE!**

FZZZTT!

UHH!

COME ON, DREDD! GET UP! **FIGHT HIM!** YOU'RE OUR **LAST CHANCE!**

FIGHT HIM? YOU'RE **CRAZY!** HOW CAN I FIGHT **POWER** LIKE **HIS**?

GO ON, HAG – **KILL ME!**

WITH PLEASURE!

YOU'VE **BESTED** ME TWICE. I CAN NEVER HOLD MY **HEAD** UP IN MY CITY AGAIN.

TAKE YOUR AXE AND CHOP IT OFF!

AS THE ALIEN'S AXE POISES...

...DREDD'S HAND STEALS TOWARDS HIS **BOOT KNIFE!**

THEN DREDD MOVES!

CAUGHT YOU WITH YOUR SHIELD DOWN, HAG!

S-SEIZE HIM, MY BEASTS! RIP HIM!

SEIZE THIS!

AS THE ENERGY SHIELD COMES ON AGAIN —

HROOOO

NOW IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, CREEP — TRAPPED IN YOUR OWN SHIELD!

GRRUNCH!

JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TRY **TELEPORTING OUT!**

ROT YOU, EARTHMAN, YOU'LL PAY FOR — AAAGHH!

NOT SO HOT WITHOUT YOUR FANCY GIZMOS, EH?

HE'S DOWN - KILL HIM !

YES, KILL ME ! GET IT OVER WITH !

I **OUGHT** TO, CREEP. NO-ONE EVER **DESERVED** KILLING MORE THAN **YOU.**

BUT WE DON'T DO THINGS THAT WAY IN MY CITY !

JUDGE DREDD

TRAPPER HAG – YOU'RE **UNDER ARREST !**

NEXT PROG : **THE PRANKSTER**

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THE NEW GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE IS BEING OFFICIALLY OPENED BY CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER —

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

I HEREBY DECLARE THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE **OPEN!**

LET THIS BUILDING STAND FOREVER AS A SYMBOL OF EVERYTHING WE IN THIS CITY HOLD DEAR – **LAW, ORDER** AND THE UNFLINCHING PURSUIT OF **JUSTICE!**

SNIP!

JUDGE DREDD

KABOOOMB!

DROKK! THAT WAS SOME OPENING, CHIEF JUDGE!

THE PRANKSTER

LATER, IN THE **RUINS** OF THE NEW **GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE** –

DESTRUCTION ON A MASSIVE SCALE – NO-ONE INJURED – AND NO CLUES AS TO THE **PERP**. IT BEARS ALL THE HALLMARKS OF ONE MAN...

THE PRANKSTER!

A NUMBER OF FANTASTIC **PRACTICAL JOKES** HAD RECENTLY BEEN PLAYED IN MEGA-CITY ONE...

EVERY TRAFFIC CONTROL IN THE CITY HAS BEEN **ELECTRONICALLY JAMMED!** THE WHOLE CITY'S AT A STANDSTILL!

HOOT-HOOT!

BLARP!

PARP!

HONK!

IT'S THE BIGGEST SNARL-UP IN HISTORY!

...JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BELIEVED THEM ALL TO BE THE WORK OF **ONE PERSON**...

THE ENTIRE SECTOR'S **SEWAGE SYSTEM** HAS BEEN CLOGGED! ISSUE GASMASKS! **EMERGENCY EVACUATION!**

GAAAH!

PHEW!

YEUCH!

...THE UNKNOWN PERP THEY'D CHRISTENED...

LOOK OUT! **AIR-BURST!**

YAAAHH! ITCHING POWDER!

...THE PRANKSTER!

THE PRANKSTER'S MAKING A **MOCKERY** OF THE LAW! HE'S GOT TO BE **FOUND** – **BOOKED** – AND **LOCKED AWAY!**

IF WE KNEW WHERE HE'LL STRIKE NEXT, WE'D HAVE A CHANCE OF TRAPPING HIM.

RECKON THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT IS SET HIM A TARGET HE WON'T BE ABLE TO **RESIST!**

THAT EVENING, JUDGE DREDD APPEARS ON CITY-WIDE VID –

EVERY AVAILABLE WORKER IS BEING DRAFTED IN. THE **NEW** NEW **GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE** WILL BE OPENED ON **APRIL THE FIRST** – WITHOUT FAIL!

AND IF **THE PRANKSTER** HAS ANY IDEAS ABOUT DESTROYING IT AGAIN, HE CAN **FORGET** THEM! SECURITY WILL BE SO TIGHT, EVEN A FLY WON'T GET IN THERE WITHOUT US KNOWING!

OH YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, JUDGE DREDD!

HE'S **TAUNTING** YOU, SIR. HE'S CHALLENGING YOU TO REPEAT YOUR LAST ESCAPADE IN ORDER TO **TRAP** YOU.

OF COURSE HE IS, HIVES! AND IT'S A CHALLENGE I'VE NO INTENTION OF REFUSING!

I'LL FIND A WAY IN THERE – AND I'LL MAKE DREDD LOOK SO SICK, HE'LL **NEVER** LIVE IT DOWN!

IF IT CAN BE DONE, I WILL DO IT. AFTER ALL, I **AM** THE PRANKSTER!

BY MARCH 31ST, CONSTRUCTION WORK IS COMPLETE –

JUDGE CORDON ALL ROUND THE BUILDING; SPY-IN-THE-SKY SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS; RADIO, AUDIO AND VIDEO MONITORS EVERYWHERE!

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST TO ABANDON THIS ATTEMPT, SIR. JUDGE DREDD MEANT WHAT HE SAID – EVEN A FLY COULDN'T GET IN THERE

MAYBE A FLY COULDN'T, HIVES – BUT I KNOW ONE **MAN** WHO **CAN**!

DARKNESS FALLS, BUT THE JUDGES' VIGILANCE DOES NOT WAVER —
TOMORROW'S OPENING DAY. IF THE PRANKSTER'S GONNA TRY ANYTHING, IT'LL BE TONIGHT. STAY ON YOUR TOES.
CONTROL TO DREDD!
REST EASY. THE PRANKSTER'S JUST TURNED UP AT SECTION HOUSE NORTH. HE'S CONFESSED TO EVERYTHING!
YOU SURE IT'S HIM?
POSITIVE. LIE DETECTORS CONFIRM HIS STORY. CHIEF JUDGE WANTS YOU TO CONDUCT THE INTERROGATION.
ON MY WAY!
MAINTAIN SECURITY — JUST IN CASE!
WILCO.
YOUR FAKE BROADCAST WORKED, SIR. THERE HE GOES!
WISH ME LUCK, HIVES!
HERE I GO!
SWITCHING ON SCRAMBLER NOW!
BUT IN DREDD'S MIND, A SUSPICION IS GROWING —
SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT MESSAGE... WHY THE DEVIL WOULD THE PRANKSTER COME IN AND CONFESS? THAT AIN'T HIS STYLE!
DREDD TO CONTROL! GET ME CONFIRMATION ON MESSAGE RECEIVED 23.54 HOURS!
BLEEEeeeEEEeee
eeeEEEEEeeeee
SIGNAL'S NOT GETTING THROUGH! SOMEBODY'S BLOCKING IT WITH A SCRAMBLER!
AND I BET I CAN GUESS WHO!

DREDD'S COMING BACK! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

MESSAGE WAS A FAKE! THE PRANKSTER COULD BE IN THE BUILDING EVEN NOW. STAY ON GUARD – I'LL CHECK!

WILCO, DREDD!

THAT PRANKSTER SURE IS A BARREL OF TRICKS!

YEAH – BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN HIM TO PUT ONE PAST DREDD!

K

DREDD!

to

BUT I THOUGHT YOU JUST WENT INSIDE!

DROKK! SO **THAT'S** HIS GAME!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SEARCH ME!

IT WON'T TAKE THEM LONG TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED. I'LL HAVE TO BLOW THESE CHARGES AS SOON AS I LEAVE!

STILL, IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT— **APRIL FOOL'S DAY!** PERFECT TIMING FOR THE PRANKSTER'S BIGGEST PRANK!

004

DON'T COUNT ON IT, CREEP! THERE'S ONLY ONE APRIL FOOL AROUND HERE— **YOU!**

J-J-JUDGE D-DREDD!

ARTIFICIAL CHIN, HUH?

OW!

THWAP!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

NEXT DAY, FIRST ADMISSION TO THE HOLDING PENS BENEATH THE NEW NEW GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE IS THE PRANKSTER—

REAL NAME – MONTAGUE JÖRN THE SECOND. AN IDLE **BILLIONAIRE** WITH TOO MUCH TIME ON HIS HANDS – RELIEVED THE BOREDOM PLAYING **PRANKS!**

HE'S GONNA HAVE A LOT **MORE** TIME ON HIS HANDS – **TWENTY YEARS** OF IT!

NEXT PROG: SEE NEXT PAGE

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT T. B. GROVER
ART C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING T. FRAME

DROKK! THE HILLS ARE ALIVE, DREDD!

AND IT AIN'T WITH THE SOUND OF MUSIC!

DREDD

In the Starborn Thing Part 1

IT CAME HURTLING OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE COSMOS. HIDDEN IN ITS BOWELS A CARGO DEADLIER THAN EARTH HAD EVER KNOWN!

IN MEGA-CITY ONE IT WAS OBSERVED, NOTED AND TRACKED -

1ST

-TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE AMIDST THE **GRIFF MOUNTAINS** IN THE **CURSED EARTH** RADIATION DESERT.

A DAY LATER, **JUDGE DREDD** IS CALLED TO SEE **CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER** —

THAT **UFO** THAT CAME DOWN IN THE GRIFF MOUNTAINS — WE SENT AN H-WAGON TO INVESTIGATE.

WHAT DID THEY FIND?

NOTHING — THEY COULDN'T GET **CLOSE** ENOUGH.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S EMITTING AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL **MAGNETIC FIELD** — SENT THE H-WAGON'S INSTRUMENTS **HAYWIRE**. THEY HAD TO TURN BACK.

NOT JUST YOUR STANDARD METEOR, THEN?

FAR FROM IT. I'M SENDING IN A TEK-PARTY BY LAND. I WANT YOU TO LEAD IT. HOW SOON CAN YOU BE READY TO LEAVE?

I'M READY NOW.

LATER THAT DAY —

GRIFF MOUNTAINS DEAD AHEAD, DREDD. OUR INSTRUMENTS ARE STARTING TO PLAY UP ALREADY. THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN TAKE YOU.

THE CENTRE OF THE MAGNETIC DISRUPTION IS AT THE HEAD OF **HOSSANJO VALLEY**.

LET'S MOVE!

AS DREDD'S SQUAD ENTERS THE GRIFF FOOTHILLS —

MAGNETIC FORCE INCREASING. EXPEC SOME+++++ BIKE MALFUNC++FUNC++FUNC+++

YIPPYAIYAAY! REPEAT+++ REPEAT+++ REPOOT! DATA COMING — fffff... NO! ++ TUBULATION CAN'T+TTT++

DROKK! BIKES ARE GOING CRAZY! **SWITCH OFF!**

ARHH!

RUNCH'S BIKE HAS THROWN HIM!

WARNING DRAX! MEET FOR LEFT ABLOW! ++ BEWORE SNIPER!!!

ACK! ACK! ACK!

VRMMM

IT'S TURNED ON US! TAKE COVER AND RETURN FIRE!

BBDDWAMM!

WHATEVER'S IN THAT VALLEY, DREDD, IT'S EMITTING MAGNETIC FORCE ON A SCALE I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED. TO AFFECT THE BIKES' INSTRUMENTATION AT **THIS** RANGE – IT'S **INCREDIBLE!**

AND IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE. FROM HERE ON, WE GO ON **FOOT.**

*THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS AND INTO THE NARROW, WINDING **HOSSANJO VALLEY.** WITH EACH STEP, CONDITIONS DETERIORATE –*

IT'S LIKE WALKING INTO A... HURRICANE!

TREMENDOUS FORCE...!

FEEL...LIKE I'M BEING... STRETCHED LIKE **RUBBER!**

LOOK! THE VALLEY WALLS — THEY'RE **WARPING!**

THE ROCKS ARE COMING TO LIFE!

OBEI!

AAAAAGHHH!

DROKK! WHAT KIND OF MAGNETIC FORCE COULD DO **THIS**?

IT SURE AIN'T **NATURAL!**

NATURAL OR NOT, WE BETTER PUT UP SOME RESISTANCE OR WE'RE DONE FOR!

SHRAMM!

KRAK!

FRISK! LOOK OUT!

KERRAK!

YOU'RE NOT SAFE YET — THE ROCK'S WARPING AGAIN!

CAN'T GET OUT — IT'S **CLOSING** ON ME!

ARRGH!

DROKK IT, WE CAN'T FIGHT **THIS**, DREDD!

AGREED! FALL BACK! I'LL GIVE YOU COVERING FIRE!

THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE MADNESS FADES AWAY—

THE MAGNETIC FIELD — IT'S **GONE!**

TOO LATE FOR OBEI AND FRISK!

THERE'S SOMETHING VER-RY **ODD** GOIN' ON HERE!

I KINDA NOTICED!

WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT. **FOLLOW ME!**

AND, AROUND A BEND —

LOOK! OVER THERE!

AS THEY WATCH, THE GIANT SPHERE — **CRACKS OPEN!**

OWWROOO!

STOMM!

WHAT D'YOU RECKON IT IS?

IT'S GOT TO BE THE SOURCE OF THE MAGNETIC FIELD. SOME SORT OF DEFENSIVE MECHANISM, I'D GUESS.

SOMETHING INSIDE...

NEXT PROG: **THE INNER ALIEN!**

JUDGE DREDD

In the Starborn Thing Part 2

AN ALIEN PROJECTILE HAS LANDED IN THE CURSED EARTH. JUDGE DREDD AND A TEK-PARTY ARE SENT TO INVESTIGATE. NOW, IN THE HOSSANJO VALLEY —

DROKK! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN ALIEN!

OOWOOA

SOUNDS LIKE IT'S... IN PAIN!

RRRAAAAOOOE

RUNCH!

AARGH!

IN BLIND AGONY, THE CREATURE LASHES OUT —

KRROOM!

AAFIAOA

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

THEN IT STUMBLES... CLAWS HELPLESSLY AT THE UNCARING ROCK —

FWUUMPHF!

FOR A MOMENT IT TWITCHES CONVULSIVELY... AND THEN...

LOOKS LIKE IT'S... DEAD!

YOU OKAY, RUNCH?

FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN RUN OVER BY A MOPAD!

DEAD, ALL RIGHT. WEIRD — TO HAVE COME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO DIE ON A STRANGE PLANET.

GOTTA BE MORE TO IT THAN THAT.

HERE — TAKE A LOOK AT ITS **BRAIN** THROUGH THE **X-RAY SCANNER.**

PRETTY SMALL.

YEAH. I'D RATE ITS INTELLIGENCE ABOUT ON A PAR WITH A KILO OF MUNCE!

LOOK AT THAT SPHERE – COULD A CREATURE WITH SUCH LIMITED INTELLIGENCE HAVE BUILT SOMETHING LIKE **THAT**?

YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE, DEEX. BUT IF **IT** DIDN'T, WHAT **DID**? AND WHY SEND IT **HERE**?

DREDD – THERE'S A **SWELLING** FORMING ON ITS ABDOMEN. CHECK IT OUT WITH THE SCANNER.

DROKK! THERE'S SOMETHING **ALIVE** IN THERE – BURROWING ITS WAY OUT!

PROBABLY SOME TYPE OF **PARASITIC LIFEFORM**, FEEDING ON THE ALIEN. ALMOST CERTAINLY THE CAUSE OF HIS DEATH.

THE SKIN'S SPLITTING!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S COMING OUT!

I'LL GET A **SENSOR** ONTO IT – TAKE SOME READINGS!

DROKK! IT'S GOT **ME!**

INSTINCTIVELY, RUNCH PULLS AWAY – AND A **GHASTLY FORM** IS **RIPPED** FROM THE SWELLING!

GRUD! WHAT HELL-SPAWNED **DEMON** IS THIS?

GET IT OFF ME! **GET IT OFF!**

HELP HIM, DEEX!

THEN **DREDD** HIMSELF IS SEIZED BY THE **PARASITE'S** GRASPING TENTACLES!

ONE WRITHING LIMB RISES. NEEDLE-SHARP SPINES SPIT OUT –

AND BITE HOME!

UNNGH!

THE THING'S DONE SOMETHING TO HIM!

USE YOUR KNIFE, RUNCH! CUT HIM LOOSE!

AS THEY STRUGGLE, DREDD'S HAND MOVES TO HIS LAWGIVER -

BLAWM!

RUNCH! YOU'VE KILLED **RUNCH!**

I...**DIDN'T** DO IT! *SOMETHING'S...* CONTROLLING MY... **MOVEMENTS...**

THE PARASITE! IT'S GOTTA BE! IT...IT'S TURNING ON **YOU**, NOW...

SHOOT ME, DEEX! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

AAAAH!

NEXT PROG: **A JUDGE POSSESSED!**

JUDGE DREDD

In the Starborn Thing Part 3

IN THE CURSED EARTH, JUDGE DREDD HAS BECOME HOST FOR A TERRIFYING ALIEN PARASITE —

THE PARASITE'S CONTROLLING MY MOVEMENTS!

SHOOT ME, DEEX — BEFORE IT MAKES ME KILL YOU!

BLAMM!

BLAMM!

AAAHH!

I'VE KILLED THEM BOTH! WHAT'VE I DONE?

WHAT HAS THIS THING MADE ME DO?

THE THING FORCES DREDD TO TURN. STEERS HIS HELPLESS BODY AWAY FROM ITS VICTIMS —

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

– BACK DOWN THE HOSSANJO VALLEY –

MY BIKE... IF I COULD REACH IT – USE THE **RADIO**...

NO GOOD CONSIDERING IT. CAN'T EVEN RAISE MY ARM TO REACH MY PERSONAL COMMUNICATOR IN MY BELT.

THE CREATURE'S **TAPPED INTO** MY CENTRAL **NERVOUS SYSTEM.** MY MIND IS MY OWN... BUT MY BODY – MY **EVERY ACTION** – BELONGS TO THIS **ALIEN OBSCENITY!**

BEYOND THE VALLEY, ONE FROND-LIKE LIMB RISES... SWAYING THIS WAY AND THAT... AS IF TRYING TO CATCH A SCENT...

FORCING ME TO TURN **NORTH.** IT'S AFTER SOMETHING THERE... BUT **WHAT?**

MEANWHILE, IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –

LONG RANGE MONITORS SHOW THE **MAGNETIC FIELD** ROUND THAT GRIFF MOUNTAIN UFO HAS **DISAPPEARED.**

SO DREDD AND HIS PARTY GOT THROUGH TO IT. GOOD. HAS HE REPORTED IN YET?

NEGATIVE, CHIEF JUDGE. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT RADIO COMMUNICATION'S LIKE WITH THE CURSED EARTH.

TRUE. WHEN HE GETS IN, SEND HIM STRAIGHT TO ME. I'LL BE INTERESTED TO HEAR HOW HE DEALT WITH THE PROBLEM.

AHEAD – A MUTANT SETTLEMENT, STOCKADED AGAINST MARAUDERS.

SOMEONE COMING! LOOKS LIKE A JUDGE!

WHAT IN HELL IS **THAT** ON HIS **HEAD**?

SURE AIN'T A **HAT!**

HE'S DRAWING HIS GUN! WHAT'S HE **UP** TO?

IN ANSWER TO THE MUTANTS' QUESTION, A HIGH EXPLOSIVE BULLET FROM DREDD'S LAWGIVER BLOWS THE STOCKADE'S MAKESHIFT GATE OFF ITS HINGES –

BADOOM!

YOU PEOPLE! FOR SOME REASON, THIS THING SEEMS TO WANT ENTRY TO YOUR SETTLEMENT! **ON NO ACCOUNT PERMIT IT TO GAIN ENTRY!**

TOO DARN RIGHT WE WON'T! GRAB ANYTHING! **PELT HIM!**

KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN! THE THING'S GOT TOTAL **CONTROL** OF MY ACTIONS!

AIEEEE!

THUNK!

CLANG!

ZOK!

IT'S MAKING ME BACK OFF! MUST REALISE I MIGHT GET HURT TRYING TO BLAST MY WAY IN!

THE HOURS PASS. DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT. STILL DREDD DOES NOT MOVE. ROOTED TO THE SPOT, LIKE A STATUE, A **TOOL** OF THE **ALIEN PARASITE** —

IT'S NOT LEAVING. WHATEVER IT WANTS IN THERE, IT'S DETERMINED TO HAVE IT.

HE'S PULLED BACK OUT OF RANGE. WHAT'S HE WAITIN' FOR?

SEARCH ME! KEEP AN EYE ON HIM. IF HE MAKES A MOVE, SOUND THE ALERT.

THE REST OF YOU, HELP GET THIS GATE REPAIRED!

THE THING'S INTELLIGENT, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN. COULD IT HAVE BUILT THAT SPACE PROJECTILE?

NOT ON ITS OWN, PERHAPS... BUT WITH THE HELP OF HUMANOIDS LIKE ME...?

BUT **WHY**? WHY COME HERE? WHAT IS IT **AFTER**?

HE AIN'T MOVED A MUSCLE. JUST STANDIN' THERE, LIKE A ZOMBIE.

KINDA **CREEPY**, AIN'T IT?

AND THEN –

IT'S MOVING! TIGHTENING ITS GRIP ON MY THROAT! CAN'T... BREATHE...

HEY! HE JUST LAY DOWN! MAYBE HE'S GOING TO SLEEP!

MORE LIKELY A TRICK TO DRAW US OUT! WELL, WE AIN'T FALLIN' FOR IT!

*AS DREDD LIES UNCONSCIOUS, THE THING BEGINS TO **DETACH ITSELF!***

*A SCORPION-LIKE **STING** CURLS UPWARDS –*

–AND PIERCES!

THEN THE PARASITE TURNS AWAY, AND SLOWLY, CLUMSILY, SLITHERS TOWARDS ITS QUARRY!

NEXT PROG: **CREEPING EVIL!**

JUDGE DREDD

In the Starborn Thing Part 4

SCRIPT T. B. GROVER
ART C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING T. FRAME

IN THE CURSED EARTH, MUTANT GUARDS KEEP WATCH FROM THEIR RAMSHACKLE STOCKADE —

YOU HEAR A KINDA... SQUELCHIN' SOUND, FANG?

FANG?

TH-TH-THE THING!

GET OFF HIM, YA MONSTROSITY!

ULK! ST-STRANGLIN' ME... CAN'T... CAN'T...

UNGGGGG!

ITS VICTIM UNCONSCIOUS, THE **THING** RAISES ITS STING TO COMPLETE ITS **ODIOUS** TASK –

AND SLITHERS INSIDE THE STOCKADE, SLURPING...SLOPPING...

TOWARDS ITS VICTIMS... SLEEPING SOUNDLY...

...BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE **HORROR** THAT MOVES AMONGST THEM –

UNAWARE OF THE **SLIMY TENDRILS** SNAKING OVER THEIR SLUMBERING FLESH!

CAREFULLY – OH, SO CAREFULLY – CREEPS THE STARBORN THING...

...AND EVEN THE SUDDEN SHARP **STAB** OF ITS STING CAUSES BUT A MOMENTARY GROAN...

UNNNNNNNN

DAWN. OUTSIDE THE SETTLEMENT, **JUDGE DREDD** GROGGILY ROUSES FROM HIS STUPOR –

SHARP, STABBING PAIN IN MY GUT...

THE **ALIEN PARASITE** – IT'S **GONE !**

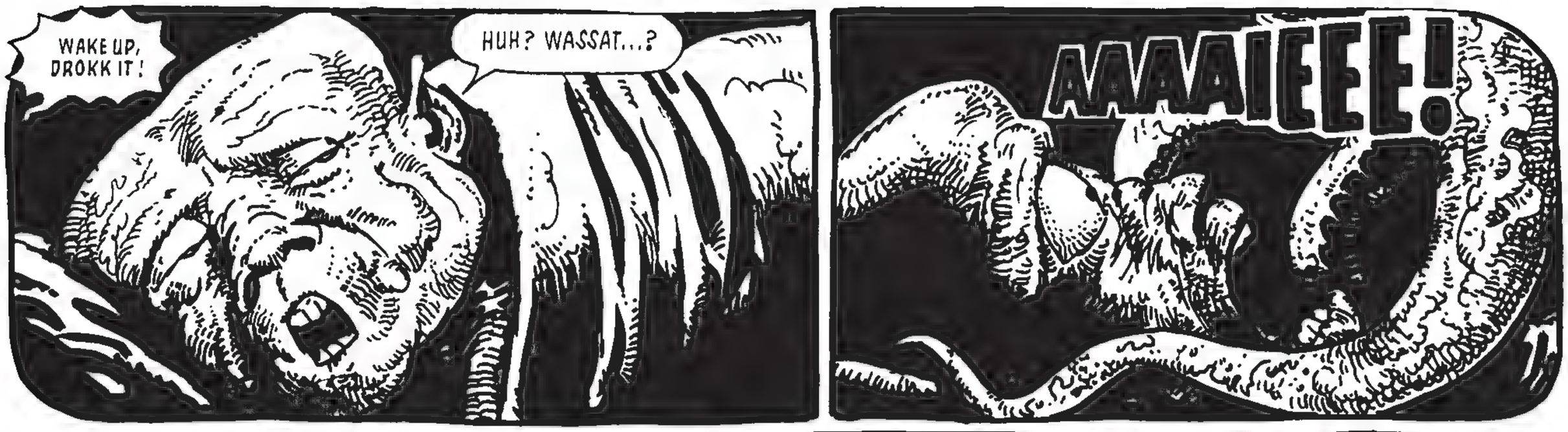
THE SETTLEMENT !

TWO BODIES ! IT'S GOT IN !

BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!

WAKE UP !

THE **THING** IS **LOOSE !**


WAKE UP, DROKK IT!
HUH? WASSAT...?
AAAAIEEE!

SCREAM CAME FROM THAT SHACK!
IT'S GOT THE GOON!
G-G-GERRITOFF!

IT'S SEIZED CONTROL OF HIM, MAKING HIM COME AT ME WITH A CLUB.
SHOOSH!
WHOOSH!
BLAT!

NO TIME TO FOOL AROUND!

THE THING'S GOTTA DIE!

INCENDIARY!

FWMPH!

IT'S OFF!

HELLLPP MEEE!

COVER YOUR MODESTY, PAL!

MY BLANKET!

GOT TO SMOTHER HIS CLOTHES.

AND ON THE BARE GROUND, THE **STARBORN THING** HISSED, CRACKLED... AND **DIED!**

NEXT PROG · **THE MONSTER BROOD!**

JUDGE DREDD

In the Starborn Thing Part 5

A TERRIFYING **ALIEN PARASITE** HAD TAKEN CONTROL OF **JUDGE DREDD** AND FORCED HIM TO BRING IT TO A CURSED EARTH MUTANT SETTLEMENT. THERE, IT ABANDONED DREDD AND ATTACKED THE SETTLERS. BUT NOW –

IS IT – **DEAD?**

SURE LOOKS LIKE IT TO ME!

JUDGE DREDD! WHAT'S **WRONG?**

PAIN IN MY GUT... GETTIN' **WORSE!**

OUTA MY WAY!

GOTTA... GET OUT OF HERE...

GOTTA GET BACK TO **HOSSANJO VALLEY...**

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART C.EZQUERRA
LETTERING T.FRAME

STRANGE KINDA WAY FOR THAT JUDGE TO BEHAVE! HEY! WHAT'S UP, SKUGG?

FEEL KINDA SICK... GOT A BAD **ACHE** IN MY BELLY...

H-HECK! SOME O' THE OTHERS HAS GOT IT, TOO!

MUST BE CAUSED BY THE **FUMES** GIVEN OFF BY THE THING. DON'T WORRY, FELLAS - I'LL BURY IT OUT HERE!

*HOURS LATER, A PAIN-RACKED FIGURE STUMBLES THROUGH THE BADLANDS OF THE **GRIFF FOOTHILLS** -*

FEEL LIKE... SOMETHING'S **EATING AWAY** AT ME...

MY BIKE - WHERE I LEFT IT! MAYBE SOMETHING IN THE...MEDI-PAK!

DROKK - I'M JUST WASTIN' MY TIME! ONLY... ONE PLACE I'LL GET HELP - HOSSANJO VALLEY!

BUT THERE'S NOTHIN' THERE... EXCEPT **BODIES** - AND THE **SPHERE** THE PARASITE CAME IN...

THAT'S IT! THE NEST...**THE NEST**! FEEL BETTER THERE... BE SAFE!

GRUD! I'M THINKING LIKE A LUNATIC! SOME CRAZY IMPULSE GRIPPING ME... BECOMING **STRONGER!**

GOTTA **FIGHT** IT, AND THESE HANDCUFFS WILL MAKE **SURE** I DON'T **LOSE.**

DREDD

SWITCHING ON...

BIKE! GET ME BACK TO THE CITY... FAST!

WILCO, JUDGE DREDD.

WHATEVER ELSE I SAY... **IGNORE** IT!

CLICK!

UNDERSTOOD.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE MUTANT STOCKADE –

OPEN THE GATES, DAMN YOU, HOOT!

BUT YOU CAN'T LEAVE! YOU'RE ALL **SICK!** STAY HERE – WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU!

YOU **CAN'T** HELP US, HOOT! **STAND ASIDE!**

NO –

AAAAGH!

WH-WHICH WAY?

TO THE GRIFF MOUNTAINS! **TO THE NEST!**

LATE AFTERNOON, AND A LAWMASTER STREAKS TOWARDS THE DISTANT CITY -

DROKK YOU, BIKE! **TURN AROUND!**

PLEASE, BIKE... I'M IN **PAIN** HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK...TO THE NEST...

NEGATIVE, JUDGE DREDD.

AAAAAAAAAGGH!

LAWMASTER APPROACHING! UNIDENTIFIED JUDGE - AND HE LOOKS **HURT!**

OPEN THOSE GATES!

IT'S DREDD! HE'S CHAINED TO HIS BIKE!

HELP... ME...

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG, DREDD?

I'M... GOING TO HAVE... A **BABY!**

GET HIM DOWN TO MED-BAY - QUICK!

ON SECOND THOUGHTS, MAKE IT THE **PSYCHO UNIT!** I THINK HE'S CRACKED UP!

SOON, IN A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MED-BAY -

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, CHIEF JUDGE!

SOME SORT OF **GROWTH** *IN DREDD'S ABDOMEN - SLOWLY INCREASING IN SIZE!*

MALIGNANT?

NO WAY OF TELLING. WE'RE OPERATING IMMEDIATELY TO REMOVE IT!

DROKK! I'VE FOUND A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS INSIDE PEOPLE - BUT **THIS** BEATS 'EM ALL!

AN **EGG!**

LOOKS LIKE DREDD WAS GOING TO BE A MOTHER AFTER ALL!

NEXT PROG: **THE INCUBI!**

JUDGE DREDD

the Starborn Thing Part 6

IN THE CURSED EARTH'S **HOSSANJO VALLEY**, A SWARM OF **CRAZED MUTANTS** STUMBLES TOWARDS A GLOWING **ALIEN SPHERE**. CRAZED...FOR WITHIN THEM DWELL **THE CHILDREN OF THE STARBORN THING!**

THE NEST CALLS US!

WE WILL BE SAFE...IN THE NEST!

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART C.EZQUERRA
LETTERING T.FRAME

AN HOUR EARLIER, IN A **MEGA-CITY** MED-BAY –

CONGRATULATIONS, DREDD! YOU'VE BECOME THE **MOTHER** OF A FINE, BOUNCING **BABY ALIEN!**

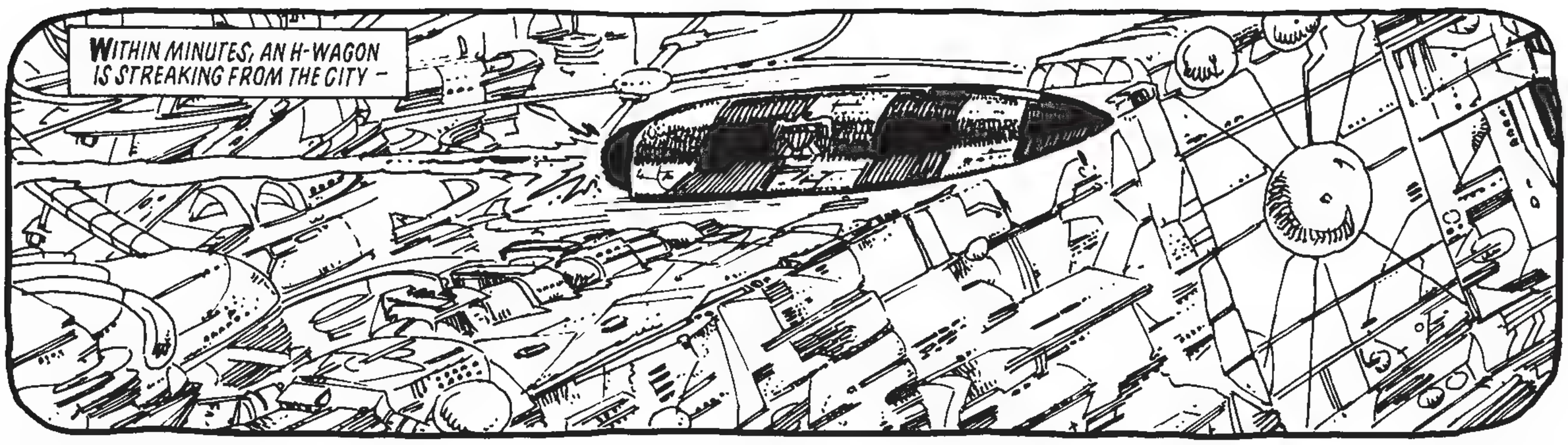
CUT THE WISECRACKS, STRANG! WHAT IS IT?

AN **EGG!** THE **ALIEN PARASITE** MUST HAVE **LAID** IT IN YOU. YOU WERE A **LIVING INCUBATOR!**

THANK GRUD WE GOT TO IT IN TIME!

WRONG, CHIEF JUDGE! THE MUTANT SETTLEMENT...THERE COULD BE HUNDREDS MORE LIKE ME OUT THERE!

DROKK!


WITHIN MINUTES, AN H-WAGON IS STREAKING FROM THE CITY –

AND SOON –
YOU'RE TOO LATE! THEY ALL LEFT HOURS AGO!
LIKE ZOMBIES, THEY WERE! HEADING TOWARDS THE GRIFF MOUNTAINS!

WINCH ME UP AND LET'S GET GOING! HOSSANJO VALLEY!

IT TAKES THE H-WAGON SCANT MINUTES TO REACH THE NARROW, WINDING CANYON. AND THERE –
WE HAVE THEM ON VISUAL! THEY'RE ENTERING THE SPHERE NOW!

THE NEST!
WE'RE HOME IN OUR NEST!

H-WAGON TO CONTROL! THE SPHERE IS **CLOSING UP** - TRAPPING THE MUTIES INSIDE!

THEN SUDDENLY -

SENSORS REPORT MASSIVE **MAGNETIC SHIELD** BUILDING UP AROUND THE SPHERE!

IT'S TEARING US **APAAAARRT!**

IN MEGA-CITY ONE -

WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE H-WAGON, CHIEF JUDGE!

THEN THEY'VE HAD IT!

WHAT D'YOU MAKE OF IT, DREDD?

WAY I SEE IT, THE SPHERE IS A **NEST** - A SOPHISTICATED **PROTECTIVE COCOON** DESIGNED BY THE PARASITE.

THE EGGS MUST PRODUCE **HORMONAL CHANGES** IN THE HOST-BODY, COMPELLING IT TO **RETURN** THERE!

ONCE INSIDE, THE PARASITES CAN HATCH OUT IN TOTAL SAFETY - WITH AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF **LIVE FOOD!**

SO WHAT DO WE **DO** ABOUT IT?

NOTHING WE **CAN** DO UNTIL THAT MAGNETIC SCREEN SWITCHES OFF. IT HAPPENS JUST BEFORE **HATCHING.**

UNTIL THEN, WE **WAIT!**

IT IS THIRTEEN DAYS LATER WHEN DREDD RECEIVES THE PRIORITY-ONE CALL –

CONTROL TO DREDD! THAT CURSED EARTH MAGNETIC FIELD HAS JUST BEEN **SWITCHED OFF!** H-WAGON IS ON ITS WAY TO PICK YOU UP.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, ABOVE **HOSSANJO VALLEY** –

LOOKS LIKE IT'S OPEN ALREADY. SET ME DOWN – ALONE!

DROKK! PARASITES ON THE LOOSE!

INCENDIARY!

INSIDE THE SPHERE –

WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

TENTACLES REACH OUT FOR DREDD –

NOT THIS TIME, CREEP!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

DREDD TO H-WAGON. NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE. OPEN FIRE – HIGH INTENSITY LASER!

BURN 'EM OUT!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE PARASITE NEST IS A BALL OF FIRE –

BLAM!

I WANT THIS ENTIRE VALLEY SEARCHED ON SPECTROSCOPE! NOT ONE OF THE CREATURES MUST ESCAPE!

SO DIED THE STARBORN THINGS. ALL BUT **ONE**. FOR LATER, BACK AT JUSTICE H.Q. —

IT PUZZLED ME THAT SUCH SEEMINGLY **PRIMITIVE** CREATURES COULD BE CAPABLE OF THE KIND OF TECHNOLOGY THAT BROUGHT THE THING HERE.

I CAN NOW SAFELY SAY THEY'RE **FAR** FROM PRIMITIVE! THEY HAVE AN INTELLIGENCE THAT MAKES **US** LOOK LIKE **MONKEYS!**

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

CHIEF JUDGE GAVE ME PERMISSION TO **INCUBATE** THAT EGG WE CUT OUT OF YOU. IT **HATCHED** YESTERDAY.

SAY HELLO TO YOUR **'BABY!'**

AS AN EXPERIMENT, I PUT A FEW ODD PIECES OF METAL IN ITS TANK. IN TWENTY MINUTES FLAT, IT BUILT ITSELF A **LAS-ROD!**

LUCKY FOR YOU PLASTEX IS LAS-PROOF!

THE THING IS A **GENIUS**, DREDD! IT LACKS DEXTERITY, OF COURSE — BUT JUST THINK WHAT IT COULD DO USING **MAN** AS ITS **TOOL!**

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS **WHY** IT CAME HERE — WHAT IT WAS AFTER.

MAYBE ONE DAY WE'LL LEARN TO COMMUNICATE WITH IT — FIND OUT. THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT BABY OF YOURS COULD TEACH US!

YEAH. TILL THEN, JUST MAKE SURE YOU KEEP IT IN THE TANK!

AN' IF I HEAR YOU CALL IT **MY** 'BABY' AGAIN, **YOU'LL** BE GOING IN TO CHANGE ITS NAPPIES!

The End

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE, 22ND. CENTURY—

KERRAASHH!

BASIL CUTEY! I WANT YOU!

WH-WH-WHAT HAVE I DONE?

YA SHARK! YA SOLD ME A **LEMON!**

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

I BOUGHT THIS **ROADSTER** HERE TWO DAYS AGO— AND IT'S **RUN OUT** OF **FUEL** ALREADY! I HAD TO **RE-FUEL** IT TO GET ME HERE!

BUT, MR WAGLAN— **ALL** VEHICLES HAVE T BE REFUELLED! THEY DON'T GO ON FOREVER

OH!

JUDGE DREDD'S COMING! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS DAMAGE NOW, WAGLAN!

IT'S NOT FAIR! I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT – AND I AIN'T GOING TO, EITHER!

GET IN THAT CAR! I'M GOING TO MAKE A **BREAK** FOR IT – WITH YOU AS MY **HOSTAGE!**

LOOK HERE! DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKING THIS A BIT **FAR?**

SHUT UP!

KERRASH!*

WHAT'S GOING ON?

SOME MANIAC JUST KIDNAPPED THE OWNER AND STOLE HIS CAR!

EEOOOEEEOOEEEO

DREDD'S AFTER YOU! BETTER IF YOU JUST GIVE YOURSELF UP NOW!

I DON'T NEED ANY ADVICE FROM **YOU!**

OUT YOU GO!

PASSENGER EJECT

WHOOSH

THUNK!

DROKK!

HIS NAME'S **WAGLAN**, JUDGE! HE BLEW HIS TOP JUST BECAUSE HIS CAR RAN OUT OF FUEL.

UNSTABLE TYPE. ONCE THEY START **OVER-REACTING**, THERE'S NO STOPPING THEM!

HA HA! THAT SHOWED 'EM! I'M A **DESPERADO** NOW — A REAL HELL-RAISER! **KING OF THE ROAD!**

CRAASH!

SECTOR 42 STOP COMING UP. DISEMBARKING PASSENGERS PLEASE FILTER TO THE FORWARD POD EXIT.

SMASH!!

CREEP'S CRASHED ON TO THAT HOVER-BUS!

GOTTA TRY FOR IT!

I'M DOWN! NOW TO ISOLATE THAT END POD...

BAKKAM!

HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

AAAGH!

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE ANTI-GRAV BRAKES HAVE COME ON! SOMEONE'S UNCOUPLED THIS COACH!

WAGLAN! DON'T MAKE IT ANY HARDER ON YOURSELF! **SURRENDER!**

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

I'M IN TOO DEEP, DREDD! BACK OFF – OR I START SHOOTING THE **PASSENGERS!**

CREEP DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT!

ARM SHOT!

UHNNG!

COME QUIETLY NOW, CREEP!

AND GET TWENTY YEARS INSIDE? NO CHANCE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST!

GO ON, DREDD - SHOOT!

SPLAAAT!

A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT H-WAGON IS SOON ON THE SCENE -

I COULDN'T STOP IN TIME, JUDGE - HONESTLY!

CRAZY. AND ALL BECAUSE HE RAN OUT OF FUEL.

GUESS HE RAN RIGHT BACK **INTO** FUEL - IN A BIG WAY!

NEXT PROG: **GET THICK QUICK - WITH THE STUPID GUN!**

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE STUPID GUN! PART 1

HI! I'M **ECK MUTTOX.**

THIS HERE'S THE **STUPID GUN.**

I DUNNO HOW IT WORKS. ALL I KNO[W] IS, I JUST **POINT** IT ATCHA, PULL THE **TRI**[G]**ERONI** –

–AN' WHAMMA-BAMMA-LOO! YOU'RE **THICK** AS **MUNCE!**

I STOLE THE STUPID GUN FROM **PROFESSOR KEEFER** – THAT'S HIM SITTIN' BETWEEN **MUM** AND **DAD.**

PROF DON'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY FOR HIMSELF THESE DAYS...

STOP IT, DAD!

YOU'LL HAFTA [E]XCUSE THE PROF – HE AIN['T] AS **SMART** AS HE USED TO [B]E.

ANYWAY, TODAY A COUPLA MEAN GORILLAS TURN UP AT THE DOOR AN' SAY I GOTTA **HAND OVER** THE **STUPID GUN** OR THEY'LL STUFF ME DOWN THE **GARBAGE GRINDER.**

THIS IS THEM. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS **LARRY** – HIS PAL'S CALLED **SCHNOZZLE.** 'CEPT THEY DON'T ANSWER TO THEIR NAMES NO MORE.

'FACT, THE ONLY THING THEY UNNERSTAND IS A SHARP **RAP** WITH A STICK!

ANYWAY, I FIGURE LARRY AN' SCHNOZZLE IS JUST STOOGES. PRETTY SOON THE REAL HEAVY MOB IS GONNA COME LOOKIN' FOR THE **STUPID GUN,** AN' THEY AIN'T GONNA BE SO EASY TO BEAT.

THAT'S WHY I MADE THIS **VID TAPE.** [I]F YOU'RE **WATCHIN'** IT, YOU'LL KNOW I'M DEA[D] . . .

"...EITHER THAT, OR PRETTY **STUPID!**"

CLICK!

SO THAT EXPLAINS THIS LITTLE LOT!

LOOKS LIKE YOUNG MUTTOX PUT UP **QUITE A FIGHT** BEFORE THEY GOT HIM!

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T. FRAME

GOOD THING HIS FATHER FELL OUT OF THE WINDOW. WE MIGHT NOT HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THIS LOT FOR WEEKS!

GET OFF!

WHAT THE DEVIL DO WE DO WITH THEM ALL?

GET A SQUAD IN, CART 'EM AWAY FOR TREATMENT. THEN CHECK ON PROFESSOR KEEFER. WE'LL NEED ALL THE BACKGROUND ON HIS INVENTION.

I'LL FOLLOW UP THE LEAD ON THESE HOODS. WE'VE GOTTA FIND THIS **STUPID GUN!**

ECK MUTTOCK HAD COME TO PROFESSOR KEEFER THROUGH THE JUVE OPPORTUNITIES SCHEME - OR JOPS - UNDER WHICH YOUNGSTERS EARMARKED FOR PERMANENT UNEMPLOYMENT WERE GIVEN A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT THEY WERE MISSING -

GEE, IT'S GREAT BEIN' ALLOWED TO SWEEP UP AFTER YA, PROF. WISH I COULD SWEEP THINGS ALLA TIME.

YOU'RE CHASING RAINBOWS, BOY. JUST BE SATISFIED WITH YOUR FORTY MINUTES EVERY MONTH.

HEY, PROF! WHAT'S THIS GIZMO?

THAT? OH, JUST A NEURO-PATTERN DISSEMBLER I'VE BEEN WORKING ON

HUH? WHASSAT IN PLAIN MEGA-SPEAK?

PUTTING IT SIMPLY, IT WIPES CLEAN THE BRAIN - ERASES PATTERNS OF INTELLIGENCE BUILT UP THROUGH LIFE - LEAVING ONLY THE MOST BASIC INSTINCTS.

YOU MEAN, IT MAKES YA STUPID? WOW! DOES IT WORK?

OF COURSE. BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND A USE FOR IT YET.

AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS PULL THE TRIGGERON! AN' WHAMMA-BAMMA-LOO! IT'S **DUMB CITY!**

PROF! HEY, PROF!

DUUUUUU

OH, GUMBO! WHAT'VE I DONE?

TERRIFIED WITLESS BY HIS UNINTENDED ACTION, YOUNG ECK DECIDED TO COVER UP -

NORTH SIDE MEGA-TECHNIC

I'LL SNEAK THE PROF OUT IN THIS CARPET. WITH A BIT OF LUCK, I CAN KEEP HIM HIDDEN AN' NOBODY'LL EVER FIND OUT!

BUT ECK'S PARENTS WERE LESS THAN ENTHUSIASTIC -

WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH HIM?

I DUNNO - FEED HIM AN' STUFF. YOU COULD KEEP HIM IN THE BATH.

OUT OF THE QUESTION! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS, ECK - YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FACE UP TO THE CONSEQUENCES!

NO, MUM! I CAN'T LET YOU! THEY'LL LOCK ME AWAY FOR YEARS AN' YEARS!

ECK! WHAT IS THAT THING?

YOUR FATHER'S RIGHT. I'M PHONING THE JUDGES, ECK.

I-I'M SORRY!

THE HAPLESS JUVE WAS LEFT WITH THE PROBLEM OF LOOKING AFTER THREE SLAVERING IDIOTS -

OH, GUMBO! ALL THEIR MONEY'S GONE! HOW'M I GONNA FEED 'EM NOW?

WILL YA CUT IT OUT, MUM! I'M TRYIN' TA THINK!

YEEEEEP!

ECK WAS FORCED TO TURN TO A LIFE OF CRIME -

THAT'LL BE 280 CREDS, JUVE.

NOBODY AROUND...

SORRY, MISTER! IT'S YOU OR ME!

CRIME FOLLOWED CRIME -

UHHHHH! UHHHHH!

ONLY A HUNNERD CREDS! GONNA HAFTA PULL ANOTHER JOB TODAY!

IT WAS UNFORTUNATE FOR ECK THAT ONE OF HIS "STUDE-UPS" WAS OBSERVED BY SMALL-TIME HOODLUM, SCHNOZZLE HALLORAN -

WAIT'LL THE BOSS HEARS ABOUT THIS!

AND SO, IN A RUN-DOWN SHUGGY HALL -

I'M TELLIN' YA, MR BOGEL - THE JUVE FIRED THIS WEIRD GUN AT THE MUG, AN' SUDDENLY HE WENT STUPID - I MEAN REAL GOO GOO STUFF!

IF YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, SCHNOZZLE, IT COULD BE A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH IN CRIMINAL TECHNOLOGY!

OKAY! TAKE **LARRY** HERE WIT'YA – GO SEE THIS JUVE. **I WANT THAT STUPID GUN!**

*NOW **JUDGE DREDD** IS ALSO ON THE TRAIL OF THE **STUPID GUN** –*

THOSE HOODS BACK AT THE MUTTOX PLACE WORKED FOR **REKK BOGEL**. HE HANGS OUT HERE.

BOGEL'S SHUGGY JOINT.

BOGEL! I'VE COME FOR THE STUPID GUN!

HMMM – **PROBLEMS!**

DUUUUU!

DREDD

NUHHHHH!

GAANNNN!

THE STUPID GUN! PART 2

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE STUPID GUN!

PART 2

A JUDGE RACES TO THE SCENE OF A GEM HEIST –

UNGER TO CONTROL! ROBBERY IN PROGRESS NAT HIKEN BLOCK! TWO PERPS. HOODED –

THEY'VE GOT SOME KINDA WEAPON. LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE –

THE STUPID GUUUUUUUU

CONTROL TO UNGER! COME IN, UNGER!

CHOMP!

DUHHHHHH

NEWS OF THE INCIDENT IS FLASHED TO DREDD –

SOUNDS LIKE UNGER'S COPPED THE STUPID GUN! I'M HALFWAY ACROSS TOWN. WILL RESPOND AS SOON AS I'M FINISHED HERE!

PTTOW!

BLAM!

KRAM!

SKTOW!

BLAM!

CONFIRMED, DREDD! ANY INSTRUCTIONS IN THE MEANTIME?

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

YEAH. ALERT ALL JUDGES IN THE VICINITY!

CONFIRM! JUDGES COLMAN AND DALE ALREADY ON SCENE!

DROKK! UNGER'S SCOFFED HIS MIKE!

IT'S THE **STUPID GUN** ALL RIGHT!

I SAW THE CROOKS ESCAPE, JUDGE! THEY TOOK THE **UP-BLOCK ELEVATOR!**

DOIN' THE DIRTY ON REKK BOGEL AN' THE BOYS WAS THE SMARTEST STUNT WE EVER PULLED! WITH THIS **STUPID GUN** WE'RE GONNA CLEAN UP!

BLOCK'LL BE SWARMIN' WITH JUDGES PRETTY SOON. WE'LL DITCH OUR DISGUISES AND GET OUTTA HERE...

HIKEN HEIGHTS HI

...ON THE **INTER-BLOCK ZOOM!**

444

ON BOARD -

WHILE WE'RE HERE, WE MIGHT AS WELL SEPARATE THESE CRUMBS FROM THEIR **CREDS!**

GO TO IT, CRAZY LEGS!

HEY, EVERYBODY! IT'S BRAIN DRAIN TIME!

GLUCK!

OH MY!

SOON THE ZOOM IS ALIVE WITH IDIOTS -

WHAT A SCAM! LIKE TAKIN' MOCK-CHOCS FROM A BABY!

AN' NO WITNESSES EITHER - 'LEAST NONE SMART ENOUGH TO TALK!

THE STUPID GUN, OR 'NEURO-PATTERN DISSEMBLER', ERASED INTELLIGENCE PATTERNS FROM THE BRAIN - LEAVING ONLY THE MEREST VESTIGES OF HUMANITY!

MEANWHILE -

DISCARDED HOOD. THEY MUST'VE GOT ON THE LAST CROSS-TOWN ZOOM.

COLMAN TO ZOOM TRAFFIC CONTROL! STOP THE LAST ZOOM TO LEAVE NAT HIKEN!

ZOOM TUBE 444 IS NOT RESPONDING, JUDGE COLMAN. THERE'S A MALFUNCTION.

SOMETHING MUST HAVE DAMAGED THE REMOTE CONTROL RECEPTORS.

ZOKK!

NUHH!

SPROINGG!

VZZZTT!

NUHH!

INSTRUMENTS SHOW ZOOM SPEED INCREASING – IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!

ZOOOOOOOOM!

PETER PARKER AND MARY JANE

AT THE NEXT STATION –

IT – IT'S NOT STOPPING!

RWOOARRRR

AAAHH!

BEING SUCKED ON TO THE TRACK!

MINNY!

ZZZZZZAAAAAAAAAKKKK!

AT FRIGHTENING VELOCITY, INTER-BLOCK ZOOM 444 HURTLES ON – TOWARDS DISASTER!

SHHOOOM!

444

THE INFORMATION IS RELAYED TO DREDD –

DROKK! IF THE ZOOM HITS WALL STREET TERMINUS AT THAT SPEED, IT'LL BE GOODNIGHT CHARLIE!

DREDD

NEXT PROG:
THE WALL STREET CRASH!

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE STUPID GUN! PART 3

TWO MEGA-CITY CRIMINALS HAVE STOLEN THE **STUPID GUN** – A WEAPON THAT REDUCES PEOPLE TO GIBBERING **IDIOTS**. PURSUED BY **JUDGE DREDD**, THE PERPS HAVE ESCAPED ABOARD AN INTER-BLOCK **ZOOM TUBE**...

WHILE WE'RE HERE, WE MIGHT AS WELL SEPARATE THESE CRUMBS FROM THEIR **CREDS**!

ONLY TROUBLE IS, THEY TEND TO DROOL ON YA ONCE THEY'VE BEEN **STUPED**!

GUUUHHHH!

BUT THE ZOOM IS OUT OF CONTROL, ITS DRIVE MECHANISMS DAMAGED BY OTHER VICTIMS OF THE STUPID GUN!

GATHERING SPEED, IT IS RUSHING HEADLONG TOWARDS DISASTER AT THE FINAL STOP, **WALL STREET TERMINUS!**

IF THE ZOOM HITS WALL STREET AT THAT SPEED IT'LL BE **GOODNIGHT CHARLIE!**

GOT TO TRY TO HEAD IT OFF AT THE NEXT STATION!

WEE OOO WEE OOO

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

DREDD ROARS INTO THE BLOCK STATION –

SARTRE HALT.

RUNAWAY ZOOM COMIN' THROUGH! CLEAR THE PLATFORM!

RRWWW

DREDD'S WAITING AT THE END OF THE PLATFORM – GUNNIN' HIS ENGINE! WHAT'S HE UP TO...?

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. HERE SHE COMES!

RRWAA

GO, BIKE!

WRRAWW

GOOOO!

444

THEN THE ZOOM THUNDERS IN –

GAINING FAST! GOTTA MATCH HER SPEED –

SHRROOOMM

VRRRMMM

HERE GOES NOTHIN' !

KKRAW!

ZOOOOOOM

CRASH!

DUHHHHHH!

DROKK! TUBE'S FULLA MORONS!

JONES BLOCK

CASEY JONES

JUST CLEARED CASEY JONES! WALL STREET TERMINUS NEXT STOP!

444

CLEAR THE WAY!

HUHHHNN!

EMERGENCY STOP — PENALTY FOR IMPROPER USE: 5 YEARS.

SKREEEEEEEEEEEEE

WALL STREET TERMINUS.

WHUMMMP!

CRUNCH!

AGHHH!
AIEEE!
BUFFERS JUST MISSED ME! CLOSE CALL!
UHHH!
CARNAGE! BUT IT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE -
DREDD
NOW FOR THE CREEPS WITH THE STUPID GUN!
THINK I... BROKE MY LEG! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?
A STINKIN' JUDGE! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!
BLAM
CLICK!
DROKK! LAWGIVER'S JAMMED!
BOOT KNIFE!
AAGGH!
DIRTY LAWDOG! GONNA STUPE YOU RIGHT UP - THEN I'M GONNA CUT OFF YOUR EARS!
STUPID GUN!
GONNA DO MORE THAN LOOK STUPID - UNLESS...

...THAT MIRROR!

GOT YA COLD, DREDD! SAY 'BYE 'BYE TO YOUR BRAIN!

THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS, CREEP!

WHA-UUUHHH!

HERE AT WALL STREET TERMINUS, TOTAL DISASTER HAS BEEN AVERTED BY THE PROMPT ACTION OF JUDGE DREDD!

AND HERE COMES THE JUDGE NOW WITH HIS PRISONER!

CRAZY LEGS PULVER - ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE YOU BEGIN YOUR SENTENCE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE STUPID GUN NOW?

DUUUHHHHH!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

GONDO

PART 1

A GIANT **SPACE CONDOMINIUM*** PLUNGES TOWARDS EARTH —

BOOSTER MOTORS ARE STILL NON-FUNCTIONAL! OUR ORBIT IS DECAYING RAPIDLY! WE WILL HIT ATMOSPHERE IN LESS THAN THIRTY SECONDS!

*THARG NOTE: SPACE LIVING CO[illegible]MUNITY.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

BURN UP! BURN UP! BURN UP!

AAAAGGHH!

IT'S THE **END** FOR **GEMINI 2!**

IN MEGA-CITY ONE –

CONDO GEMINI 2 IS JUST A HUGE FIREBALL NOW – HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE CITY! AWAITING ORDERS, CHIEF JUDGE!

EMERGENCY LAUNCH – CODE GREEN!

INTERCEPTORS AWAY!

FWRUUUUMMMSH!

SHHH!

HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, THE MISSILES STRIKE HOME –

FWKKAMM!

– SPLITTING THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE INTO MOLTEN FRAGMENTS!

MANY FALL HARMLESSLY AWAY FROM THE CITY –

SWAASSH!

– OTHERS ARE INTERCEPTED BY H-WAGONS IN THE STRATOSPHERE.

VAPE! VAPE!

ONLY A FEW PASS THROUGH THE GAUNTLET – WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!

BILLY HERSCHEL BLOCK

BADDOOOMM!

AIEEE!

AAAGH!

EMERGENCY SQUADS TO BILLY HERSCHEL!

THERE GOES THE CEILING, MA!

SURE HOPE WEATHER CONTROL KEEPS THINGS FINE, PA!

TWELVE HOURS LATER, **JUSTICE 3** GLIDES THROUGH A SCATTERING OF SPACE COLONIES IN **SOLAR ORBIT** –

CONDO GEMINI 3 TO JUSTICE 3 – YOU'RE CLEARED TO DOCK.

INSIDE THE COLONY –

WELCOME, JUDGE DREDD. I'M RUPERT BAYER, COLONY LEADER. ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU ROUND OUR CONDOMINIUM.

I DIDN'T COME FOR A GUIDED TOUR, BAYER. JUST SHOW ME THE **STIFF.**

ER...OF COURSE! HOP IN THE POD – I'LL TAKE YOU STRAIGHT TO THE **MORTUARY.**

I'M AFRAID IT GETS RATHER WARM IN THESE TUBEWAYS. WE STAY AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE SUN TO MAXIMISE SOLAR ENERGY ABSORPTION.

CAN'T LET ANY RESOURCE GO TO WASTE ON A **CONDO.**

MANY GIANT **SPACE CONDOMINIUMS** – OR "**CONDOS**" – HAD BEEN CONSTRUCTED TO HOUSE MEGA-CITY OVERSPILL. EACH CONTAINED ITS OWN OXYGEN PLANT, WASTE RECYCLING SYSTEM, FACTORIES, SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS AND OTHER AMENITIES.

LARGE AREAS OF RICH ARTIFICIAL FARMLAND ENABLED EACH CONDO'S **200,000 INHABITANTS** TO BE ALMOST ENTIRELY **SELF-SUFFICIENT.**

IN GEMINI 3'S MORTUARY –

SALAMAN – CONDO **SECURITY OFFICER.** WE FOUND HIM BENEATH A HAB-UNIT BALCONY – **BROKEN NECK.**

I SEE YOU'VE DONE AN **AUTOPSY.**

IT DIDN'T TELL US ANYTHING. NO BRUISES OR ABRASIONS – NO INDICATION OF A STRUGGLE.

BUT THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS... DID HE FALL – OR WAS HE **PUSHED?**

WE CONDOS OPERATE OUR **OWN** LEGAL SYSTEM, BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I THOUGHT IT BEST TO CALL IN **EXPERT** HELP.

UNDERSTANDABLE, CONSIDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR **SISTER** CONDOS.

*TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE **GEMINI 2** CATASTROPHE, **GEMINI 1**'S OXYGEN SYSTEM HAD MYSTERIOUSLY FAILED. 209,000 INHABITANTS HAD DIED.*

ONE ACCIDENT CAN BE PUT DOWN TO MISFORTUNE. **TWO** IS A BIT HARDER TO SWALLOW. AND NOW YOUR SECURITY OFFICER GETS THE BIG KISS OFF...

YOU SUSPECT... **SABOTAGE?**

YOUR CONDO'S NOW THE **LAST** IN THE GEMINI SERIES. COULD BE SOMEONE HAS GOT IT IN FOR YOU.

I'LL LOOK INTO IT.

DREDD TO JUSTICE 3. I WANT YOU TO RUN A COMPUTER SCAN OF EVERY GEMINI 3 INHABITANT. IF YOU COME UP WITH ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS - **ANYTHING** - I WANT TO KNOW.

IF IT IS SABOTAGE, IT'S GOING TO BE A HELLUVA JOB TO PIN DOWN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS. SO MANY VITAL LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS... A SABOTEUR COULD STRIKE **ANYWHERE**.

ATTENTION! GEMINI 3 WILL BE PASSING THROUGH A HEAVY **METEOR SHOWER** IN APPROXIMATELY **TWENTY MINUTES.** YOU ARE REMINDED THAT ALL HAB POWER WILL BE REDUCED TO MINIMUM LEVELS WHILE THE **METEOR SCREEN** IS IN OPERATION.

ALL THOSE WISHING TO OBSERVE THE FULL DISPLAY SHOULD NOW TAKE THEIR SEATS IN THEIR HAB-AMPHITHEATRE.

METEOR SHOWER... I WONDER!

SCREEN CONT

ASTE SYK

HAB TIERS 3-7

BELOW -

DUTY TEK - WHEN WERE THE METEOR SCREENS LAST TESTED?

HOUR AGO. DID IT MYSELF, SIR.

YOU WON'T MIND IF I JUST DOUBLE CHECK.

DROKK! THE CREEP'S **LYING.** LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S BEEN RUNNING A **LAS-BURNER** OVER THE WORKS!

GEMINI 3'S GOING TO HIT THAT METEOR STORM WITH **NO PROTECTION.** IT'LL BE PERFORATED LIKE **SWISS MUNCE!**

INTERFERIN' JUDGE! GEMINI 3 IS FINISHED...

...AND YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO GIVE A WARNING!

NEXT PROG: **CONDO KAYO!**

JUDGE DREDD

CONDO
PART2

IN SOLAR ORBIT, THE DOOMED CONDOMINIUM **GEMINI 3** RUSHES HEADLONG INTO A FURIOUS **METEOR STORM!**

RETROS CAN'T STOP US IN TIME! WE'RE GONNA GET **PULVERISED!**

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

IT LOOK

IT'S THE END OF GEMINI 3!

KRAKOOM

SHBLAMM

MINUTES EARLIER, IN THE CONDO'S **SCREEN CONTROL** –

INTERFERIN' JUDGE! YOU'LL NOT **LIVE** TO GIVE THE WARNING!

CONDO

CRUNCH!

WHUNNK!

GUN HAND'S **CRUSHED.** GOT TO MAKE A **CROSS DRAW.**

HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

BAAAM!

DROKK! **ROBOT!**

YOU HAVE DAMAGED ME – BUT NOT CRITICALLY.

UGGH!

WON'T DUMP THIS CREEP WITH ONE GOOD HAND. TRANSFORMER BEHIND ME -

COME ON, WIRE-BRAIN - FINISH ME!

I WILL - BELIEVE ME!

FZZ-ZAKKKKK

CONDO CONTROL! THIS IS DREDD! YOUR METEOR SCREENS HAVE BEEN SABOTAGED - REPEAT, **SABOTAGED!**

USE YOUR **RETROS!** **STOP THE CONDO BEFORE IT HITS THAT STORM!**

RETRO THRUSTERS ROAR INTO LIFE -

WE'RE SLOWING - BUT **NOT ENOUGH!**

IN ONE OF THE CONDO'S AMPHITHEATRES, WHERE CROWDS HAVE GATHERED FOR THE EXPECTED DISPLAY —

HEY! THE **RETROS** JUST CAME ON! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SIDDOWN! YOU'RE BLOCKIN' MY VIEW!

NOW HEAR THIS! METEOR SCREENS HAVE **FAILED!** ALL AIRTIGHT SEALS NOW CLOSING!

PREPARE FOR IMMINENT IMPACT!

HOLY ANNA!

AIEEE!

ROAR

THOSE THAT SURVIVE THE TERRIBLE IMPACT ARE **SUCKED INTO VACUUM!**

HEL

PPPPPPL

THEN GASES INSIDE THEIR BODIES EXPAND WITH **SUDDEN VIOLENCE!**

HELPLESSLY, COLONY LEADER RUPERT BAYER WATCHES THE CARNAGE —

WE'RE BEING RIPPED TO PIECES!

MY CONDO! **MY CONDO!**

THEN THE IMPACT WITH THE HURTLING MAELSTROM COMPLETES THE TASK OF THE RETROS — AND THE GIANT SPACE COLONY IS **FLUNG CLEAR!**

JUSTICE 3 — REPORT!

WE ARE STILL INTACT, JUDGE DREDD. CONDO DOCKING BAY HAS SUSTAINED MINOR DAMAGE, BUT IT CAN BE REPAIRED.

GET BUSY – WE MAY NEED IT.

I'M GOING TO TRY TO ESTABLISH STATUS ON THE CONDO. KEEP THIS CHANNEL CLEAR.

WILCO, JUDGE DREDD.

CONDO CONTROL – THIS IS **DREDD.** DO YOU READ ME?

CONDO CONTROL! WE READ YOU!

THANK DOK FOR THAT. WHAT'S THE SITUATION?

GRIM. WE'VE LOST AN ESTIMATED FORTY-SEVEN PER CENT OF OUR POPULATION. FARM AREAS ARE A TOTAL WRITE-OFF.

STILL GETTING SOME INPUT FROM THE SOLAR ABSORBERS, BUT ALL THRUSTER ENGINES ARE INOPERATIVE.

TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE **OXYGEN PLANT** IS GONE. THE ONLY AIR WE'VE GOT IS TRAPPED IN THE SEALED SECTIONS.

CONDO

NOW DO YOU WANT THE **BAD** NEWS?

HIT ME.

THE IMPACT KNOCKED US OUT OF ORBIT!

WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE HEART OF THE SUN!

NEXT PROG:

CONDO INFERNO!

JUDGE DREDD

CONDO

PART 3

DISABLED BY A METEOR STORM, THE GIANT SPACE CONDOMINIUM **GEMINI 3** IS OUT OF CONTROL -

ALL THRUSTER ENGINES ARE INOPERATIVE ! **WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE HEART OF THE SUN !**

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

ON BOARD, JUDGE DREDD -

CONDO CONTROL - YOU'VE GOT TO **ABANDON.** OPEN UP ALL AVAILABLE TUBEWAY ROUTES TO THE **DOCKING BAY.**

EMERGENCY COMM-LINK

ABANDON CONDO ! ABANDON CONDO !

ALL PERSONNEL MAKE THEIR WAY TO DOCKING BAY !

EEEEEEE!

AIRTIGHT SEAL – TUBEWAY'S **BREACHED** UP AHEAD!

TURN BACK! TRY THE LOWER LEVELS.

EMERGENCY

THERE'S A CLEAR ROUTE TO THE **ESCAPE PODS** THROUGH FOOD PROCESSING. CUT THROUGH THE HOSPITAL AND DOWN RAMP **D**!

DREDD HAS MADE HIS WAY TO THE DOCKING BAY –

USE THE **ESCAPE PODS** FIRST! FILL 'EM UP AND MOVE 'EM OUT!

CLOSED

HURRY IT UP, FOR MERCY'S SAKE! IT'S GETTING HOTTER!

YOU!

WHAT'S THE MATTER – CAN'T WAIT YOUR TURN?

I-I'M SCARED, JUDGE DREDD. I-I DON'T WANT TO DIE.

NOBODY DOES, CREEP. BUT THAT DOESN'T GIVE ANYONE THE RIGHT TO **CLUB** THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

STAND THERE – DON'T MOVE TILL I TELL YOU. YOU'RE **LAST** ABOARD NOW.

UNDER DREDD'S FIRM CONTROL, THE SURVIVORS ARE KEPT MOVING–

ESCAPE POD 7 LOADED! **BLASTING OFF!**

FOR ALL TOO MANY, THERE HAD BEEN **NO** ROUTE TO THE DOCKING BAY –

HELP US! PLEASE HELP US!

THOSE POOR DEVILS – TRAPPED IN THAT SEALED SECTION!

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THEM. NOTHING **ANYONE** CAN DO!

COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE US TO DIE!

A-ALL THE PODS ARE FILLING UP! WH-WHAT ABOUT **ME**, S-S-SIR?

SHUT UP AND WAIT.

DREDD

JUSTICE 3 – START LOADING. CRAM 'EM IN – KEEP 'EM MOVING!

WILCO, JUDGE DREDD.

OKAY, CREEP – GET ABOARD. AND THIS TIME, **WALK**.

TH-THANK YOU! OH, **THANK YOU!**

THE FINAL POD BLASTS OFF, BUT –

HELL! ENGINES AREN'T STRONG ENOUGH! WE'RE **DRIFTING BACK!**

JUDGE DREDD – SUN'S **GRAVITATIONAL PULL** INCREASING RAPIDLY. THAT LAST POD OUT ISN'T GOING TO MAKE IT.

ESTIMATE 60 SECONDS BEFORE EVEN **OUR** ENGINES WON'T HAVE THE POWER TO PULL US CLEAR.

OKAY – BUT WE WAIT TILL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT!

THE SECONDS RUSH BY –

TIME'S UP, JUDGE! **WE GO NOW – OR NEVER!**

YOU'RE THE **LAST! MOVE!**

THEY'RE IN! CLOSE THE HATCH AND BLAST OFF!

JUSTICE 3'S MIGHTY ENGINES ROAR!

SLOWLY – PAINFULLY SLOWLY – SHE PULLS AWAY. AND THEN –

WE'VE MADE IT! **WE'VE BROKEN LOOSE!**

AND BEHIND, **CONDO GEMINI 3** PLUMMETS TOWARDS HER FIERY GRAVE!

STILL ABOARD, COLONY LEADER BAYER –

MY CONDO!

MY CONDOOOOOO!

KRAKOOOM!

JUDGE DREDD – **CONDO GEMINI 3** JUST **DISAPPEARED** FROM SCANNERS.

OKAY. INFORM THE SURVIVORS – SET COURSE FOR HOME.

NEXT DAY, IN MEGA-CITY ONE –

I WANT TO SEE **RONAN ROXBOROUGH.**

DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, JUDGE?

DO YOU HAVE A DESIRE TO SPEND TIME IN AN ISO-CUBE FOR **OBSTRUCTION** ?

HE-HE'S RIGHT IN THERE!

R. ROXBOROUGH
ARCHITECT

JUDGE DREDD! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

TRY **LIFE.**

H-HUH?

LET ME TELL YOU A STORY — ABOUT TWO ARCHITECTS WHO SUBMITTED DESIGNS FOR THE **GEMINI SERIES CONDOS.**

ONE ARCHITECT WON THE CONTRACT. THE OTHER TOOK IT BAD — THOUGHT HIS REPUTATION WAS AT STAKE. SO HE CAME UP WITH A LITTLE SCHEME...

WHEN THE NEW GEMINIS WENT OPERATIONAL, HE WAITED TILL KEY PERSONNEL CAME BACK ON EARTH LEAVE. THEN HE KILLED THEM AND **SUBSTITUTED** THEM WITH **ROBOTS...**

...ROBOTS PROGRAMMED TO **SABOTAGE** THEIR CONDOS — MAKE IT LOOK LIKE DESIGN FLAWS. MAKE ARCHITECT NUMBER TWO LOOK **GOOD.**

YOU'RE SAYING **I** DID THIS? BUT IT'S **MONSTROUS!**

MONSTROUS IS JUST THE WORD I'D USE. **540,000** PEOPLE **DIED** IN THOSE CONDOS —

OVER HALF A MILLION, ROXBOROUGH!

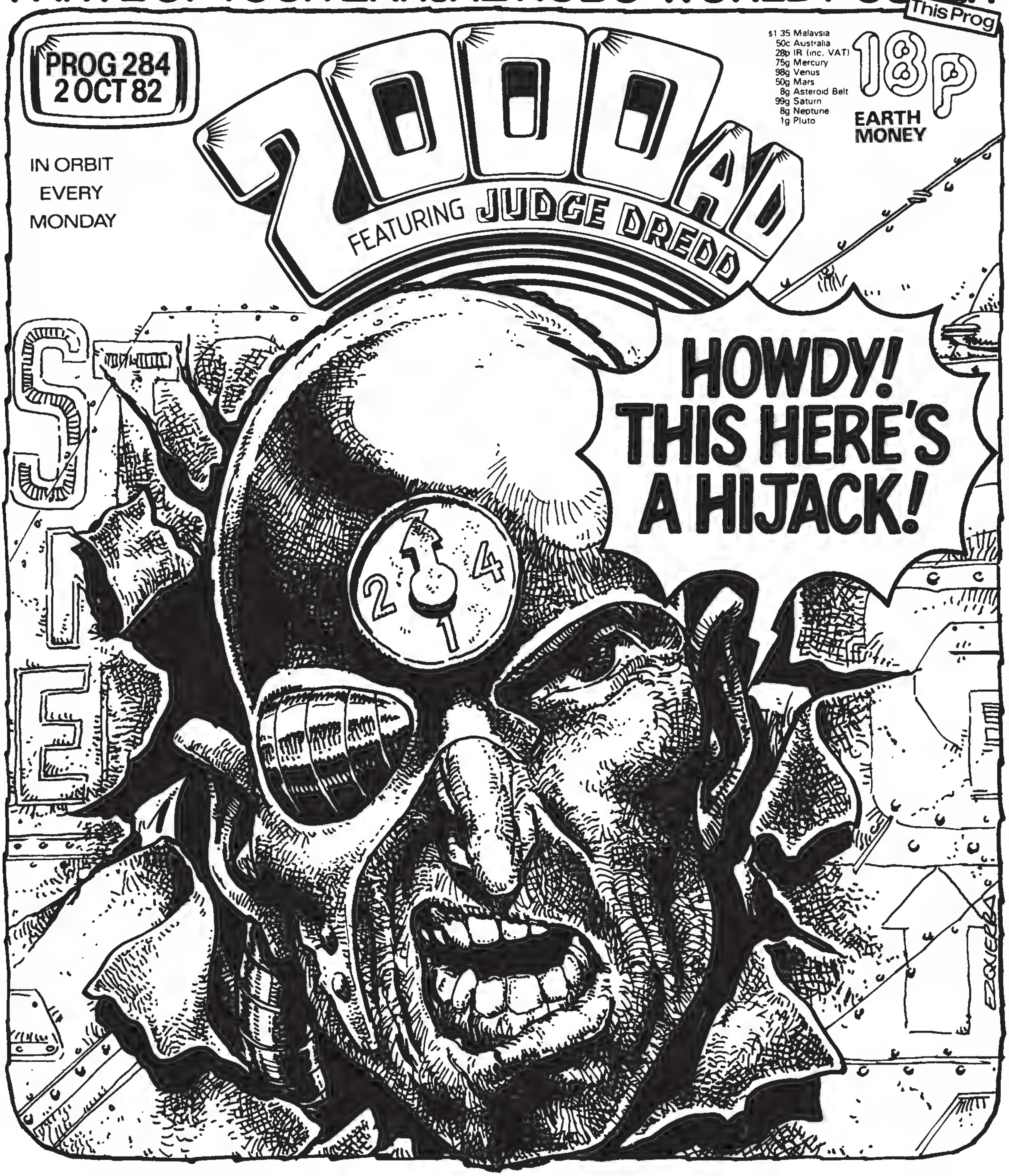
YOU-YOU'LL NEVER **PROVE** I DID IT! **N-NEVER!**

YOU KNOW ME, ROXBOROUGH. I'LL PROVE IT, ALL RIGHT. AND WHEN I DO, YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WISHING YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

MOVE!

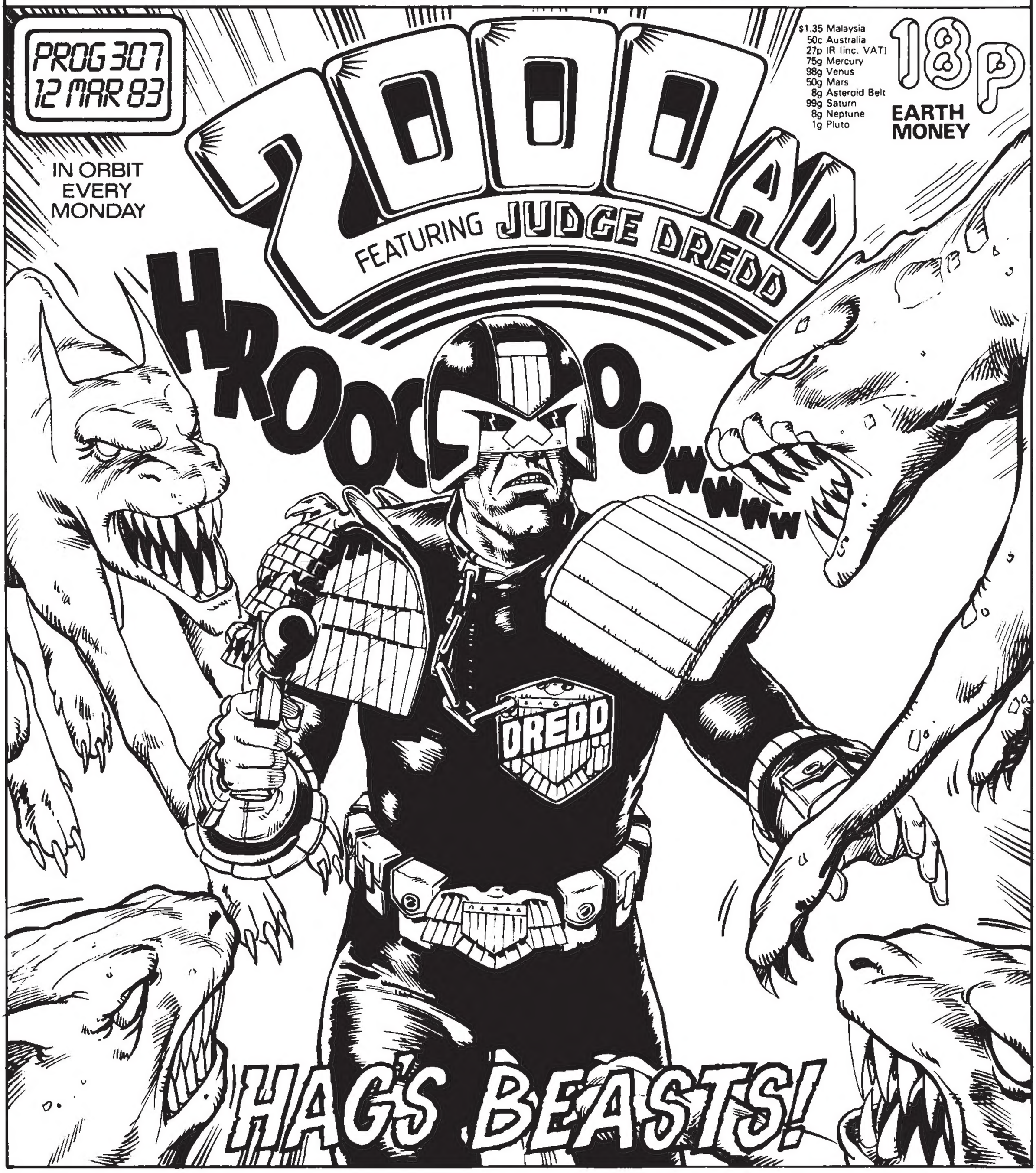
THE END

PART 2 OF YOUR ZARJAZ ROBO-WORLD POSTER



2000 AD Prog 284: Cover by **Carlos Ezquerra**

2000 AD No.1: FINAL MICRO-PAGES THIS PROG!



2000 AD Prog 307: Cover by **Steve Dillon**

WRITERS

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

The only writer to even come close to John Wagner's astonishing *2000 AD* record is, perhaps unsurprisingly, his long-term writing partner **Alan Grant**. With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star Judge Dredd strips – Grant's prolific creative record speaks for itself.

Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title, and has also written *The Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad, JLA: Riddle of the Beast, L.E.G.I.O.N., Lobo, Tank Girl* and *The Terminator*.

ARTISTS

Jose Casanovas has illustrated several *2000 AD* strips, including *Judge Dredd, Max Normal, One-Offs, Robo-Hunter, Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales, Tharg's Dragon Tales* and *Time Twisters.*

Johnny Red penciller **John Cooper** was already a fan-favourite at *Battle* comic before he made the move to *Starlord*, where he illustrated *Time Quake*. Later (with the absorption of *Starlord* into the Galaxy's Greatest Comic) he came to *2000 AD*, where he illustrated several *Future Shocks* as well as *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1.*

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce, who appears in several *Judge Dredd* stories. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors, Bad Company, Judge Dredd, Harlem Heroes, Mean Arena, One-Off, Ro-Busters, Rogue Trooper, Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD* 's Garth Ennis, but he has also worked on *A1, Animal Man, Captain Britain, Deadline, Global Frequency, Hellblazer* and *Punisher.*

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd* **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Anderson, Tharg the Mighty, Al's Baby* and *Cursed Eath Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, Bloody Mary, Just a Pilgrim, Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Ron Smith drew many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale "The Day The Law Died." His other work for *2000 AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

Torquemada

R.